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August 21, 1937

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# Collier's

THE [illegible] WEEKLY ★

D

JAY HYDE BARNUM

## A PIECE OF PIE

The story of a Champion Eater By [illegible] ON

MRS JOAN ...HARGROVE I
417 E MADISON 21969
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NORTHERN
LIMITED

# AN OLD SOUTHERN CUSTOM GOES NORTH

TIME was when the mint julep was strictly a symbol of the South—a green-and-silver emblem of Dixie's friendly leisure.

But today the mint julep is fast becoming as famous above the Mason-Dixon line as it is below it. It is becoming enshrined in the affections of all America as the most glamorous, most glorious of summer drinks.

And if you will believe the letters that come to us, one of the foremost reasons for the spreading popularity of the julep is our own Four Roses Whiskey. For, according to julep connoisseurs, it makes the perfect julep—the kind you dream about!

Nor should this be surprising. For it takes a mighty fine whiskey to do justice to a julep—and Four Roses, as we shall explain, was born to fulfil just such a noble destiny!

You see, while Four Roses is *all* whiskey, it is not just *one* fine straight whiskey. It is a magnificent combination of *several* straight whiskies, each selected for some special quality. Blended together the way we know how, these whiskies unite in *one* superb liquor *every* virtue the perfect mint julep demands!

Probably you've already savored Four Roses in a julep. If you haven't—well, the weather's warm, a julep's cool, and you can find Four Roses almost everywhere!

* * *

## THE ORIGINAL KENTUCKY MINT JULEP

Put a dozen sprigs of mint in bowl, cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush mint gently. Put half of mint and liquid in bottom of tall glass; fill glass half full of shaved ice, add remaining mint and liquid, fill glass to top with shaved ice. Pour in Four Roses Whiskey until glass is full. Place in ice box for at least an hour. Garnish with mint—and serve.

## FOUR ROSES

***A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof***

**We believe Four Roses is America's finest whiskey**

**Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore, also make Paul Jones, Old Oscar Pepper Brand, Mattingly & Moore—all blends of straight whiskies (90 proof).**

# Now... TRY the Tooth Paste which combines

# the CLEANSING POWER of Powder and the CONVENIENCE of Dental Cream!

MAKE this interesting and instructive test . . . and learn why we say that Listerine Tooth Paste is *tooth powder in modern form.*

Squeeze a little tooth paste on your forefinger from the clean white Listerine tube. Then rub with your thumb. Note how the paste "takes hold," just like powder. When put to this same test, soapy dental creams are "slippery."

Listerine Tooth Paste is known as a *professional-type* tooth cleanser because it is powder "creamed" into a paste . . . which is what your dentist does with powder when he cleans your teeth.

Listerine Tooth Paste is easy to use and saves that wasted portion of powder which goes down the drain or remains on the hands. But that is only *one* economy. The other is that the double-size tube of Listerine Tooth Paste holds more than a quarter of a pound, and costs only 40¢ at any drug counter.

Get a tube tomorrow. Feel the cleansing action of its gentle friction. Note the absence of pumice, grit, and harmful abrasives. Yet it works fast and cleans thoroughly. Quickly makes teeth gleam and glisten. And even children take to its refreshing, extra-pleasant flavor because it has no disguised, soapy taste.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

**OLD DOBBIN** has knife-edge incisors, which work like a mowing machine in biting off grass. Human incisors (*front teeth*) cut our food into mouthfuls. The wide variety of man's diet is made possible by the variety of his tooth-forms, each of which has special functions. Because tartar tends to form most readily back of the lower incisors, give this area extra care when brushing.

**More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube · 40¢**

**Regular size tube, 25¢**

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
Double Size
Tested and Approved
4602
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Good Housekeeping Magazine

**CHANGE TO LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE...** *It's a change for the better*

**WILLIAM L. CHENERY** Editor
**CHARLES COLEBAUGH** Managing Editor
**THOMAS H. BECK** Editorial Director

# Collier's

**August 21, 1937**

**WALTER DAVENPORT** Politics
**AIMEE LARKIN** Distaff
**GEORGE CREEL** Washington
**W. B. COURTNEY** Aviation
**KENNETH LITTAUER** Fiction
**QUENTIN REYNOLDS** Sports
**KYLE CRICHTON** Screen and Theater
**WM. O. CHESSMAN** Art
**DENVER LINDLEY** Articles
**FRANK D. MORRIS** Articles
**JAMES N. YOUNG** Fiction
**IFOR THOMAS** Photographs
**T. R. YBARRA** Europe
**JIM MARSHALL** The Orient
**OWEN P. WHITE** and **JOHN T. FLYNN** Associate Editors

## Next Week

THE Belgian detective, Hercule Poirot, combines in his small person amazing powers of deduction and a profound distrust of night air. On his first evening in Jerusalem he was engaged in protecting himself against the latter by closing the window of his hotel room when a question floated up to him out of the darkness: "You do see, don't you, that she's got to be killed?" Thus Monsieur Poirot became involved, before the fact, in a bewildering murder mystery which reached its climax in Petra, the city carved out of rose-red rock. You will be fascinated by the strange death of a woman whom everyone had reason to hate. "Appointment with Death" is by Agatha Christie.

THIS is pay night in Grand Coulee City. Half a mile away the night shift is at work on the biggest thing on earth, the $18,000,000 slab of concrete that is slowly blocking the seaward rush of the Columbia River. There's a lot of money loose in town tonight—$180,000. Things may look tough, but don't be worried. You'll be perfectly safe when Jim Marshall takes you down into the sagebrush to visit "Boom Town."

THEY called Mark Dana the top. In his own world he was royalty. He cursed and mothered the orchestra that worked for him, and any member of it would have given his right arm for Mark. Mark looked after everything and cared for no one. With one exception. That was Martha, his wife, who had left him. In a brilliant love story, Mary Louise Mabie shows you how Mark employed "The Royal Touch."

WHETHER your pet is a dog, a cat, a lark or a kangaroo, both you and it will get on better if you know something about "The Nature of the Beast." In a very useful article, Dr. Victor G. Heiser tells you how to care for your pets and how to protect yourself from catching their diseases.

THE young anarchist called himself Luckinvar. Nobody knew whether it was a bad pun or a mistake. Anyhow, luck stayed with him. He was even "Lucky in Love." And that was where the trouble came in. Walter Duranty writes the story of a man who couldn't escape from his own good luck.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS writes the Short Short Story, "Slap Happy." Roark Bradford, George Creel, Frank Condon, Bob Considine, Kathleen Norris and others complete the issue.

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**COVER** JAY HYDE BARNUM

## Any Week

WE HAVE just received a letter for a Mr. B. Ludovik of Mahanoy City, Pennsylvania. He says: "Four times and so no good for the country. If it happen again cut it out. Roosevelt, Lewis and coal miners is no use. So cut it out. So coming home do no good either. Better cut it out."

TO SOME of our editorial associates this advice from Mr. Ludovik seemed to lack cohesion; impressed them as a trifle obscure. But we had no trouble at all. We agree completely with Mr. Ludovik (Ludovik for President!) that a considerable number of activities might well be cut out, leaving the nation free to make a bit of progress. Mr. Ludovik's plaint is merely that he's tired to death. And similarly Miss Katherine R. Beans of Washington, D. C., bears witness. She overheard a guard and a lady tourist discussing the Capitol. "Is there anything up there in the dome?" the lady asked. "No, ma'am," he replied. "Nothing in any dome around here. 'Tain't safe."

IT'S different in Elkhorn, Wisconsin. Light hearts and lilting lips are in demand. From Miss Mary E. Weiler we received a copy of the village weekly paper in which Mr. R. Winfield Beecher announces that he is eager to hire "Man or boy partner for strawberry and cherry picking. Prefer one who is a musician who can play or sing."

MR. F. C. TREADWAY of San Francisco, California, takes exception to Freling Foster's paragraph which had it that on April 29, 1869, a gang of "Chinese coolies laid ten miles two hundred feet of track for the Central Pacific Railroad, establishing a record which never has been broken." Mr. Treadway admits that Chinese laborers participated in the common work of spiking down rails and ballasting the ties but sends us a photostatic copy of the time book for that industrious day which, incidentally, was April 28th. The names of the lads who did the laying were George Coley, George Ulyatt, Ed Kelleen, Tom Daly, Mike Shaw, Mike Sullivan, Mike Kennedy, Mike McNamara, Pat Joyce, Bill Carton and Pete Egan. These fellows, Mr. Treadway assures us, were not Chinese.

MR. VERNON K. MELHADO, who is president of the Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Chamber of Commerce, is heartily in accord with the sentiments expressed in our recent editorial, "Come to Order," but reminds us that the strike scene pictured did not occur in Bethlehem. "The admonition to 'Come to Order' is not necessary here," Mr. Melhado says, "where law and order prevail. We have here as fine an American community of happiness and prosperity as can be found in America today."

SEPTEMBER
6
LABOR DAY

IF WE had a dollar and didn't care what happened to it and, furthermore, if we didn't have an unworthy suspicion that Mr. Leonard Brintnell of Richmond, Virginia, is unduly exercised, we'd send him that dollar. As it is we shall not send one dollar to Mr. Brintnell "to defend America on Labor Day." Mr. Brintnell assures us that he has proof of a "red plot to carry America by fire and sword on Labor Day, the names of the main plotters to be given to the press a week before the date of the uprising." However, if Mr. Brintnell will tell us exactly where the uprising is to begin we shall be present to record the facts for the readers of this magazine. We shall need that dollar for transportation, food and shelter because the uprising may take all day and maybe most of the night.

WE'RE familiar with uprisings. In Virginia we met a Mr. McHugh, who was traveling to Washington from Des Moines, Iowa, in a trailer. He said he was representing ten million farmers. Nobody represents any smaller number of anybody these days. "I shall warn Congress," said Mr. McHugh, "that an uprising of the farmers of America is imminent. The farmer is tired of being denied his rights at the hands of Congress and the U. S. Treasury simply because he chances to be enjoying a fruitful and profitable year. The embattled farmer is still embattled and getting more so."

AS WE were leaving Washington one of the most peaceable senators we know said: "If you see any of my constituents tell them to go to hell. And tell them I said so without a smile. I'm badly disorganized."

WE NOTIFIED Mr. John L. Lewis.

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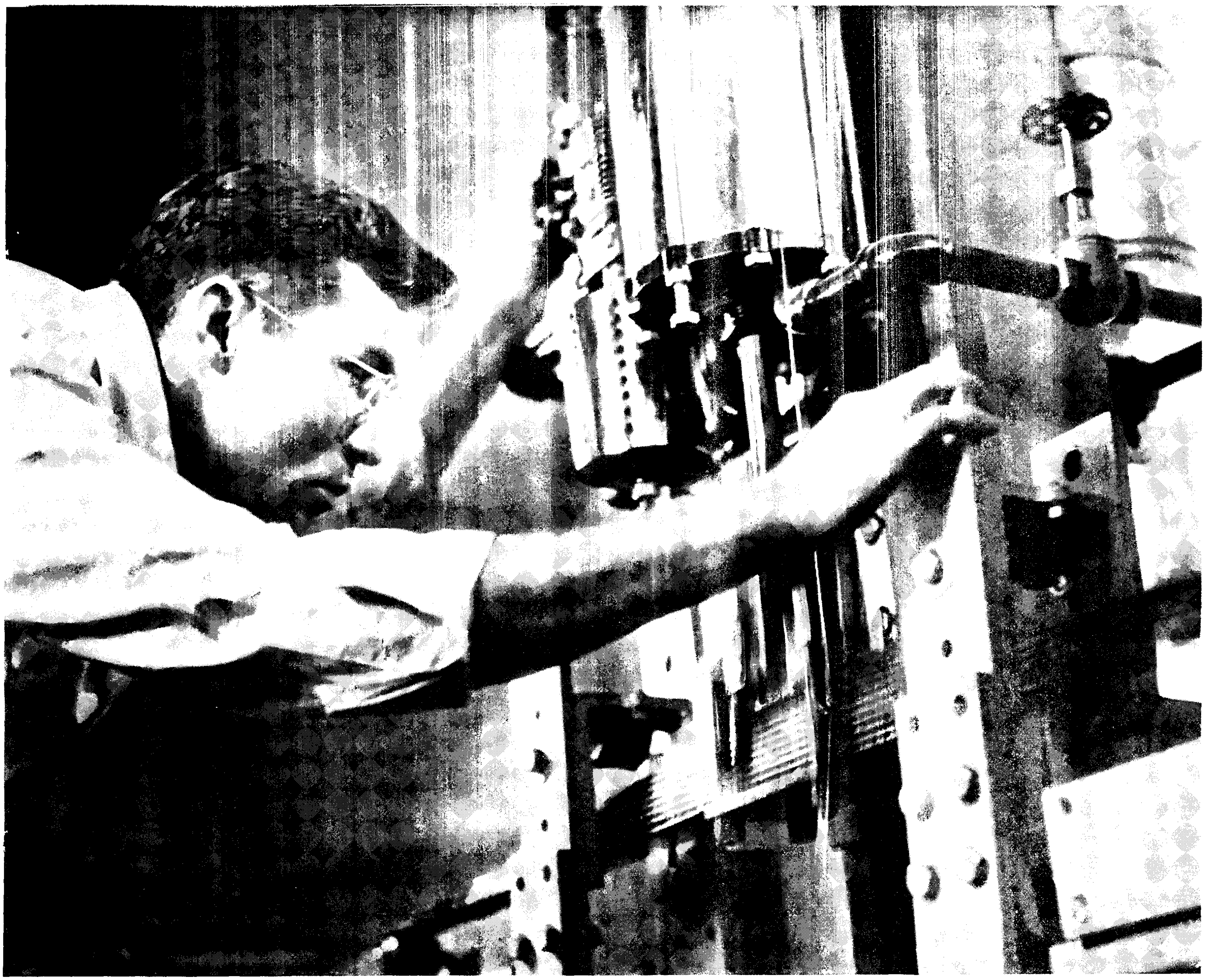


# For the 15,000TH Time—Bump!

THINK OF THE WORST ROAD a car could encounter...foot-high bumps and foot-deep chuck-holes. Think of hammering over it at top speed...with five or six 200-pounders in your car.

What *that* would do to a car's springs is just a mild sample of what this unique testing machine in the picture is doing to a Plymouth spring. Tens of thousands of times it delivers wicked, trip-hammer blows...until spring or shackles finally give up the ghost.

Plymouth engineers and metallurgists make such brutal tests to detect and reject defective material. But their biggest objective is to achieve greater and greater resilience in combination with utmost strength and long life.

So today, Plymouth, the car that stands up best, is also the smoothest-riding low-priced car. Testing and research *made* it that way.

Constant research and testing have created many new Plymouth features, such as: scientific soundproofing that shuts out noise; airplane-type shock-absorbers that swallow jolts and jars; rubber body mountings that end vibration.

For years, research and testing have been contributing to the greatness of Plymouth. It was Plymouth that pioneered hydraulic brakes in the low-price field...and Floating Power engine mountings. For seven years Plymouth has had an all-steel body. Research and testing are the foundation of great engineering—and only great engineering can produce great cars. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

## EASY TO BUY

Today, you'll find Plymouth is priced with the lowest...and you can buy a beautiful new Plymouth on small monthly payments. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—through Chrysler, De Soto and Dodge dealers—terms which make it easy to buy a new Plymouth today—*"the car that stands up best."*

**TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—Columbia network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 p.m., E.D.S.T.**

**PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS**

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE!
OH, DAD, IS IT TRUE THAT WE'RE ACTUALLY AT THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE?
YES, CHUBBINS. WE'RE AT THE ROOF OF THE CONTINENT. ON ONE SIDE WATER FLOWS TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN, AND ON THE OTHER TO THE ATLANTIC
LOOK QUICK, DAD! THAT ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP IS FALLING! HE'LL BE KILLED!
HA-HA! DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT BIGHORN. HE'S JUST JUMPING FROM LEDGE TO LEDGE. THOSE SHEEP ARE EVEN MORE AGILE THAN THE SWISS CHAMOIS
NOW, CHUBBINS, WE'RE ALMOST TWO MILES ABOVE SEA-LEVEL. SEE THAT LIGHTNING? THERE'S A THUNDERSTORM IN THE VALLEY, BUT UP HERE ON 'FLATTOP' WE LOOK DOWN ON IT WHILE THE SUN SHINES!
HOWDY! I'M THE FIRE LOOKOUT. MIGHT I HAVE A PIPEFUL OF YOUR TOBACCO, MISTER? MINE JUST RAN OUT
THEN WE'VE COME IN THE NICK OF TIME! EVER SMOKE PRINCE ALBERT, WARDEN?
SMOKING IS ONE OF THE FEW COMFORTS I HAVE UP HERE ALONE ON THIS FIRE TOWER. SO I'M ONE FELLOW WHO APPRECIATES P.A.'S MILDNESS AND GOOD FULL TASTE
WELL, I GUESS MOST EVERY PIPE SMOKER, NO MATTER WHERE HE IS, APPRECIATES PRINCE ALBERT'S NO-BITE PROCESS AND CRIMP CUT

WHICH KIND OF PIPE-SMOKER ARE YOU?

AS A **NEW** PIPE-SMOKER, I VALUE **MILDNESS** MOST IN A TOBACCO. NATURALLY I'M GRATEFUL TO PRINCE ALBERT!

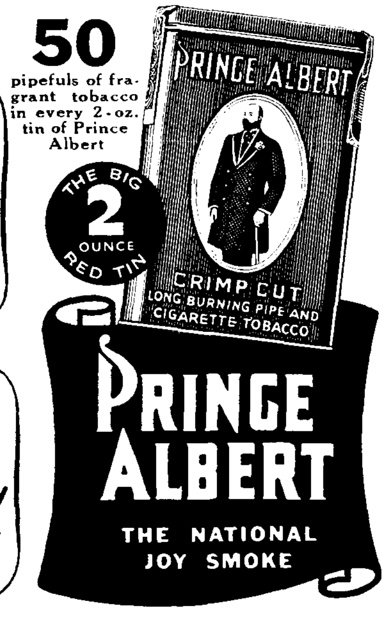
I USED TO SMOKE MY PIPE ONLY **OCCASIONALLY.** NOW I ENJOY IT OFTEN, THANKS TO **SMOOTH, COOL-SMOKING** PRINCE ALBERT!

AS A **REGULAR** SMOKER I SWITCHED TO P.A. FOR ITS **RICH TASTE** AND **FULL BODY**—AND GOT EXTRA-MILD SMOKING BESIDES!

**SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS** of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.
(*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert



THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

—AND SWELL FOR "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES!

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*Whisky* is not an antidote for snake-bite; a double joint has never yet been found in a human being; and the pollen of goldenrod never causes hay fever, unless directly inhaled, because it is too heavy to be carried by the wind.

*Machines* have given man speed supremacy on land and in the air. But Nature still holds the speed record for underwater travel. The swordfish, for instance, can swim at the rate of sixty miles an hour, or nearly four times faster than the fastest submarine.

*Industrial* labor in the United States worked 60 hours a week in 1890, 49 hours in 1929 (an 18 per cent decrease) and works 40 hours today (another 18 per cent decrease). Thus the percentage reduction in the past eight years equals the reduction in the previous 39 years.—*By George Smith, Long Island City, New York.*

*Alcohol* has not only been used as a medicine by virtually every race of people known to history and included in every single pharmacopoeia ever published but it is the most common menstruum, or solvent, for drugs in every part of the world.

*Although* Bulgaria was allied with Germany in the World War, the United States did not sever diplomatic relations with it throughout the entire conflict.—*By Robert Server, Irvington, New Jersey.*

*Probably* the most musical body of water in existence is the lagoon of Batticaloa, Ceylon. On bright moonlight nights, its thousands of "singing" fish come close to the surface and produce musical notes, sometimes as varied as those made by a symphony orchestra when it is tuning up.—*By Mrs. William Mason, McCook, Nebraska.*

*As* late as 1808, public speakers always began their addresses with the salutation: "Gentlemen and ladies."—*By Henry Collins Brown, New York City.*

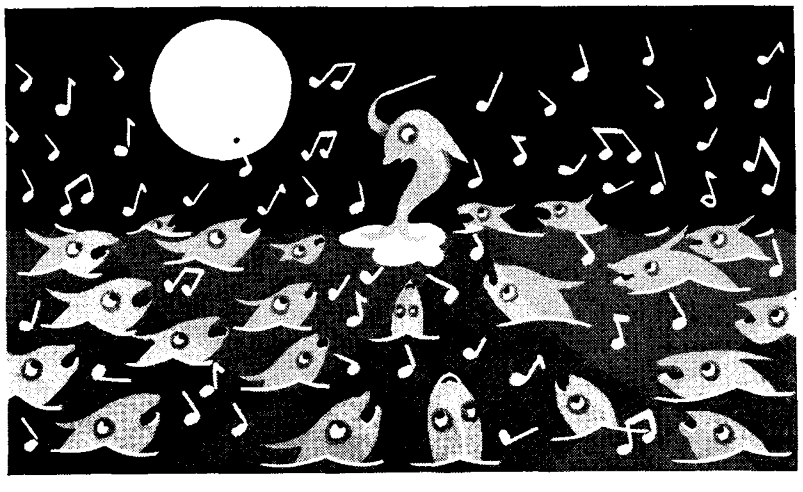
*One* American sewing-machine manufacturer, with a wide variety of customers, makes more than 3,000 different industrial and domestic sewing machines; one of these, a shirt sewer, does 66 stitches a second.

*Very* few cities in this country require a toxicological examination of the bodies of all persons who have died, apparently, from an accident. Therefore, when a case arouses no suspicion, it receives a summary disposal. In all probability, many of these "accidents," arranged to disguise a murder or suicide by poisoning, are successful crimes.

*No* American ever tried more earnestly and failed more completely to be elected President of the United States than George Francis Train. As an independent candidate in the campaign of 1872, he made a thousand speeches throughout the country, but, so far as is known, did not receive a single vote.—*By Irving Wallace, Hollywood, California.*

*Thousands* of persons annually visit the tomb of Shakespeare's mythical Juliet in Verona, Italy, the tomb of Adam in Muna, Arabia, and the tomb of the Devil in Kirkcaldy, Scotland.

*In* Japan, most waiters, barbers, porters and similar public servants still like to receive their tips enclosed in small envelopes made for the purpose. The presentation of "naked" money offends them, for it shows the donor lacking in politeness and consideration of their feelings.—*By Myrtle J. French, New York City.*



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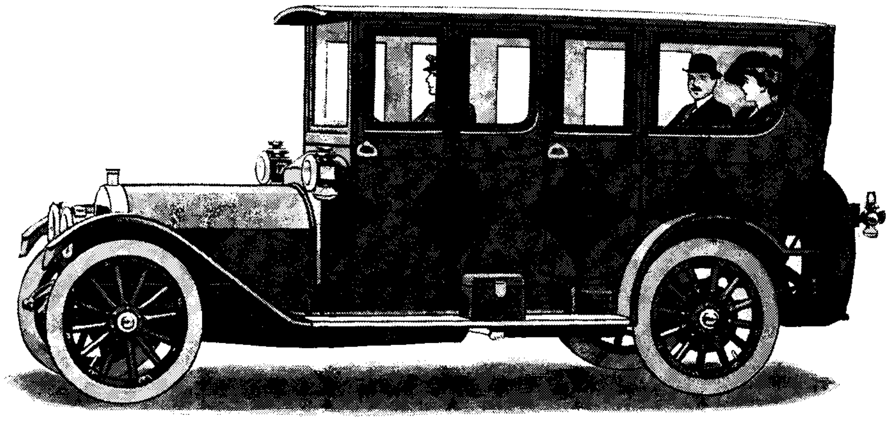
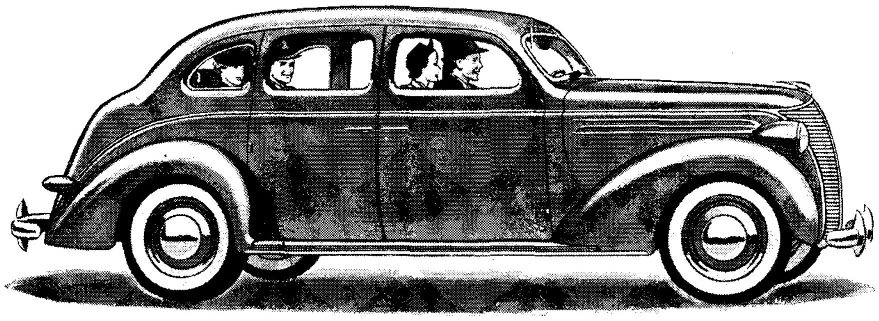
**THIS MOTOR CAR**

**OF 1912**

**WEIGHED 6000 POUNDS**





**THIS CAR OF 1937 WEIGHS**

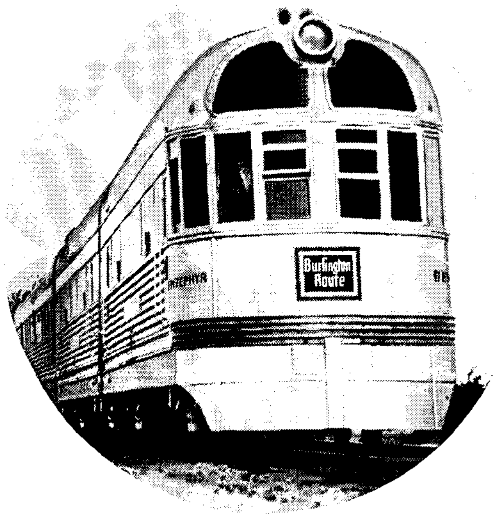
**ONLY 3000 POUNDS**

**BUT IS FAR STRONGER—FAR SAFER**

# Why shouldn't railroad trains be lighter too?

- The answer is, they should be—and some of them are. The new stainless-steel cars built by the Edw. G. Budd Manufacturing Company are 40 to 50 per cent lighter than ordinary steel cars carrying the same number of passengers.

It is no coincidence that these new trains should have followed the same line of development as the motor car. The Budd Company pioneered ALL STEEL bodies for automobiles. Now Budd is applying principles of lightness, strength and comfort to rail transportation.



For instance, two of the Budd-built trains★ now in operation on one of America's great railroads each weigh 800,000 pounds less than their predecessors. 1,600,000 pounds less weight to pull 1034 miles every day!

This saving has made possible higher sustained speeds. The trip is made in 16 hours, at an average speed of 65.3 miles per hour. And safety is increased because stainless steel has four times the elastic strength of ordinary steel — more than twice the elastic strength of less expensive alloys.

Next time you see a gleaming stainless-steel train flash by, remember that the success of modern, rapid railroad transportation is the result of Budd's light-weight stainless-steel construction.

The elimination of so much unnecessary dead-weight makes not only a swifter but a more comfortable train. It brings economies in operation whether the train is drawn by steam, diesel or electric power. It is easier on rails and roadbed. The cars are roomier for passengers.

These modern trains have brought a new comfort and convenience to railroad travel and, at the same time, have proved exceedingly profitable to the railroads.

★*The Denver Zephyrs, running each way daily on the Burlington Route, overnight between Chicago and Denver, 1034 miles in 16 hours.*

## EDW. G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA AND DETROIT

*BUDD METHODS SAFELY ELIMINATE DEAD-WEIGHT*

Philco presents the Radio of Tomorrow *today!* ..The 1938 Automatic Tuning Philco with Inclined Control Panel is entirely new..the first Radio ever built with your comfort and convenience given first consideration!

PHILCO
High Fidelity
NO SQUAT
NO STOOP
NO SQUINT

... THE NEW 1938 AUTOMATIC TUNING

PHILCO

*A Musical Instrument of Quality*

Philco 116XX . . the radio of tomorrow *today!* No Squat! No Stoop! No Squint! The Inclined Control Panel enables you to tune with ease and grace, whether sitting or standing. Philco Automatic Tuning brings any of your favorite stations instantly, silently, precisely. A single glance shows you the station call letters. A flick of your fingers . . and CLICK . . there's your station! Philco High-Fidelity doubles the tonal range of ordinary radios . . assures glorious realism. The Philco Foreign Tuning System, with short-wave stations spread six times farther apart, doubles the foreign stations you can get and enjoy. Fifteen tubes and five tuning ranges bring you everything that's interesting in the air. Everything you could wish for in radio is combined in this great, new Musical Instrument of Quality—the 1938 Philco 116 Double-X.

• • •

Philco makes a complete line of Double-X models with "No Squat—No Stoop—No Squint" Automatic Tuning.

The radio you now have may be traded in as part payment or you can buy a Double-X Philco for as little as $7.95 down and $1.00 a week . . without any red tape. Your Philco dealer will tell you about this Special Philco-Commercial Credit Company Plan.

Be sure to ask your dealer to show you the new Double-X Philcos

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# A Piece of Pie

### By Damon Runyon

**In any eating contest the principals may speak to each other if they wish, though smart eaters never wish to do this, as talking only wastes energy. This is the story of a contestant who spoke to Nicely-Nicely Jones and the surprising results**

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

BROADWAY
Robert O. Reid

**"Yes," she says, "I cease dieting. I learn my lesson. I learn that male characters do not appreciate anybody who tries to ward off surplus tissue"**

ON BOYLSTON Street, in the city of Boston, Mass., there is a joint where you can get as nice a broiled lobster as anybody ever slaps a lip over, and who is in there one evening partaking of this tidbit but a character by the name of Horse Thief and me.

This Horse Thief is called Horsey for short, and he is not called by this name because he ever steals a horse but because it is the consensus of public opinion from coast to coast that he may steal one if the opportunity presents.

Personally, I consider Horsey a very fine character, because any time he is holding anything he is willing to share his good fortune with one and all, and at this time in Boston he is holding plenty. It is the time we make the race meeting at Suffolk Downs, and Horsey gets to going very good, indeed, and in fact he is now a character of means, and is my host against the broiled lobster.

WELL, at a table next to us are four or five characters who all seem to be well-dressed, and stout-set, and red-faced, and prosperous-looking, and who all speak with the true Boston accent, which consists of many ah's and very few r's. Characters such as these are familiar to anybody who is ever in Boston very much, and they are bound to be politicians, retired cops, or contractors, because Boston is really quite infested with characters of this nature.

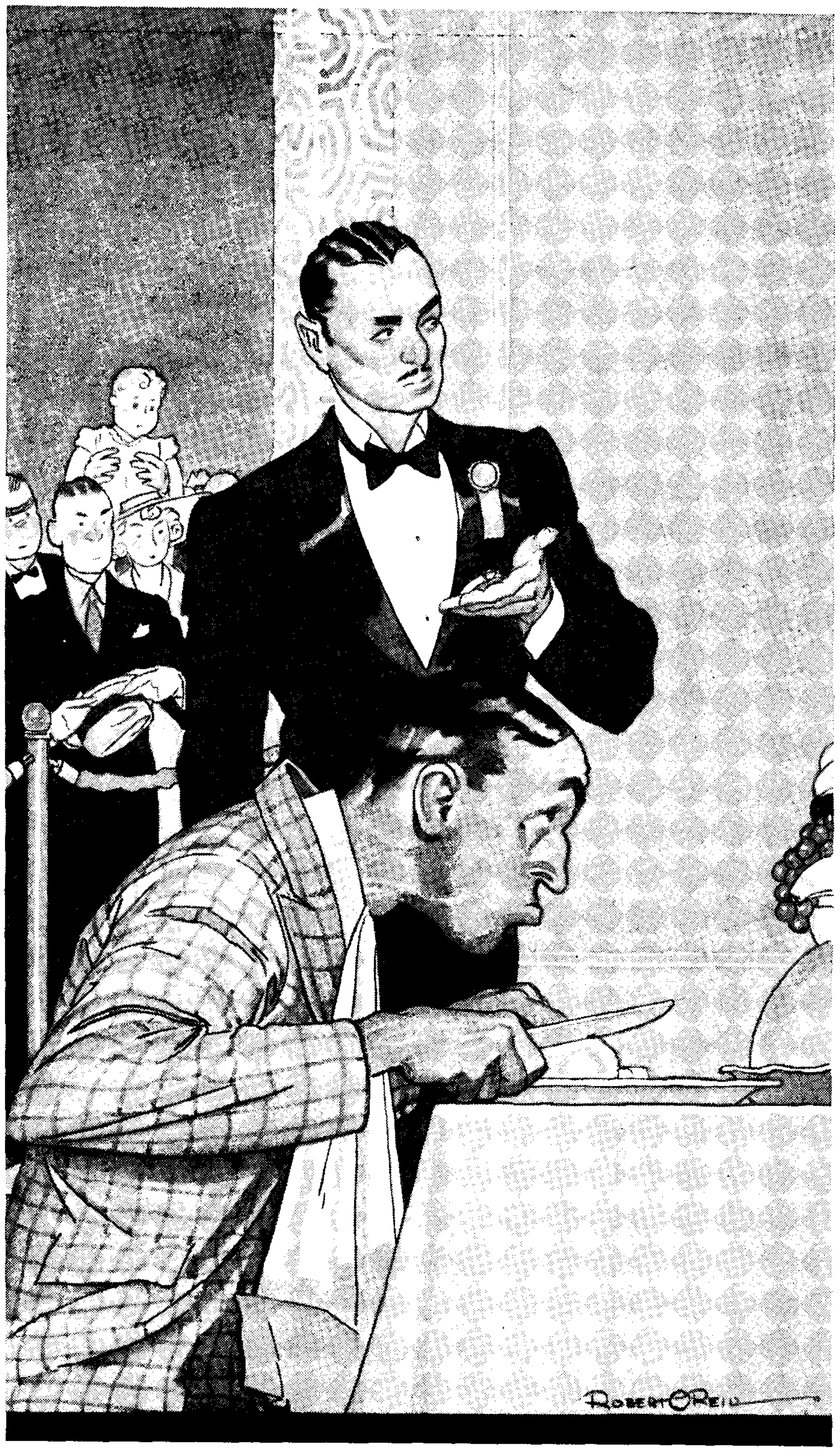
I am paying no attention to them, because they are drinking local ale, and talking loud, and long ago I learn that when a Boston character is engaged in aleing himself up, it is a good idea to let him alone, because the best you can get out of him is maybe a boff on the beezer. But Horsey is in there on the old Ear-ie, and very much interested in their conversation, and finally I listen myself just to hear what is attracting his attention, when one of the characters speaks as follows:

"Well," he says, "I am willing to bet ten thousand dollars that he can outeat anybody in the United States any time."

Now at this, Horsey gets right up and steps over to the table and bows and smiles in a friendly way on one and all, and says:

"Gentlemen," he says, "pardon the intrusion, and excuse me for billing in, but," he says, "do I understand you are speaking of a great eater who resides in your fair city?"

Well, these Boston characters all gaze at Horsey in such a hostile manner that



I am expecting any one of them to get up and request him to let them miss him, but he keeps on bowing and smiling, and they can see that he is a gentleman, and finally one of them says:

"Yes," he says, "we are speaking of a character by the name of Joel Duffle. He is without doubt the greatest eater alive. He just wins a unique wager. He bets a character from Bangor, Me., that he can eat a whole window display of oysters in this very restaurant, and he not only eats all the oysters but he then wishes to wager that he can also eat the shells, but," he says, "it seems that the character from Bangor, Me., unfortunately taps out on the first proposition and has nothing with which to bet on the second."

"Very interesting," Horsey says. "Very interesting, if true, but," he says, "unless my ears deceive me, I hear one of you state that he is willing to wager ten thousand dollars on this eater of yours against anybody in the United States."

"Your ears are perfect," another of the Boston characters says. "I state it, although," he says, "I admit it is a sort of figure of speech. But I state it all right," he says, "and never let it be said that a Conway ever pigs it on a betting proposition."

"Well," Horsey says, "I do not have a tenner on me at the moment, but," he says, "I have here a thousand dollars to put up as a forfeit that I can produce a character who will outeat your party for ten thousand, and as much more as you care to put up."

And with this, Horsey outs with a bundle of coarse notes and tosses it on the table, and right away one of the Boston characters, whose name turns out to be Carroll, slaps his hand on the money and says:

"Bet."

WELL, now this is prompt action to be sure, and if there is one thing I admire more than anything else, it is action, and I can see that these are characters of true sporting instincts and I commence wondering where I can raise a few dibs to take a piece of Horsey's proposition, because of course I know that he has nobody in mind to do the eating for his side but Nicely-Nicely Jones.

And knowing Nicely-Nicely Jones, I am prepared to wager all the money I can possibly raise that he can outeat anything that walks on two legs. In fact, I will take a chance on Nicely-Nicely against anything on four legs, except maybe an elephant, and at that he may give the elephant a photo finish.

I do not say that Nicely-Nicely is the greatest eater in all history, but what I do say is he belongs up there as a contender. In fact, Professor D., who is a professor in a college out West before he turns to playing the horses for a livelihood, and who makes a study of history in his time, says he will not be surprised but what Nicely-Nicely figures one-two.

Professor D. says we must always remember that Nicely-Nicely eats under the handicaps of modern civilization, which require that an eater use a knife and fork, or anyway a knife, while in the old days eating with the hands was a popular custom and much faster. Professor D. says he has no doubt that under the old rules Nicely-Nicely will hang up a record that will endure through the ages, but of course maybe Professor D. overlays Nicely-Nicely somewhat.

Well, now that the match is agreed upon, naturally Horsey and the Boston characters begin discussing where it is to take place, and one of the Boston characters suggests a neutral ground, such as New London, Conn., or Providence, R. I., but Horsey holds out for New York, and it seems that Boston characters are always ready to visit New York, so he does not meet with any great opposition on this point.

THEY all agree on a date four weeks later so as to give the principals plenty of time to get ready, although Horsey and I know that this is really unnecessary as far as Nicely-Nicely is concerned, because one thing about him is he is always in condition to eat.

Nicely-Nicely is called by this name because any time anybody asks him how he feels, or how he is doing, he always says nicely, nicely, and the consequence is he goes through life a constant perjurer, at least on how he is doing. He is a character who is maybe five feet eight inches tall, and about five feet nine inches wide, and when he is in good shape he will weigh upward of 283 pounds. He is a horse player by trade, and eating is really just a hobby, but he is undoubtedly a wonderful eater even when he is not hungry.

Well, as soon as Horsey and I return to New York, we hasten to Mindy's restaurant on Broadway and relate the bet Horsey makes in Boston, and right away so many citizens, including Mindy himself, wish to take a piece of the proposition that it is oversubscribed by a large sum in no time.

Then Mindy remarks that he does not see Nicely-Nicely Jones for a month of Sundays, and then everybody present remembers that they do not see Nicely-Nicely around lately, either, and this leads to a discussion of where Nicely-Nicely can be, although up to this moment if nobody sees Nicely-Nicely but once in the next ten years it will be considered sufficient.

Well, Willie the Worrier, who is a bookmaker by trade, is among those present, and he remembers that the last time he looks for Nicely-Nicely hoping to collect a marker of some years standing, Nicely-Nicely is living at the Rest Hotel in West 49th Street, and nothing will do Horsey but I must go with him over to the Rest to make inquiry for Nicely-Nicely, and there we learn that he leaves a forwarding address away up on Morningside Heights in care of somebody by the name of Slocum.

So Horsey calls a short, and away we go to this address, which turns out to be a five-story walk-up apartment, and a card downstairs shows that Slocum lives on the top floor. It takes Horsey and me ten minutes to walk up the five flights as we are by no means accustomed to exercise of this nature, and when we finally reach a door marked Slocum, we are plumb tuckered out, and have to sit down on the top step and rest awhile.

Then I ring the bell at this door marked Slocum, and who appears but a tall young Judy with black hair who is without doubt beautiful, but who is so skinny we have to look twice to see her, and when I ask her if she can give me any information about a party named Nicely-Nicely Jones, she says to me like this:

"I guess you mean Quentin," she says. "Yes," she says, "Quentin is here. Come in, gentlemen."

SO WE step into an apartment, and as we do so a thin, sickly-looking character gets up out of a chair by the window, and in a weak voice says good evening. It is a good evening, at that, so Horsey and I say good evening right back at him, very polite, and then we stand there waiting for Nicely-Nicely to appear, when the beautiful skinny young Judy says:

"Well," she says, "this is Mr. Quentin Jones."

Then Horsey and I take another swivel at the thin character, and we can see that it is nobody but Nicely-Nicely, at that, but the way he changes since we last observe him is practically shocking to us both, because he is undoubtedly all shrunk up. In fact, he looks as if he is about half what he is in his prime, and his face is pale and thin, and his eyes are away back in his head, and while we both shake hands with him it is some time before either of us is able to speak. Then Horsey finally says:

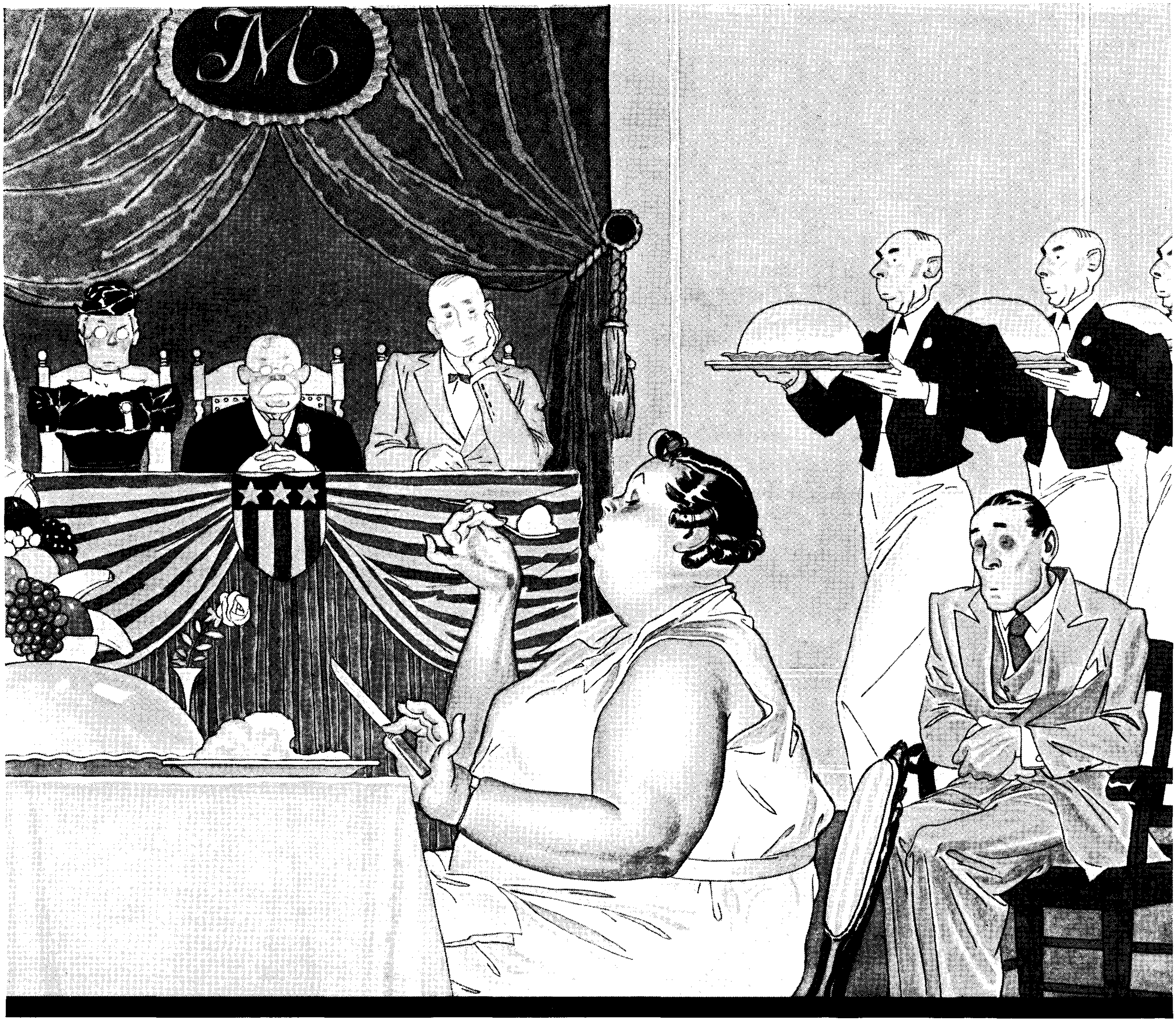
"Nicely," he says, "can we have a few words with you in private on a very important proposition."

Well, at this, and before Nicely-Nicely can answer aye, yes or no, the beautiful skinny young Judy goes out of the room and slams a door behind her, and Nicely-Nicely says:

"My fiancée, Miss Hilda Slocum," he says. "She is a wonderful character. We are to be married as soon as I lose twenty pounds more. It will take a couple of weeks longer," he says.

"My goodness gracious, Nicely," Horsey says. "What do you mean lose twenty pounds more? You are practically emaciated now. Are you just out of a sick bed, or what?"

"Why," Nicely-Nicely says, "certainly I am not out of a sick bed. I am never



In fact, Joel Duffle looks quite startled and gazes at her with great respect as she disposes of her share of the turkey and the mashed potatoes

healthier in my life. I am on a diet. I lose eighty-three pounds in two months, and am now down to 200. I feel great," he says. "It is all because of my fiancée, Miss Hilda Slocum. She rescues me from gluttony and obesity, or anyway," Nicely-Nicely says, "this is what Miss Hilda Slocum calls it. My, I feel good. I love Miss Hilda Slocum very much," Nicely-Nicely says. "It is a case of love at first sight on both sides the day we meet in the subway. I am wedged in one of the turnstile gates, and she kindly pushes on me from behind until I wiggle through. I can see she has a kind heart, so I date her up for a movie that night and propose to her while the newsreel is on. But," Nicely-Nicely says, "Hilda tells me at once that she will never marry a fat slob. She says I must put myself in her hands and she will reduce me by scientific methods and then she will become my ever-loving wife, but not before.

"So," Nicely-Nicely says, "I come to live here with Miss Hilda Slocum and her mother, so she can supervise my diet. Her mother is thinner than Hilda. And I surely feel great," Nicely-Nicely says. "Look," he says.

And with this, he pulls out the waistband of his pants, and shows enough spare space to hide War Admiral in, but the effort seems to be a strain on him, and he has to sit down in his chair again.

"My goodness gracious," Horsey says. "What do you eat, Nicely?"

"Well," Nicely-Nicely says, "I eat anything that does not contain starch, but," he says, "of course everything worth eating contains starch, so I really do not eat much of anything whatever. My fiancée, Miss Hilda Slocum, arranges my diet. She is an expert dietitian and runs a widely known department on diet in a magazine by the name of Let's Keep House."

THEN Horsey tells Nicely-Nicely of how he is matched to eat against this Joel Duffle, of Boston, for a nice side bet, and how he has a forfeit of a thousand dollars already posted for appearance, and how many of Nicely-Nicely's admirers along Broadway are looking to win themselves out of all their troubles by betting on him, and at first Nicely-Nicely listens with great interest, and his eyes are shining like six bits, but then he becomes very sad, and says:

"It is no use, gentlemen," he says. "My fiancée, Miss Hilda Slocum, will never hear of me going off my diet even for a little while. Only yesterday I try to talk her into letting me have a little pumpernickel instead of toasted whole wheat bread, and she says if I even think of such a thing again, she will break our engagement. Horsey," he says, "do you ever eat toasted whole-wheat bread for a month hand running? Toasted?" he says.

"No," Horsey says. "What I eat is nice, white French bread, and corn muffins, and hot biscuits with gravy on them."

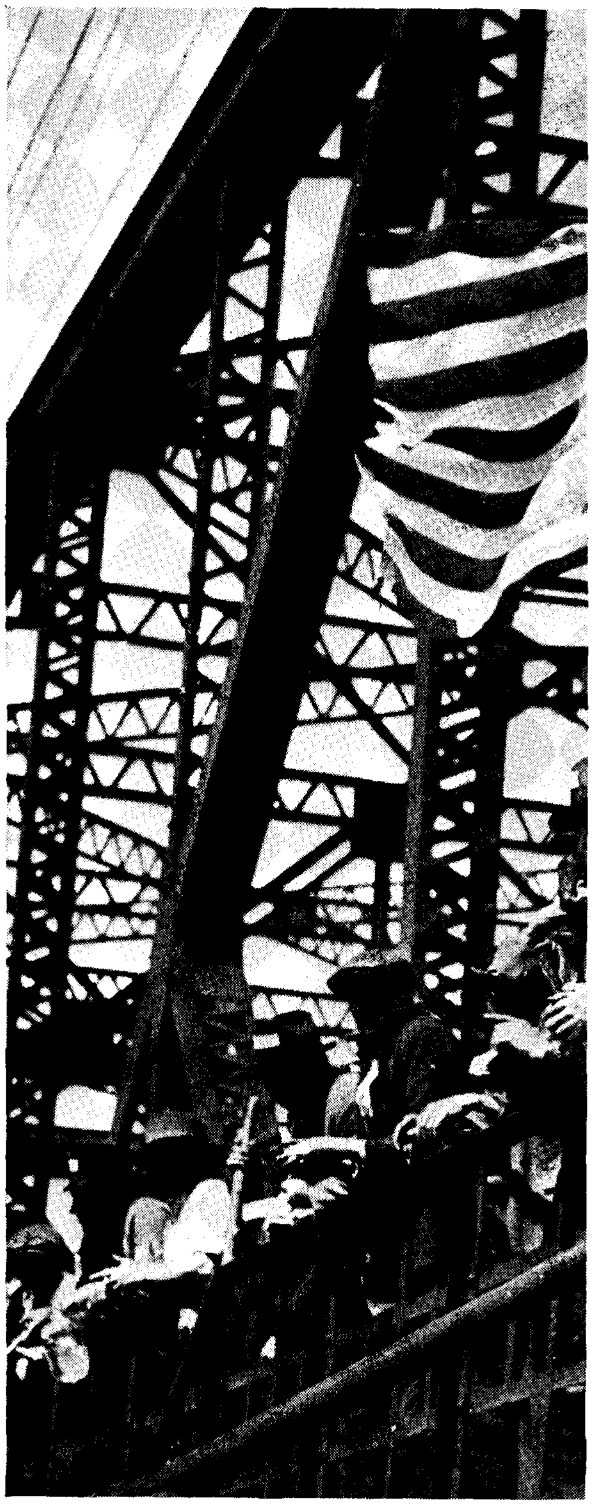
"Stop," Nicely-Nicely says. "You are eating yourself into an early grave, and, furthermore," he says, "you are breaking my heart. But," he says, "the more I think of my following depending on me in this emergency, the sadder it makes me feel to think I am unable to oblige them. However," he says, "let us call Miss Hilda Slocum in on an outside chance and see what her reactions to your proposition are."

So we call Miss Hilda Slocum in, and Horsey explains our predicament in putting so much faith in Nicely-Nicely only to find him dieting, and Miss Hilda Slocum's reactions are to order Horsey and me out of the joint with instructions never to darken her door again, and when we are a block away we can still hear her voice speaking very firmly to Nicely-Nicely.

WELL, personally, I figure this ends the matter, for I can see that Miss Hilda Slocum is a most determined character, indeed, and the chances are it does end it, at that, if Horsey does not happen to get a wonderful break.

He is at Belmont Park one afternoon, and he has a real good thing in a jump race, and when a brisk young character in a hard straw hat and eyeglasses comes along and asks him what he likes, Horsey mentions this good thing, figuring he will

(Continued on page 32)



# Lewis Strikes Steel

### By Walter Davenport

**Into the steel-clad Mahoning Valley rolled John L. Lewis' devouring C. I. O., consuming industry and spreading fear. There it collided with embattled strikers, workers, vigilantes, soldiers and politicians. It came to a halt, mired in ranting Reds, wailing Whites and professional labor howlers. Collier's sent Walter Davenport into the heart of the ruckus to look and listen**

Above: Striking steelworkers, called out in John L. Lewis' attempt to organize "Little Steel," use a convenient bridge to watch over the closed Republic Steel plant at Youngstown, Ohio. Below, back on the job, workers leave the plant after the first day's work

ACME

WE DIDN'T find out who called us up. It didn't matter. Anyhow, we were awakened by the telephone bell, wondering what the hell. Our eyes weren't open wide enough to read the time—one-thirty in the morning. But our ears were just alert enough to catch what he said. He had that husky, sanded voice. Or maybe it was just alcohol-rusted—a voice like an old pugilist's who has been hit too often on the Adam's apple. Like old Harry Greb's.

"Listen," he said, like a mobster, "shake it if you want to see something. They're raising hell in Warren in an hour. Machine guns. Republic's running in a thousand finks."

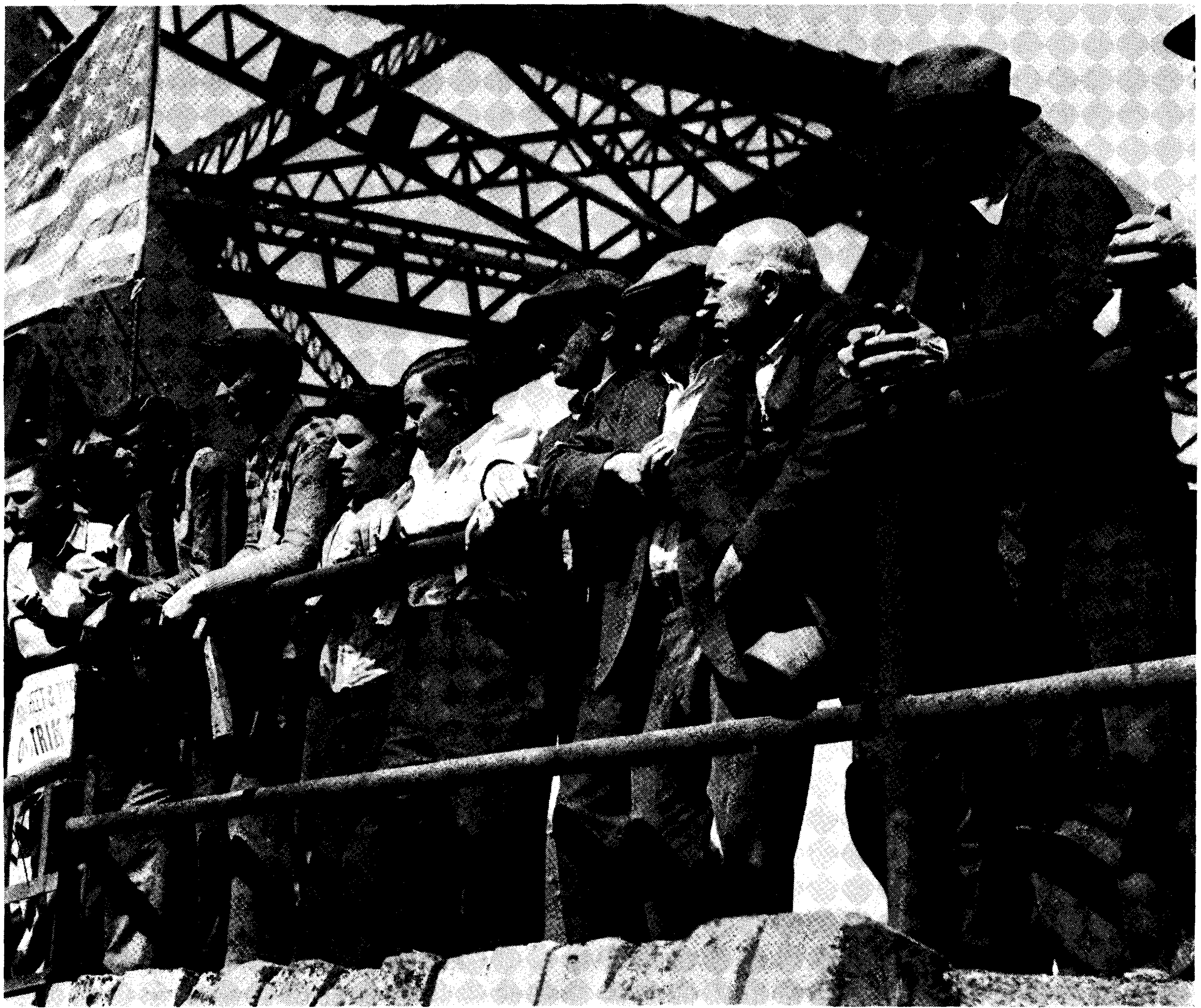
"Who says so?" we demanded.

"Listen, dope," he said, "I'm just trying to do you a favor."

He hung up. And just to show that we hadn't any more sense than he, we got up and into our clothes. After all, the Mahoning Valley, Ohio, was no place to look for sense anyway. After a few days one began to suspect that the Marx Brothers had something to do with this steel strike.

Nevertheless we got dressed. The screwball might have been telling the truth. In Youngstown just then almost anything might happen; in little Warren, fifteen or eighteen miles away, it might happen twice. We never did get figures we could trust, but we knew that thousands of Republic Steel Corporation workers were striking, and that several thousand stout lads, black and white, a dozen nationalities, were eager to relight the fires in the closed plants. And this, we had known for a long time, was the situation stuff of which bloody trouble was made.

We found Shep at the corner. Our news bored him.



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Shep was a steelworker who, when Mr. John L. Lewis, pretender to the labor throne and heaven knows what else, called the workers out of Republic Steel, had refused to fritter away his time on picket lines and in wrangling labor halls. Somehow he had got a taxi license and was hacking his own car—a shiny whiner with an insane horn which (said Shep) he didn't dare sound while passing a graveyard. They might wake up, said Shep.

"Sounds screwy to me," he said, "but get in. Nobody ever got poorer taking a fare. Get in, keep the windows lowered. Let's see if we can travel faster than one of those steel apes can throw a brick or maybe a handful of bolts. Keep the windows down. A rock might miss you but flying glass won't. Ja hear they're bringing in twenty-five hundred more soldiers?"

And that—about the soldiers—was just another rumor. The steel country, from Johnstown, Pennsylvania, to Youngstown, Niles and Warren, Ohio, was sodden with rumors. We made a list of the startling ones. Who knew? Anything could happen. We were told that Mr. Tom Girdler, chairman of Republic Steel, was going to resign—that important officials and stockholders within his corporation were disagreeing with his never-never attitude toward unions and that they were ready to sacrifice the blunt, uncompromising, over-my-dead-body Girdler to peace and profits.

We were told (it was always by nobody in particular, and always whispered) that Governor Earle of Pennsylvania had canceled an immediate visit to Johnstown, where he had closed the Bethlehem's Cambria plant, because antistrike vigilantes were waiting for him at the airport with shotguns and dynamite.

We were told that Boss John L. Lewis had telephoned President Roosevelt demanding that Mr. Roosevelt discharge his political debt to labor by calling Girdler of Republic, Grace of Bethlehem, Weir of National Steel, Frank Purnell, president of Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, and the Block Brothers of Inland Steel to the White House and compel them—somehow, anyhow—to recognize the C. I. O.

And then we heard that Mr. Lewis was yearning to call it quits, to lose this strike if need be because he had lost control of the C. I. O. to the Communists. The blood-racing yarn had it that he desired a truce that he might consolidate his gains, eliminate the radicals, reorganize and re-establish his authority and his vanishing command.

### Rumors That Get Bigger and Better

There were others, even more engaging because they were immediate and nameless. You heard that the plants were going to be dynamited, that bombs were to be thrown, homes and mills blasted. Several strikers said that they wouldn't enter the mills "just yet" even if the companies capitulated—"not until a thorough inspection of the premises is made." We even heard that Henry Ford had been assassinated. And all this, naturally, lent flavor to our own night ride. At one stop we were told that a fellow named Zajac or Mayjoz or something like that had been killed by a company cop. We were sympathetic but a stocky chap who wore no shirt—probably because he was proud of his tattooing—said:

"The Polack's worth more dead than alive—to us anyway. We'll raise hell at the funeral. Strikes need funerals—martyr funerals."

Rumors like this were first-grade. Shep had handed us a very minor one—about the soldiers. But before we had finished our plunge up the ghostly valley his contribution had joined the major gossip. Instead of national guardsmen—boys, for the most part, with indoor faces and clerks' hands—the coming military were to be the regulars, the United States Army. We stopped at a filling station, not because we needed gas but because there was a crowd there. And Shep said it was bad business to run past a mob at night.

"No matter which side they're on," he explained, "if you're going fast they think you're the other side. They think you're running something you don't want them to see. Scabs. They're apt to take a shot at you just to make sure."

So we stopped. They were strikers—Youngstown Sheet and Tube. They had it from a United Mine Workers' yammerer, a C. I. O. whip, that the regulars were on their way. They were cursing Mr. Roosevelt. What a friend! Some pal! There was gratitude for you. Sending the Army in to open the mills, after John Lewis and mine workers' money had elected him. We almost made a nasty mistake. We asked one of them, a tall, bony fellow with half a billiard cue thonged to his wrist, if the report mightn't be exaggerated. Immediately five or six of them accused us of being a spy. We managed to assure them that we weren't owned by either side.

With a similar display of no intelligence we had managed to get ourselves disliked in Youngstown where a vigilante-minded gentleman burst forth in a paean for the Honorable *(Continued on page 52)*

*The Story Thus Far:*

HER father and mother dead, Honor Brownell helps to support her little family—Adeline ("Addy"), her sister; Tom, her brother; and her maiden aunt, Lucie Brownell—by working in a San Francisco law office. For years she and Hugh Braintree, a young engineer, have looked forward to the day when they can marry; and now, at last, a promotion for Hugh—he is to be made superintendent of the Walburga, a great mine—brings that day near.

But Honor finds herself far from elated by the prospect. She is perilously near falling in love with another man, Paul Cartwright, junior member of the firm which employs her. Cartwright has told her that he loves her. He is thirty-seven. He is wealthy. He has a wife—and two small sons!

Honor is unwilling, however, to admit even to herself that she faces a dangerous situation. When Cartwright, giving a luncheon party and in need of more girls, asks her (one of forty stenographers in the offices of Cooper and Cartwright) to help him out by filling in, she promises to do so. She is well aware that she should not see too much of him. But—oh, well, what harm will be done? In six weeks she will be Mrs. Hugh Braintree.

Nevertheless, when she meets Hugh that evening, she says nothing of the luncheon. She does not once mention Paul Cartwright.

## II

IT WAS with a certain eagerness that the next day Honor telephoned to the hotel and talked to Lady Nunnally, who sounded very young and gay and British. At half past ten, they and the nice young secretary met at the corner of Old Saint Mary's and plunged into the excitements and odors, the colors and shocks of Chinatown. Dolly Nunnally was smothered in rich dark sables, and even the secretary wore a stunning fur coat. "What of it?" Honor thought. Both were instantly and quite frankly impressed with the beauty of their guide, and young Lady Nunnally said quite simply: "I presume Paul Cartwright is madly in love with you I should think it very likely," in one unpunctuated sentence.

They bought oxblood jars at a hundred dollars apiece, and cotton coats at eighty-five cents; they ate honey candy stuffed with flaxseed and the soft sweet fleshy lichee nuts that are wrapped around their smooth little brown pits; they bought bowls and brocades and old pigskin boxes painted in dulled red and gold, and Dolly bought one terrifying mask, ferocious with whiskers and shining scarlet enamel, and observed that she would put it on some morning and let Dickie wake up and see what was on the next pillow. They saw crates of guinea pigs and rabbits, doves and geese and chickens, porkers and baby goats, and tanks in which thirty sorts of fish swam lazily, frogs floated, and eels and lobsters, shrimp and crabs squirmed and struggled. And they stood for five fascinated minutes studying the thick ropes of squid, the deadly cuttlefish, its silvery lengths hung limply from great hooks over the oily, dark wooden slabs of the markets.

"But you're silly to buy all this here," Honor protested more than once to Dolly's ready: "Oh, I'll definitely have *that!*" "You're going to China," she reminded them, "and you'll have a thousand opportunities there—"

"I'll probably have to be frightfully diplomatic and go and see temples in China," Dolly said. "Dickie's uncle's the minister, you know, which makes it rather horrid all 'round. I'm taking forty dinner frocks to China; it's going to be quite, quite horrid."

St. Mary's bells rang for the Angelus—rang the half hour. Crowds chattered and jostled in the dark narrow streets; fearful luncheon smells came from the black wooden trays and battered old tin pots which were now being rushed in this direction and that over the filled sidewalks.

"Hadn't we better be getting to the club?" Honor suggested. "They said one o'clock."

"Oh, let them wait!" Dolly said. But she was tired and hungry too; they all were, and glad to get into the big car that had been slowly trailing them. Paul Cartwright and Lord Nunnally and one or two other men were waiting for them at the club; there was a delicious scent of fine food in the air.

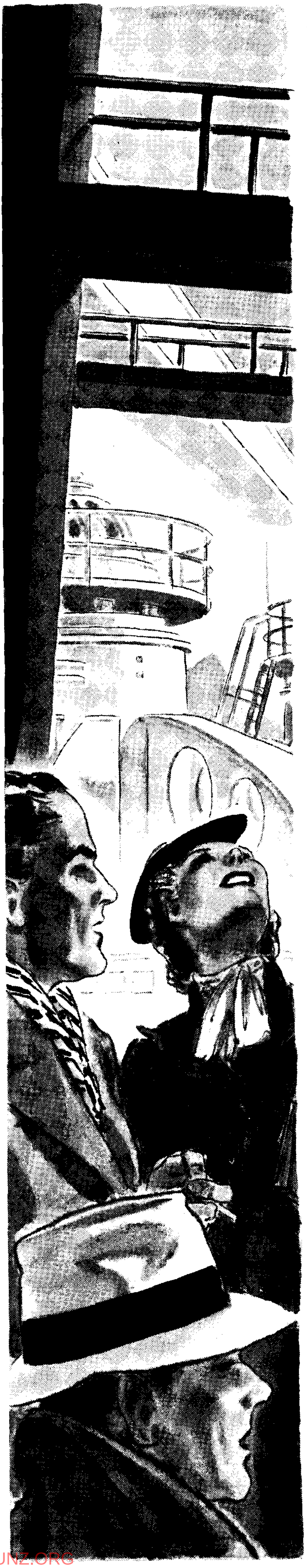
Honor loved the club; every fiber of her responded on this first visit to the elegance and ease of it. The softened atmosphere that yet gave no suggestion of stuffiness or warmth on this snappy winter day, the lofty high ceilings and magnificent distances of the great luxurious place, the bright sunlight falling on a big round table, the scent of freesia, lilies and pink roses, the fine linen, laughing voices, the approval she read in Paul's eyes all conspired to send her spirits rocketing skyward. She was ecstatically happy. "This is such fun!" she had an opportunity to say in an aside to Paul. "No wonder men love this club!"

"Ah, well, it isn't always like this; this is special!"

"Oh?" Her innocently rounded eyes met his, and instantly her bright color came up with her laugh. "Oh, I see—" she said, stammering.

THERE was a round bunch of violets at her place, with a creamy gardenia in the center; the combined fragrances swam up at her, and added one more note of complete delight to the hour. She was next to Lord Nunnally, a friendly, rather withered-looking man perhaps fifteen years older than his animated little wife. Honor presently gathered that Dolly was the second, perhaps even the third, wife. But it didn't matter; they seemed devoted to each other.

"Dickie—there was an octopus—I mean an actual octopus, hanging in strings as you'd hang garlic!" Dolly Nunnally said from her place next to Paul at the other side of the table. "I ask you—no, but I mean isn't it too, too ext'rodin'ry! They eat it!"



The Nunnallys were doing everything that anyone ever wanted to do, Honor gathered, and they had been doing everything anyone ever wanted to do for years—all their lives long. They were going to stop at one island as guests of the Lord Lieutenant for very special races; they were going to be in Ceylon as guests of the governor for tiger shooting; they would visit a maharajah; they would be picked up by someone called "Totty" on his yacht, and taken somewhere to which the regular steamer trip was "too too frightfully tiresome." In the Orient they would buy furs and some old teak furniture which Dolly wanted, and then join the Cruickshanks—Honor knew of them, the playwright and his wife, who was the singer—and all go to Rome to stay with the British ambassador for the high jinks in June.

Everyone Lord Nunnally mentioned was distinguished to the highest degree and an intimate friend. He knew polo and tennis champions and singers and players and writers, and deposed Latin royalties and reigning other royalties; his relatives, uncles and aunts and cousins were all in important positions, and they were all "crazy" about Dolly.

"I'd come an awful cropper with my last wife," his Lordship said frankly, "but years before that I'd met Dolly—kid in pigtails—they don't wear pigtails any longer, do they? Well, anyway, kid in one of those monkey blouses, with legs like a piano—and I said to myself then, 'By George, that kid is going to be a pretty gell some day—' "

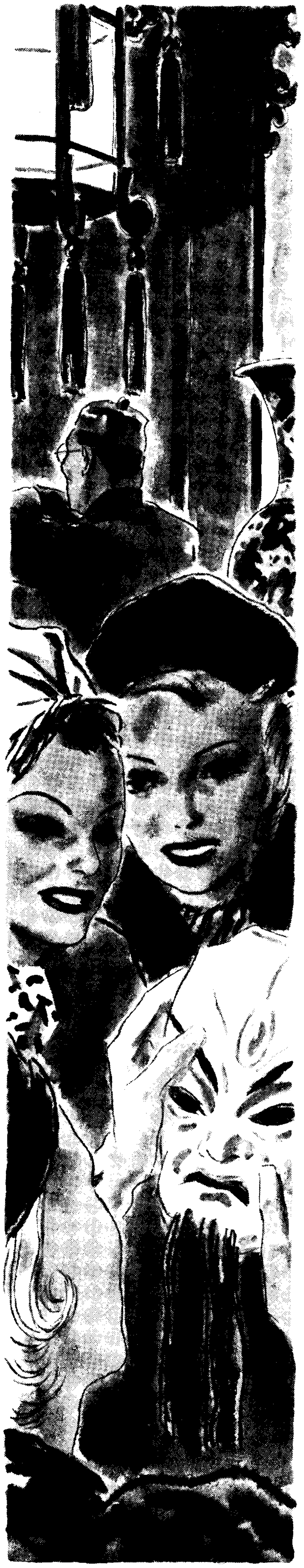
HONOR looked across the table and studied her ladyship, flushed and pretty in a way that just faintly leaned toward the commonplace, her sables loosened, her small hands blazing with rubies and diamonds that flashed in the winter sunlight, and something that was not happiness came across her gala mood and she felt a little chilled. And although they were being extraordinarily kind to her and the luncheon went on in unimagined luxury and pleasantness, and although the scent of her flowers was as poignantly sweet as before, she did not recapture the morning's mood of high adventure and felicity.

Dolly Nunnally was persuading Paul to go down to Pebble Beach with them that night. Please, please; he must! The meal was over and the party scattered before the question was settled. Honor walked four blocks to the office and was at her desk exactly at three. She explained to Miss Morrisey, who was Judge Cooper's assistant and a very clever lawyer, that she had been shopping with some friends of Mr. Cartwright, "and then we had lunch."

"I skipped lunch. I don't know what's giving me heartburn all the time," Anna Morrisey said, "maybe it's being up nights with Mamma."

Mrs. Fiorella was there, the witness for the damage case. Honor rang for Larry Castor, the notary, and the woman made her statement again. She was a very poor woman, hardly out of girl-

Honor went with the two men on a round of inspection. She climbed iron ladders, descended into pits, opened doors, stood awestruck before the great gently-hissing generators, balanced on wet stones to cross the creek, hesitated at nothing and was all the time at her enchanting best



They bought bowls and brocades and old pigskin boxes painted in red, and Dolly bought one terrifying mask, ferocious with whiskers and shining scarlet enamel, and observed that she would put it on some morning and let Dickie wake up and see what was on the next pillow

hood, but with a great heavy boy baby in her arms and a fragile little black-eyed girl clinging to her knee. She had come down on the Mission Street car and had walked the rest of the way through the cold wind of the darkened streets. For the springlike morning that had been so bright and warm in Chinatown and turned into a bleak sunless afternoon, with a leaden sky and sweeping gusts of gritty air. Mrs. Fiorella was cold and frightened; both the children had colds; the little girl was sucking a lump of glassy green candy on a stick; it smelled like furniture polish.

HONOR, suddenly in a mood of utter depression and weariness, sent them home in a taxi and settled down to late afternoon work grimly and resolutely. Her fine nervous hands worked quickly, writing, typing, correcting. Her head was in a whirl; her cheeks were burning. The deep draught of wealth and luxury and amusement which she had taken worked on her spirit like a poison; now she was in Chinatown again, seeing Dolly Nunnally's pretty groomed hands fumbling with big bills—fifty-dollar bills, green and crisp; now she was again at the club in that scented soft air through which the sunshine had come in tempered shafts and bars; now she was saying goodby to them all and Paul Cartwright was helping Dolly into the soft sable coat.

Her heart rose on a great pang of restless protest. They were nothing to her; why couldn't she forget them all? Ministers and maharajahs and yachts and Roman festivals were nothing to her. Aunt Lucie had asked her to bring home some apple cake from the Woman's Exchange—about thirty cents' worth—about thirty cents' worth—

"Thanks for saving my party," Paul Cartwright said, stopping at her desk.

She had not heard him come in. She looked up with all the colors of April radiant in her face; her blue eyes welled light.

"I thought you'd gone to Pebble Beach."

"Oh, heavens no! I've done my duty. And you did yeoman service at lunch, getting them all talking, keeping it going. Dolly says you had a swell time in Chinatown, too."

HE SAT down, laying a handful of papers on her desk. The judge and Miss Morrisey both chanced to be absent from the office now, and he and Honor were alone.

"This is what I was thinking," he said. "What are you doing on Sunday?"

"Nothing special." It was not the honest answer, although it happened to be true. But she could not think of anything at the moment except that he might have some plan for the week end. The hope that her Sunday would somehow be involved in it blinded her to any other consideration.

"Then—my wife gets home on Monday, but the small boys are there—would you come down to Burlingame and lunch with me, and see the tennis? And your sister, of course, if she'd come, and anyone else you'd like to bring. It ought to be very good tennis, and if you like it at all— Ever play it?"

Once again it all seemed simple and natural enough. His tone, his casual question, were infinitely reassuring. What harm in this?

But she made herself be honest now.

"I love tennis. I used to play quite well when I was small, so I could at least watch it intelligently. And Hugh Braintree—the man I am engaged to—played for U. C. for two years. He'd simply love it."

But even this—much as it cost her—was not quite frank, although she had brought in Hugh's name with quite conscious determinedness. Something more should have been said; something about Hugh. She did not say it. She was not looking at Paul as she spoke, but had stooped to take something from a drawer.

"I see," the man said slowly. "The man you are engaged to, eh?"

"Yes." Honor looked at him now; red spots suddenly in her cheeks.

THERE was a brief silence. Honor was busy.

"How long have you been engaged?" Paul asked presently.

"Oh, for nearly two years. But ever since we were—well, ever since I was about sixteen it's been an understood thing. Hugh's always taken me everywhere and we've always talked; I think it was about two years ago that we settled it," Honor said cheerfully.

"Any wedding plans?"

"Yes. It's just been decided. The twenty-second."

"Oh—?"

"Of next month. I was thinking Monday just how and when I'd tell them down here."

"I'm very glad," Paul Cartwright said, looking her in the eye with a smile. "You're much too sweet—but we'll let that go. I wish you all the joy in the world. What does he do, by the way?"

"He's a mining engineer; he's been with the Pacific International Power people since he graduated. A Mr. Frost is his boss, and some Mr. Torrey of Los Angeles is the head of it."

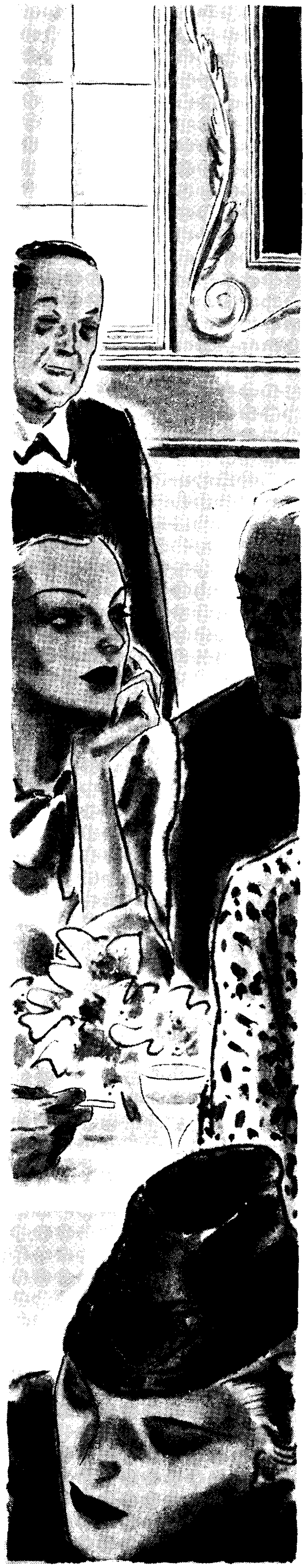
"Dean Torrey—yes, I know him; he belongs to the club. And David Arnheim—isn't he one of that outfit? So you'll live here, will you?"

"No; they've just made Hugh manager of the Walburga plant, up at the mine. So we'll go up there."

Paul Cartwright had placed his elbows on the desk, and was gripping his head in his hands.

"I'm sick over what this means to me," he said in a low tone. Honor did not speak; she remained motionless, looking at the sleek brown hair and the nervous strong hands that were pressed against it.

"I have no right to say that," the man presently added, looking up. "I have no right, my dear. I wish I had. I wish you



Honor looked across the table and studied her ladyship, flushed and pretty in a way that just faintly tended toward the commonplace, her sables loosened, her small hands blazing with rubies and diamonds that flashed in the winter sunlight, and she felt a little chilled were my own sister, so that I could be near you—keep an eye on you—all my life. I need you so much, Honor!"

He had never used her name before. The sound of it went through her with the force of an electric shock. She could find nothing to say; her throat thickened, her heart beating fast in fright.

"Well, you knew this anyway," Paul said, with a smile, speaking in a more composed tone, and glancing at his papers as if he meant to be done briefly with the present topic. "You've known —you must have—why I went away in November. I told you—that last afternoon. I couldn't tell you then what it meant, because I didn't know myself. You were in my mind every moment I was away. I was sick—sick just for the sight of you, when I got home last Saturday. To come into the office, and see you there—quiet and lovely and friendly, as you always are, giving me that look you give me—"

Honor continued to stare at him in silence, her color fluctuating, her eyes wells of blue light. After a moment he went on:

"Does it hurt you in any way to know that I love you? I don't see why it should, my dear. It's not a thing that I can laugh off, or reason off, or forget. I'll not change about it. All your life long you're going to know that there was a man who loves you as he never has loved anyone else in his life, and who had your friendship for a little while, and is wishing for you all the happiness he couldn't give you. Is there any harm in that? You are, you know, the most—the most uniquely lovely woman I've ever known. There's nobody quite like you—nobody I've ever met, at least. And I want you—of course I want you. I want to buy you beautiful things, and take you to wonderful places, and have those purple eyes of yours smiling at me all day long, and that voice of yours in my ears.

"So what?" he concluded in a philosophical tone, with a smile and a shrug. "So I'm helpless. You love a younger man, and you're going to give all your wonderful self to him. And will you forgive me all this? I assure you, I assure you, that I didn't mean to say any of it."

"Oh, I know it!" she said quickly, hardly conscious of her words.

"SO THAT'S that," the man said. And before she could speak again, for indeed at the moment Honor was entirely incapable of speech, he rose, nodded and left the office. She sat motionless for a long time, staring into space. After a while she got to her feet, went for her hat and coat, but on the way home her thoughts were in a whirlwind. When she got there the strange confusion of soul and body mounted to actual fever, and she went through the evening like a person on the verge of delirium.

Yet outwardly it was just like many of their other evenings, or rather it was an unusually felicitous one. For Hugh joined them in a mood of high spirits that outdistanced even his characteristic optimism and cheerfulness. His promotion had been confirmed by his superiors in the office and old Arnheim had suggested that he and some friends drive up to the Walburga on Saturday and spend the night.

"They'll put us up at the company hotel," Hugh explained eagerly, "and on Sunday we can take a look at the mine and the plant, and start back any time we like. It's only about five hours in the car. We could leave here around ten, say, and eat our lunch somewhere on the road."

"I'll pack lunch!" Honor said. Her tone was all enthusiasm; she really felt enthusiastic. The memory of that burning moment in the office had fired all her senses to a point of extraordinary keenness. Life was humming in her veins, singing in her ears; everything was electrified and the simple home living room was a stage upon which she was playing a thrilling part.

"Then we'll see the little place we're going to have, Honor. It's been empty for a couple of years; old Costa is a bachelor and he lives at the hotel. You and I and Tom and Addy'll go."

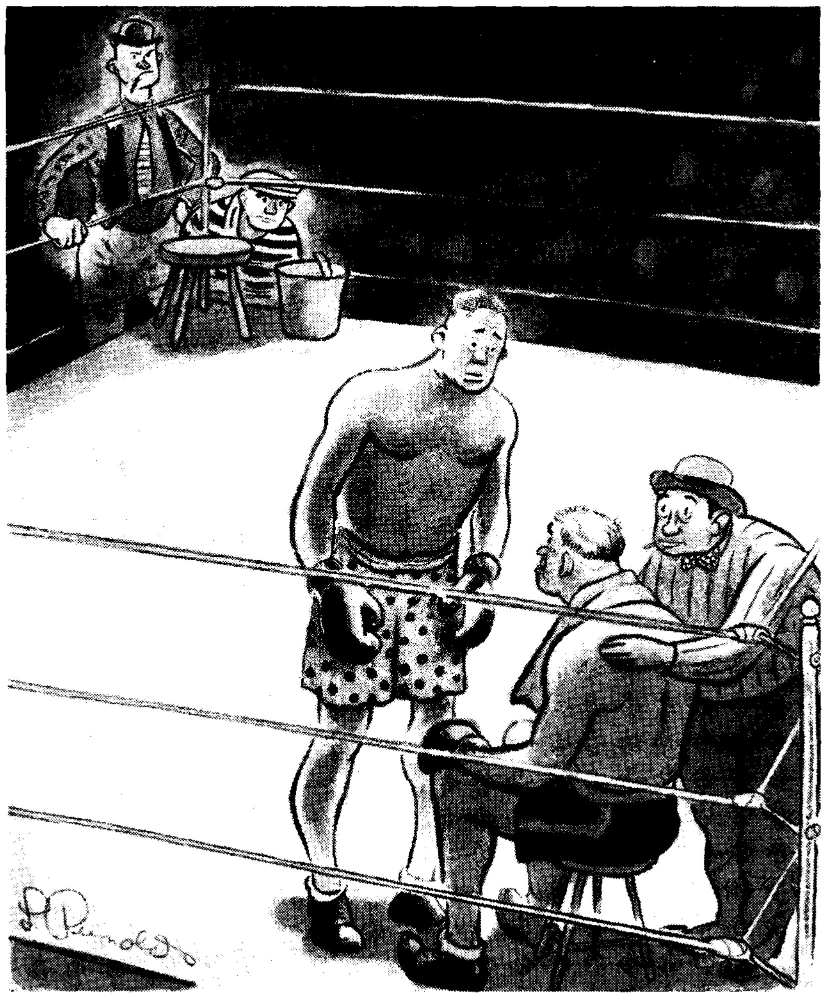
"Oh, fun; my new suit," Adeline said.

"You'll want a big coat too. They have snow up there."

"They don't!" Honor exclaimed incredulously. She had never seen snow at close range.

"You bet your life they do!"

HUGH was all for plans. He would be at the door with the car at ten; they'd get the ten-twenty boat. If Adeline and Honor would put up a lunch, that'd be the best way; they could eat it anywhere they happened to be. And a vacuum bottle of coffee? The girls agreed enthusiastically.



"Could I stay here in your corner? My manager nags!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"I love a day like that in the car," Honor said. "*Paul Cartwright—*" her thoughts added, with a quiver of incredulity and pride. What had he said? She could not think now, but she would think it all over again as soon as she was in bed, in the dark.

"It'll be fun to stay at the company house, too," Hugh said in great satisfaction. "Let's see—call it ninety miles to Sacramento, we'll be there about one, wouldn't you say, Tom?"

"Lord, Honor, this is all fun!" Hugh said. He seemed to have dropped ten years in the last few days, and be the wild happy boy she remembered when he was eighteen and she a small girl of twelve. She had thought him quite wonderful, taking her grown-up cousin Mary Chamberlain to a ball game. Hugh, with his bushy disorderly eyebrows and his blue eyes, his big hands and big shoulders and the gentleness that came into his deep voice whenever he spoke to Honor or Adeline or any woman, was a darling; men and women alike loved Hugh.

She fell into a muse, her eyes shining. Tonight she seemed to be studying him dreamily from a distance; her own voice sounded to her as if some other woman was using it, or as if she were watching herself from outside. And later, when they two were alone by the fire, when the lights were low and his arm was about her, even while she answered his murmured happy planning with the right monosyllables, and kept her soft forehead against the hard line of his cheek, she did not seem to be Honor Brownell, whose marriage to this big affectionate man had been so long and so many times delayed, but some other woman, whose thoughts were wandering through the high-ceiled luxurious rooms of the Bohemian Club, the narrow, sun-splashed, color-splashed streets of Chinatown. She was back again in the dim afternoon office, with lamps lighted, and the warmed soft air shut safely away from the cold of the darkening streets. And again Paul Cartwright, with his fine hand restless upon some insignificant paper, was talking to her in that strained unhappy voice, with pauses between the phrases and his eyes averted from her eyes. . . .

"IT SEEMS to me you and I ought to be one of the happy couples, Honor. We've never been exacting people—we've never quarreled. Even when I stepped on the coffeepot!" Hugh said.

She laughed, without moving from her comfortable position, her head against his shoulder.

Hugh was lazily kissing her temple, over and over again.

"Now that the date's set, Honor, I realize what I've been up against, waiting two years for a woman like you."

"We didn't know it was going to be two years."

"By gum, it looked as if it might be ten! Do you love me?"

"A nice time," she murmured, undisturbed, "for you to be asking that! Remind me on Sunday to take a good look at the closets, and see whether we want to take all our wedding stuff up there, or store some of it here with Aunt Mag."

"We'll get wedding presents!" he said, under his breath.

"Do you realize that we're getting *married*, my dear boy? We'll have presents, and everyone in the family will give us a dinner, and I'll have kitchen showers. Caroline rears up like a circus horse at the mere thought of a kitchen shower, and there'll be announcements, and a wedding breakfast and everything!"

"And then you'll belong to me, Honor. Lord, what does a man ever do to get a woman like you?"

"Exactly what you did, evidently."

He laughed, and they laughed together.

It was wonderfully restful there by the fire, talking of the Walburga, and what it would be like up there, and how often Tom or Adeline could get up to visit them and how often they themselves could get down to the city.

BUT two days later, when Paul Cartwright stopped at her desk in midmorning and said briefly, almost absently: "Can you lunch with me today? There's something I'd like to discuss with you," and Honor found herself looking at him thoughtfully, answering with a barely audible "Oh, thank you! That would be fun," she knew that she had been waiting for that, that the feeling of this moment went deeper than any other she had ever known.

She had anticipated some such gesture from him; she had steeled herself against it. No matter what he said she had determined she would answer in a friendly negative, reminding herself, if not actually reminding him, that she was to be married in a few weeks' time. The ridiculous emotion that his voice and his presence and the very thought of him gave her was certainly not to be cured by encouraging his friendship. It would be hard to kill it, she knew that already, but there was no alternative, and a few days, a few weeks, of determined strength of character would see it ended once and for all.

So that the instant he spoke to her a prepared phrase should have come into her mind:

"Oh, thank you very much, Mr. Cartwright," she had meant to say, "but I'm having lunch with my sister at the Woman's Exchange."

Instead she had merely looked at him steadily and said rather faintly:

"Thank you; that will be fun!"

And now her heart was singing with wild excitement and delight; the silence between them was ended; she was to have this luncheon! He had not spoken to her at all, had been in the office only for a few moments on the previous day, and it had been a blank day, leaving her at its end with a strange restless pain at her heart. The luncheon would make everything right again. They would talk and settle matters, and that would be the end.

"Just the two of us, no Lady Nunnally this time?" she said, as they walked down the winter street together at one o'clock.

He did not answer; he merely gave her an oblique glance. But she found it completely eloquent, and the bright cold day seemed to hum and sparkle with a light that never was on land or sea.

They got into his car and drove to a humble little French restaurant, whose patrons were as obscure as itself and who paid no attention to the beautiful

(Continued on page 36)

# Ghost Town

## By Phyllis Duganne

**The West, past and present. A story which shows that the traditions of a great land have not yet been forgotten**

MILO WAYNE said, "Sure. I know how it is, Ben," and limped out from the cool depths of the grocery store and paused, for a moment, in the shadow of the building. It was not yet eight o'clock, but already the sun was hot, and the high wooden sidewalks, the sheltering arcades of the old days of Tombstone were gone with the men who had known them. Heat rose from the wide, empty street in quivering waves, so that the dry adobe walls of the buildings opposite seemed to vibrate, and that seeming vibration was the only movement.

Milo moistened his lips with his tongue and stared with unblinking blue eyes at nothing; beneath the wide brim of an old black hat his thin face was as still and expressionless as the adobe from which the town had been built. Tombstone. Inexorably, it was adapting itself more and more to the name bestowed upon it first in irony and triumph. Termites and the lashing winter winds had left their marks; fires had destroyed whole blocks where once life had flourished fiercely and richly, and the steady withdrawal of life had left other blocks standing, sagging and windowless and empty. Ghost town, thought Milo—and ghosts should not need to eat.

Ben had been supplying them with food for nearly six months, now, chalking it up against the day when Milo could be earning money again; for weeks they had known, Ellen and he, that there must come an end to it soon. "I just can't do it any longer," Ben had told him, looking away from the boy's eyes.

"Sure," said Milo. "I understand, Ben."

They hadn't expected Ben to go on forever. But Ellen was still weak; Milo's own leg and fractured shoulder were not healing properly, and even the reopening of the first of the mines, with its incredible promise of life and resurrection, did him no good.

A car came down the street and stopped at the corner; parked there, it looked like a double exposure, a thing of the present superimposed upon a film of the past. Milo watched Bronson, the state trooper, go briskly into Webb Tracy's store; he could hear their voices, and Ben came curiously to the doorway behind him. "Radio says they think Claude Harvey's headin' this way," he said, and gave an old man's chuckle. "He better stay in the East, where he knows the ropes—Arizona's still too tough for them imitation bad men." Milo moved out into the dust and sunlight.

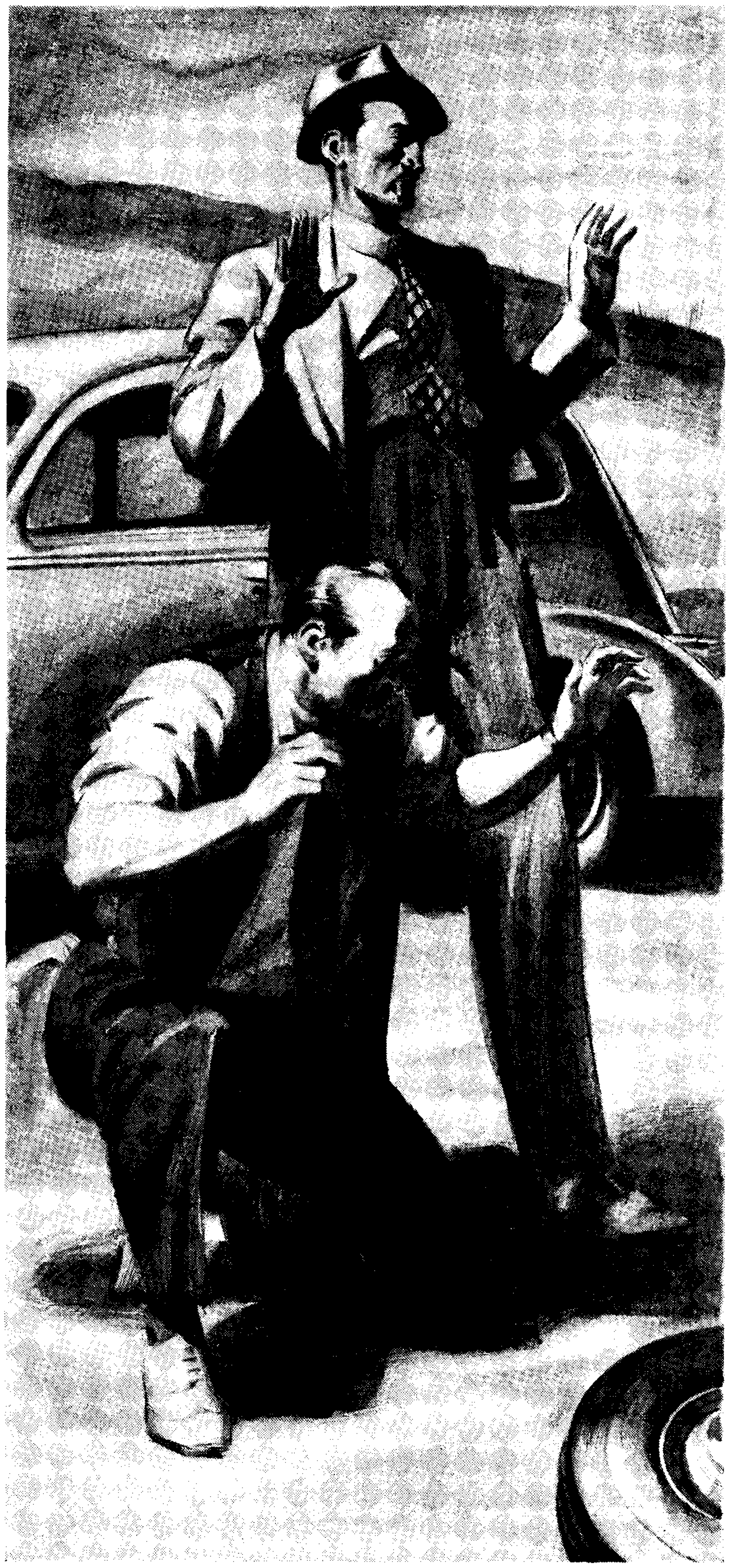
ELLEN looked up at him when he opened the door; the baby was asleep in her arms, and his closed eyelids were pale and transparent. She watched, silently, while Milo rummaged in the dresser drawer and brought out the gun. Light danced on the long shining barrel, shone warmly on the mother-of-pearl handle.

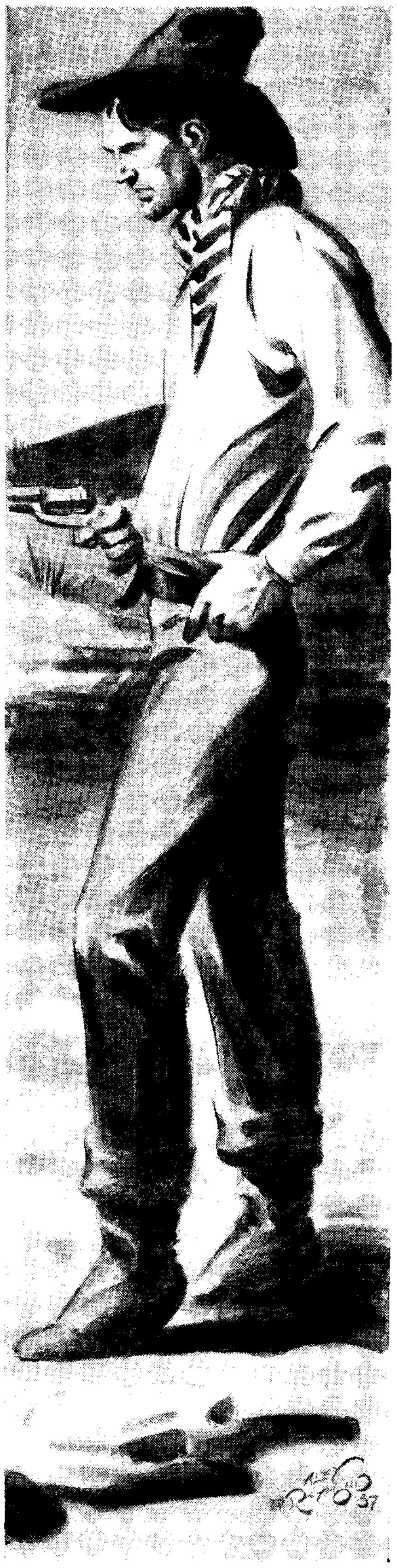
"Guess I'll hitchhike to Tucson," he said, steadily. "See if Fred Courtney's offer still stands." For the first time, his eyelids began to sting, not because he had given up at last, not because he was going to sell his grandfather's gun, but because of Ellen's expression.

She would have borne anything, unprotesting, before suggesting that he sell the gun, yet on her thin face now there was neither protest nor pity, but a bright pride in him, an admiration, as though he were still worth admiring.

He swallowed, past a choking lump in his throat. "I'll get back soon as I can," he said, and slipped the gun into his hip pocket without looking at it, limped out without looking back at her. His high heels made a sharp, broken tattoo on the hard road, and he walked steadily, past the Birdcage Theater, with its arched doorways which once had stood open day and night, and the gun rubbed against his hip as he walked. Wyatt Earp had made his first camp in the lot behind the Birdcage, and Milo's grandfather *had been wearing this gun when Earp rode into* town. He let his hand slip into his pocket, let his fingers slide again over the satin-smooth handle. Fred Courtney had offered him a hundred dollars for it, and Milo had laughed and said that he wouldn't take a million. That was before he had been hurt, before the baby was born. He'd had a job then, riding for old man Farraday.

A car whizzed along the road, coming toward him, not even slowing as it swept through the town, and Milo scowled resentfully and plodded on until he rounded the *(Continued on page 57)*





**There was an instant of silence before the man in the coat began to laugh. "Oke," he agreed softly. "You got us cold, Jesse James"**

ILLUSTRATED BY
ALEX RAYMOND

COLLIER'S PHOTOGRAPH

**Gabby Hartnett, better than ever in his sixteenth season, is probably baseball's best-liked player**

# Hartnett Catching

**For the past sixteen years baseball fans have been hearing—and cheering—this announcement. For Gabby can outtalk and outcatch practically any player in the big leagues. And when he heaves a fast one down to second—**

## By Quentin Reynolds

IF YOU happen to walk into the Tavern on a day when the Giants have lost a double-header you are sure to find the gloom even thicker than the bean soup which the waiters are dispensing. If you laugh or in any other way imply that this is an ordinary day and not a day of mourning, you are apt to get a bit of the aforementioned bean soup draped around your neck by a dead-pan waiter.

The Tavern happens to be and has been for twenty years headquarters for Giant fans who labor or live in the district. George Cohan set the style many years ago when he nominated himself Giant Fan No. 1 and the whole theatrical profession followed suit. A Yankee player would be received very coldly by the venerable waiters, for they too have absorbed the tradition and to them the Yankees are just a bunch of young upstarts.

One evening not long ago I found myself at a table in the corner trying fairly successfully to outfumble two rabid Giant fans named Jack Pearl and Bert Lahr, and that in itself was no mean feat. The Cubs had beaten our Giants that day, beaten the great Hubbell, in fact, and neither Mr. Pearl nor Mr. Lahr was at his best in the check-dodging department. They were too unhappy.

The waiter came with the check and his face was set in stern lines. "A Chicago ballplayer just walked into the joint. How do you like that noive? Maybe I'd better slip him a Mickey."

A Mickey Finn is a drink composed of ever so many ingredients and its purpose is to take the pugnaciousness out of a boisterous customer who can lick anybody in the place and who is searching for subjects upon whom to demonstrate his prowess. We all brightened at the thought of giving a Mickey to a Chicago player. And Pearl even went so far as to say he would pay for it.

### The Welcome Enemy

Just then the proprietor of the restaurant came hurrying up. "It's okay, boys. It's only Gabby Hartnett."

The stern lines on the platter-like face of the waiter disappeared; Pearl and Lahr relaxed and the feeling of tension which for a moment had lain heavy over the restaurant was relieved. As long as it was Gabby, why, that was all right. The big tramp had hit a triple off Hubbell just three hours before to cinch the Cubs' victory, but it was difficult to get really annoyed at Hartnett. Somehow or other he belonged there in that hotbed of Giant rooters even though he did wear that hated Chicago livery on the ball field. People passing the table stopped and a few sat down and it seemed as if everyone had a word for Gabby.

About then Ted Husing came up and said, "If it was anyone but you who hit that triple off Hub today I would be glad to organize a lynching party and string him up."

"Ted, I closed my eyes and swung at that one," Gabby said solemnly. "Honest, I didn't really mean to get a hit off of Hub."

Jimmy Johnston, the fight promoter, walked over and said, "I guess Ott robbed you of a nice hit today, Gabby. How about that catch he made?"

Gabby said, "Jimmy, not another outfielder in the league could have caught that one. I thought it was a sure double anyhow and then Ottie came from nowhere to nab it. Well, Ottie is such a great fielder you don't get mad when he robs you of a hit."

Jimmy shook his head sadly, "It is a pity, Gabby, that you are not a Giant."

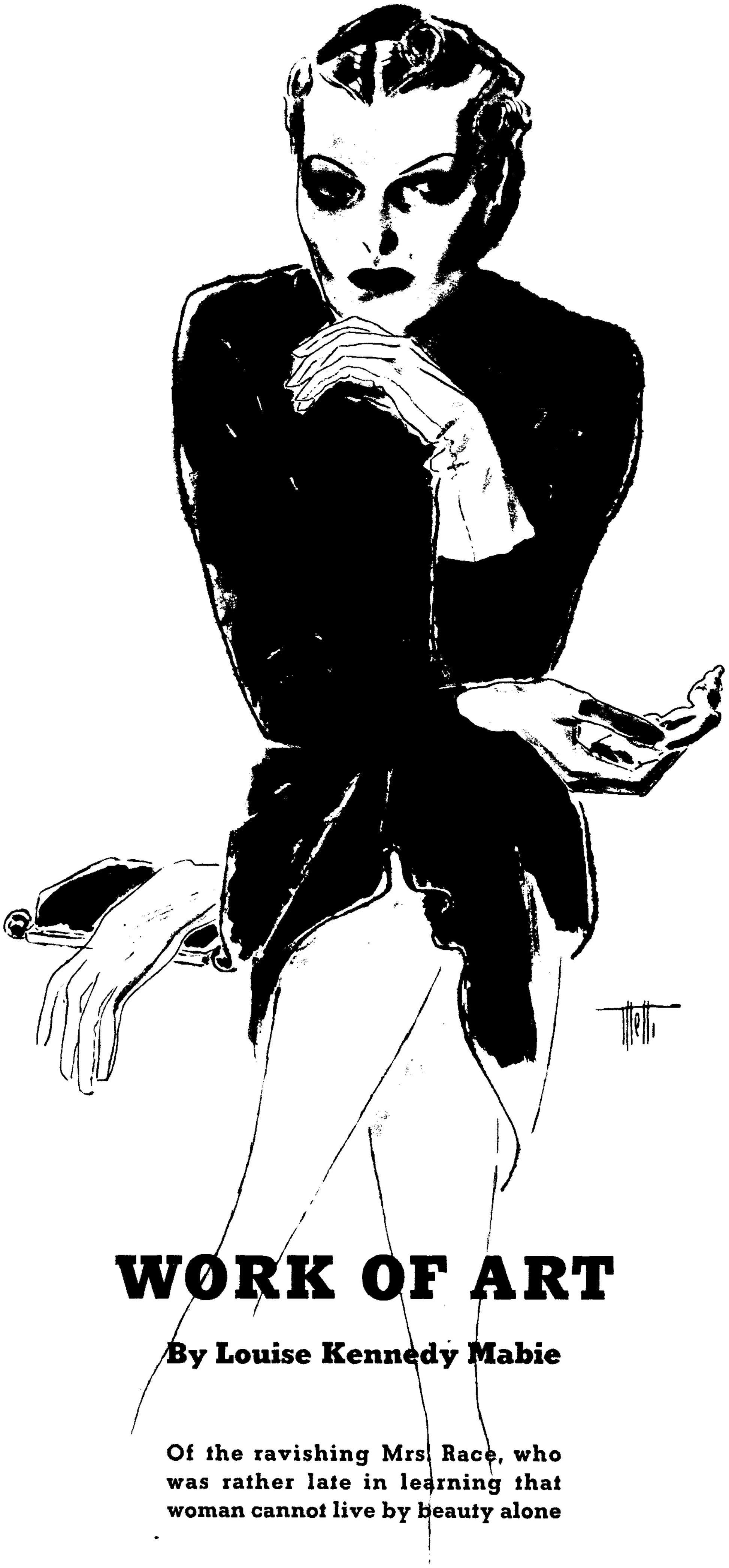
By now there were a dozen others around the table and they all shook their heads sadly too, and said, "Yeah, it is too bad that you aren't a Giant."

"Although," one said thoughtfully to the group, "I don't know where we could use the bum. Our boy Mancuso is doing all right."

Hartnett nodded, "Mancuso is a great catcher. A nice fellow too. In fact those Giants are a great bunch no matter how you take them."

Now, Hartnett, who was born in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, is a guy who

*(Continued on page 50)*



# WORK OF ART

### By Louise Kennedy Mabie

**Of the ravishing Mrs. Race, who was rather late in learning that woman cannot live by beauty alone**

ONE of the three most beautiful women in the world," thought Mr. Sigourney, putting up his eyeglasses to watch her arrival, "and at what a cost. Even stopping at my shop is a ceremony. She is early."

The high and steep street was drenched with rain. The gutters, full up, were difficult to cross. And there was wind, as there often is in San Francisco. Mr. Sigourney's immaculate window was spattered, which added a raindrop effect to the screen of black-lacquered Coromandel wood, painted in gold and colors within it. Her chauffeur had the car door open and was holding an umbrella. Mr. Sigourney saw a young foot, a stretch of almost invisible stocking and, removing his eyeglasses, he opened the door. She was in, the door was closed, and after he had bowed from the waist, with caution he looked at her. Breathtaking she was today. Flawless. A treasure that had been sought and owned—a countess, a princess, now Mrs. Race.

"Are they here? When are they coming?" she asked, looking beyond him into the dimness of the shop.

"At twelve."

"You are sure?"

"Quite," said Mr. Sigourney. "They wish to exchange your gift."

She looked at him directly then. "And you are willing?"

"Why not? After all, I am a shopkeeper."

"An artist," she said.

Mr. Sigourney grew red. She was perfumed. Delicately she scented his shop, which had flavor without scent, which had mystery and the deep knowledge of beauty caught when time was young, the peace of Chinese beauty now held inviolate. She was wearing her chinchilla coat today but she threw it off in the warmth of the shop; she threw it carelessly over a chair. She was wearing a pale gray cloth dress as plain as a nun's, and a cap of the perishable fur was set far back on her shining head. Mr. Sigourney, whose soul delighted in the shapes of things, delighted in her perfection of shape, in her clarity against the darkness of his shop, in her perfection. She was pale today, although her lips were bright, her hair ash-blond, her eyes ash-gray.

"I'm cold," she said, wrinkling her long gloves at the wrists. "I'm nervous. They took three hours on my hair. Look." She bent her head and Mr. Sigourney drew back. Mr. Sigourney was elderly, reserved, a bachelor, an authority on the T'ang dynasty, on the plastic arts of the Ming. Habitually, Mr. Sigourney hid behind his eyeglasses. They were his defenses, his fortresses, his front. Mr. Sigourney was used only to painted women who had been dead for a thousand or so years. This woman was painted but alive.

"They've done it a new way," she said. "Would you call it successful?"

"Er—eminently," said Mr. Sigourney dryly.

"It's supposed to be Greek," she said, still bending her head, "the rolls over the ears and across the back—sculptured. Do you like them?"

Ash-blond to the roots. Perfection of color, of workmanship.

"Very much," hesitated Mr. Sigourney, "although my opinion on Greek is valueless. If you are cold, Mrs. Race, perhaps I might help you into your coat again."

"YOU can't help me," she said. "My coat won't help me. It's my soul," she said, rubbing her gloved hands together. "Frozen. What can you do for that?"

"A—er—new interest, perhaps?"

"What new interest? Are there any? . . . Which one of them telephoned?"

"Mrs. Van Cleve telephoned."

"What did she say?"

"Just that the vase was too expensive for them, that she would like the money for it instead."

"Not actually the money," said Mrs. Race. "In cash?"

Mr. Sigourney spread out his hands. "Why not? As I understand it, neither of them has much."

"No. They haven't." Her voice was harsh. "I believe it is supposed to be a marriage for—love."

"Supposed to be," agreed Mr. Sigourney as if he had some doubt.

"How much will you give them for it?"

"Less than you paid," said Mr. Sigourney simply. "Perhaps fifteen hundred. More if they insist."

"You don't stand to lose, do you?" she said.

"I am not in business to lose," said Mr. Sigourney. He glanced at his watch. "They should be here by now. Where will you sit?"

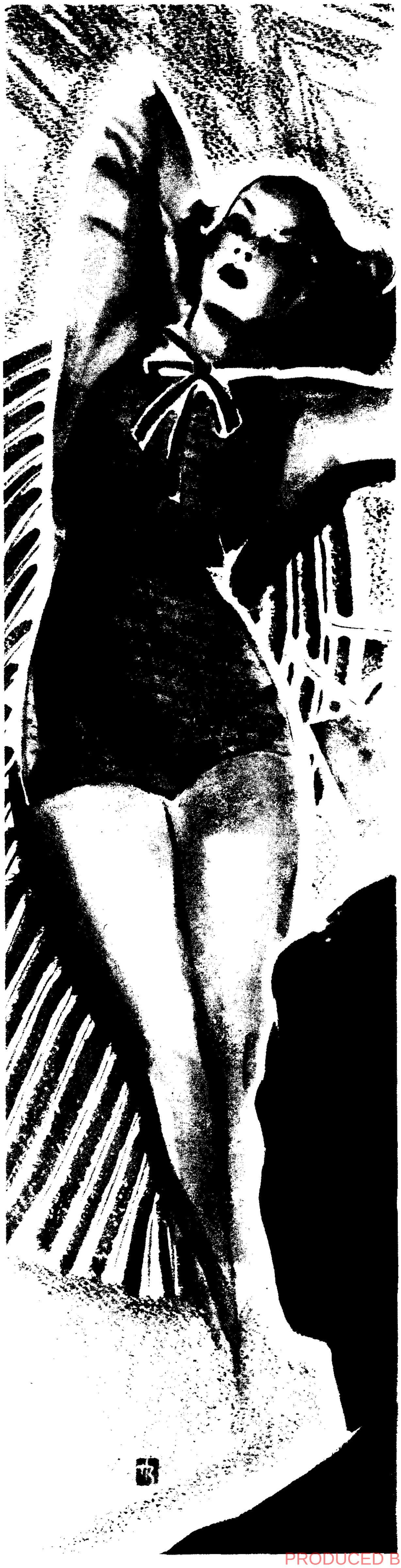
"In there," she said, *(Continued on page 25)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

# Night Into Day

## By George Nash

ILLUSTRATED BY
HOWARD BUTLER



**Now was the time to tell him what she had decided in those long painful hours after he had left her last night, and she was afraid to begin**

At NINE-FIFTY Laurie walked out of the hotel, and the ladderlike tower on the beach, reaching a breathless distance into the sky, confronted her. Although it had been there for two days now, she could not get used to it. She walked past it quickly; the very idea of a man diving from it into the miniature tank at its foot nauseated her—and Tom had been very proud of securing the famous Ricki to climax the season for the summer people. Little coward, he had called her when she protested against it. She wondered what he would call her now, when she told him what was in her mind.

She was at their usual spot on the beach when he came up, in swimming trunks. Laurie, pillowed in the sand, looked up.

"Hi-yah, kid," Tom Andrews said. "How about hitting it?"

She flinched from the hearty cheer in his voice. Now was the time to tell him what she had decided in those long, painful hours after he had left her last night, and she was afraid to begin. For it had been a marvelous evening—perfect as the last night of the happiest two weeks of her life.

Looking up at him now as he stood above her, she shivered. "Tom," she said—and stopped.

Quite slowly he let himself down onto the sand.

"Okay, Laurie," he said soberly. "Let's have it."

She swallowed painfully. "I think you know, Tom," she said faintly. "I—it's just that I can't marry you. It—it wouldn't be fair to you, being the sort of person I am."

He nodded. "I was afraid of that," he said. "I suppose you're going through life letting that thing beat you." He looked at her directly. "And it's damned hard to understand, Laurie."

"Oh, Tom," she cried miserably, "I know you detest me—and you should. But do try to understand. It was so awful—four long years of it. I thought I would go crazy at times—"

"I think I understand, Laurie," he told her gently. "But you can't run away from life like this. Of course it was tough, without a cent when your father died. You had always had security—"

"And I've got to have it now, Tom," Laurie interrupted desperately. "Security! Dear heaven, when I think of those years, even now I feel faint and all weak inside. I'll admit—I'm a coward. I—I just can't gamble with happiness any more."

"You mean," Tom Andrews said bitterly, "you can't gamble with a husband who's been knocked around some himself, and expects to take a few more on the chin before he's on top."

SHE flushed. It hit too close for comfort. She had told herself that his job of recreation director for an unimportant seaside hotel, arranging diving stunts and fireworks and dances, was only a stopgap. The winter before he had had pneumonia—he was still woefully thin—and he had taken a leave of absence from his paper to build himself up. . . . Laurie had told herself these things as a child screwing up its courage; and had tried to break down her fear of the unknown and uncharted to become enthusiastic about the offer that had come to him only last week to drive to the coast with car and trailer to do feature stories for a news syndicate. She had told herself that one day the fine, solid books Tom Andrews planned would be realities—but it was no use. At three o'clock she would take a train back to a life which, if barren of the moments she had known in these two weeks with Tom Andrews, was secure.

"Laurie—" She held up her hand; she felt she couldn't stand in the face of his arguments, his pleading. He was so right. But this thing was cut so deeply into her very being she couldn't erase it.

"Please, Tom," she cried. Quickly she stood up, very close to tears. "It's all over. I just can't bring myself to break away from the pattern I've made. I'm taking the three-o'clock and—and if you love me please let me go now."

He looked as if he were about to speak, then his mouth closed and he looked away from her; and she walked away from him without another word. When she passed the diving tower in front of the hotel she saw that a streamer announced in flamboyant letters that Ricki the Birdman would do his death-defying leap at three o'clock. She was too miserable even to take a little comfort from the knowledge that she would at least be spared that spectacle. . . .

Back in her room she strung out the business of packing to consume all the time left her. She ate no lunch; she went down to the familiar scene that reminded her in a thousand ways of Tom Andrews only at the last moment.

The lobby was jammed. She wondered, faintly, what had brought all these people here, but a glance at the big wall clock behind the desk told her she would have to hurry.

BUT hurry, she found, was impossible. She finally made her way to the veranda, where the crowd on the boardwalk stretched away as far as she could see. Then, sight of the slender diving tower told her why these people were on hand. A premonition of disaster began to creep on her. She could see the train bus at its terminal and, somehow, she knew she would never make it.

She fought to get through the mob, but it only seemed to close more densely about her. Then, at the sudden silence that fell on the crowd, she looked up—and choked back a cry of utter horror. The tiny figure of a man now stood poised to leap from the very pinnacle of the tower.

She felt her head spinning and black sickness blinded her; she heard herself whisper Tom's name, then an elbow took her squarely in the pit of her stomach just as a breathless roar went up. She gasped and her eyes popped open and she found herself following the pure flight of the diving body in its swift downward rush.

It was like a waking dream. One moment she had been struggling to escape some nameless fear; then sight of that perfectly controlled body curving down the sky, so certain and unafraid, washed all the panic from her in a clean flood, leaving her fresh. Her eyes opened widely; her breath came quickly. In that moment she felt a kinship with the diver, whose only certainty was his own courage—which seemed, all of a sudden, a security such as neither she nor any one of these people about her could possibly know. And it was this that had frightened her—this miracle! Quickly she turned and this time the crowd melted from her path.

Tom Andrews, hunched at his office desk, was surprised when she ran toward him, her face streaked with tears but her eyes starry.

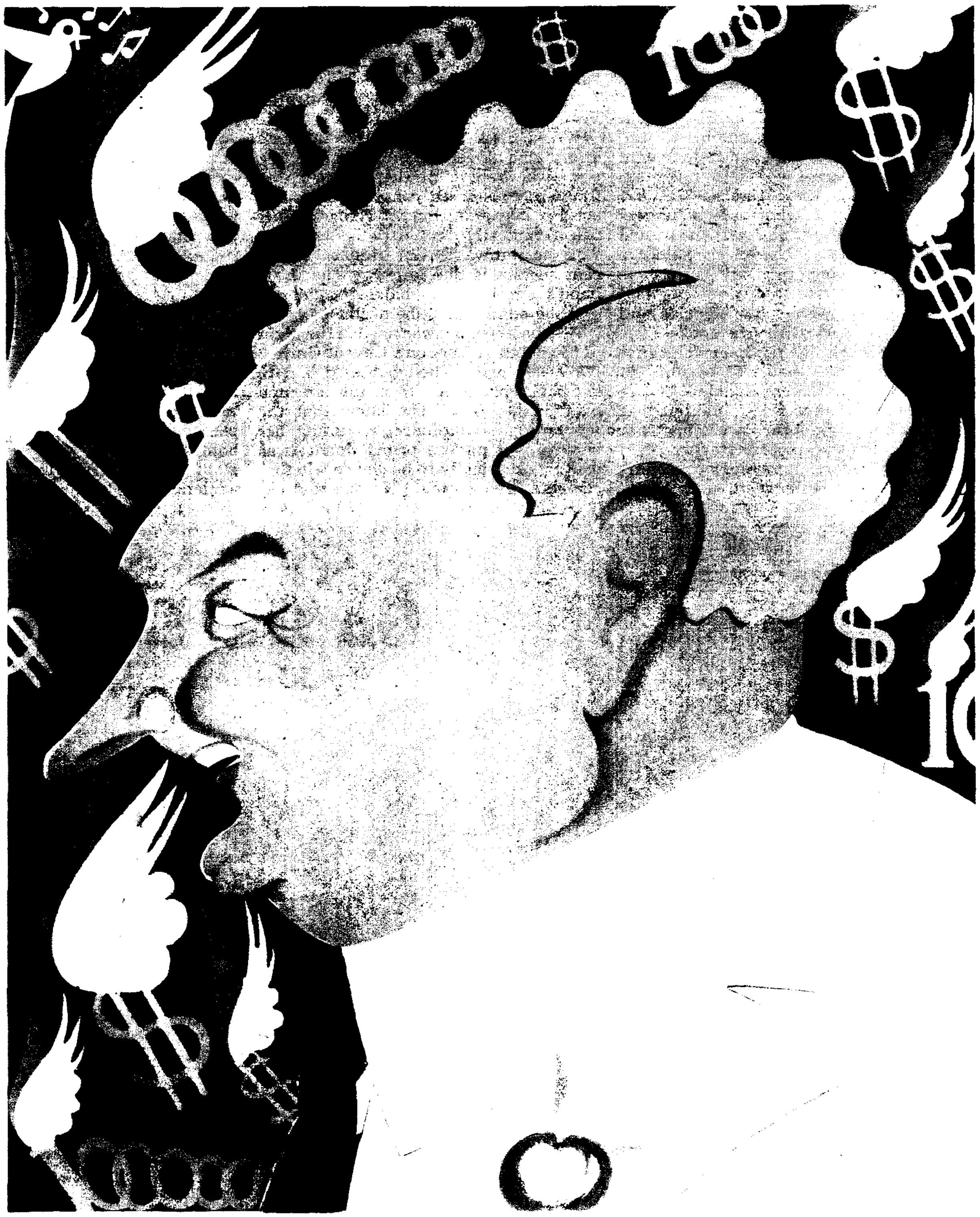
"Tom," she started, then stopped. Without a word he took her into his arms. He didn't understand why she had come back to him; and Laurie couldn't tell him, then, that the sight of a man she would never know diving from a tower had taught her in some magical way that security at its best is a strength born of self-confidence. And love asked no more.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

# Byrd Song

## By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

**Principles, not politics, make Harry Byrd the archenemy of government spending**

AS A USUAL thing, Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia is the last word in placidity. His windburned face, as round and rubescent as one of his own winesaps, fairly radiates peace and good will. These latter days, however, find him wild of eye, stertorous as to breathing, and a bit foam-flecked about the lips. Strangely enough, the cause of his distemper is something that would fill the average senator with gratitude and delight. Out of a clear sky, and utterly without solicitation, Doctor Rex Tugwell and his pixies plucked $1,520,000 from the Treasury and dumped it down in the Old Dominion for the rehabilitation of mountaineers.

A truly Tugwellian project! A full two hundred and fifty families were to be removed from the rocky fastnesses of the Blue Ridge to more fertile valleys where each would be given ten to thirty acres and a fine house all fitted up with electric gadgets, central heating, modern plumbing and the latest thing in refrigerators. So quietly did the little elves of the Resettlement Administration do their work that the Shenandoah Homesteads were well under way before the sound of sawing and hammering came to the ears of Senator Byrd. At first the Tugwellians were confident that he had come to praise, but even as they waited modestly a bellow of rage shattered their tympanums and uprooted trees for miles around. Instead of being grateful for the golden drip from the federal honey barrel, he berated them as wastrels and talked at length of extravagance and sinful waste.

"And it *was!*" Seated at his desk, Senator Byrd was barely visible behind a mass of documents collected during the course of his economy drive. "Each of the fifty-two units already completed will show a cost of $8,000. Why, for that amount they could have bought a good farm with three times the acreage and a group of fine buildings. And listen to this," he demanded, pawing feverishly through the pile. "Here's how the Resettlement Administration expects the homesteader to pay out. A cash return of $118 from two acres of tomatoes; $96 from a half acre of berries; garden truck, $75; eggs, butter, hogs, etc., $84; sale of homemade furniture, $30; corn, $12; and clover hay, $24. And $200 that the man is supposed to earn by hiring himself out.

"Fantastic figures, of course, but let's not dispute them. Granted that he sells his products at the prices, and that a mountain man can find a hundred days of outside work in the valleys, what would his income be? Just $639! When the estimate of $441 for operating expenses is deducted, and $194.40 taken off for repayment of his rehabilitation loan, what will he have left at the end of the year? Exactly $3.60. And as the amortization rate is only one per cent, and that on a unit value of only $4,500, it would take the poor devils a century to pay off.

"Shenandoah Homesteads, however, are marvels of economy compared to some other RA projects." Taking a sudden plunge, the senator came up with papers in both hands. "Out in Ohio the unit cost of the Scioto Resettlement, as authorized in March, 1936, was $10,845 for 160 families; the Osage Resettlement in Missouri averaged $10,945 a unit by government figures, and for Wabash Farms in Indiana, $11,440. At Greenbelt, near Washington, $14,000,000 has been spent, at a cost of $16,182 for each of 880 units. But the Jersey Homestead Project at Hightstown, New Jersey, was where love of beauty and elegance had freest rein. After deducting $127,136 for a garment factory and $193,000 for a concrete slab plant, the 200 units each have a cost exceeding $18,000. No wonder Senator McKellar keeps moaning that he wishes he could afford as fine a home as some of those he's seen on RA projects."

There is nothing theoretical about Harry Byrd's interest in economy, and what he knows about thrift wasn't learned from books. Today he is one of the largest individual orchardists in the country, shipping 600,000 bushels a year, yet when he started out on his own at the age of fifteen he had little more than the shirt on his back. Pulling a bankrupt country paper out of the hole, first leasing and then buying apple orchards, he sweated and saved every penny that ever came to him. After watching him through the years the Virginians made him governor in 1926, feeling that the Old Dominion could do with a few lessons in frugality.

### Virginia's Vanishing Deficit

Harry Byrd did not disappoint. What he found on taking office was a welter of some one hundred boards, bureaus and commissions, independent of one another and of the governor, and financed by forty-eight special funds outside of and in addition to the state treasury. By the time he got through with his reorganization there were only fourteen general departments, eleven directly responsible to the governor. A tax code simplified the laws and cut the number of statutes in half; a new accounting system saved thousands; useless offices were abolished; centralized purchasing cut costs; the short ballot gave the electorate a chance to vote intelligently, an ancient Constitution was modernized by amendments, and as a result of these reforms, along with a rigid pay-as-you-go policy, Virginia was not only able to add millions to the appropriations for roads and schools, but ended up by converting an estimated deficit of $1,368,000 into a surplus of $2,596,181 in a single biennium. And at the end of the Byrd term, the state's debt had been lessened by more than $4,000,000.

A splendid record, to be sure, and one that brought the governors of other states to Virginia for purposes of study, but hardly good training for the New Deal. Coming to Washington as a senator in March, 1933, Harry Byrd felt his eyes bug out as he saw expenditures leap from millions to billions, and watched young theorists chant the chorus, "Easy come, easy go." He stood it manfully enough during the depression years, but when 1936 dawned, with deficits increasing despite an admitted recovery, the Virginian could contain himself no longer. Springing forward into the very center of New Deal traffic, he lifted a warning hand, and although alphabetical cars have been running over him with painful regularity, his economy cry has never once ceased shrilling.

"To use the urban sneer, maybe I am just an apple knocker, but I can't help being dismayed by these figures." Spreading a batch of sheets before him, Senator Byrd tapped at them with his pencil. "During the last four years the federal government has spent $14,000 every minute of every day, including Sundays, and added $7,000 each minute to the public debt. To get the full meaning of our public debt people ought to think of it in terms of their own state. On the basis of wealth, for *(Continued on page 30)*

# Go the Limit

### By Katherine Roberts

**The up-and-down career of Grace Moore, who gets what she wants in husbands as well as careers and is probably the only person ever to hold her tongue for half a year without being mad at anyone**

OUT in Hollywood nowadays, they look up from their cocktails and say, "There comes Grace Moore with that *same* husband."

In the spring of 1931, she walked up the gangplank of the Ile de France and saw a dark gentleman standing by the rail. Their eyes met and—to quote Miss Moore's exact words, for one must be accurate in these things—"In that fragile moment a whole life of understanding spoke." At any rate, she turned to her secretary. "There," she said, "is the man I am going to marry."

Fortunately, after they'd met, he had the same idea. He spoke Spanish and French but no English; she spoke English and French but no Spanish. What conversation they had was perforce in French and they were married in less than three months. She found out that his name was Valentin Parera and that he was a Spanish picture star who had been making foreign versions of American pictures in Hollywood.

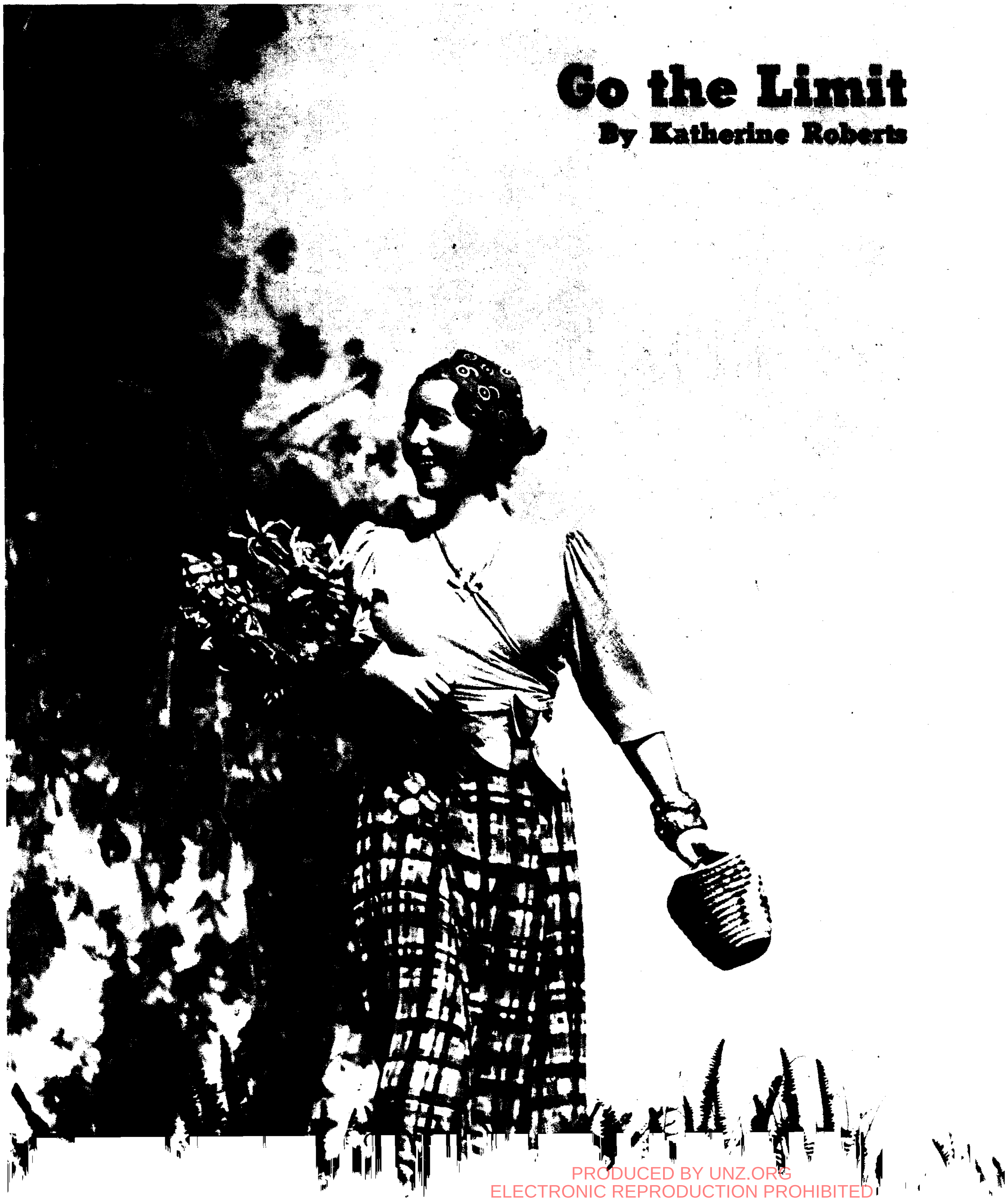
"He's the only husband I've had," she states with a pride in the feat perhaps not quite realized outside of Hollywood, "and the only one I intend to have. After six years," she adds confidently, "you are pretty sure to know."

It is a little eccentric, this business of bringing a one-husband standard to a place where three are the minimum and four are considered conservative. But she's a born extremist. Things in her life go radically right or radically wrong with no halfways. She thinks her recent success is due largely to her husband's adroitness in balancing her up and she admits that she needs it.

As a balancer, he was needed the night of her debut at London's Covent Garden two years ago. Though they'd had to get police protection from the fan mob even in her hotel, she knew that the regular opera audience, regarding her chiefly as a picture prima donna, was waiting skeptically to be shown whether she could really sing. No one told her of the London custom of not applauding until the end of the act in opera. When her first aria finished to absolute silence, she was upset; when throughout the whole act the audience remained seemingly unresponsive, she fled in distress and fury the minute the curtain was down and locked herself in her dressing room. A knocking slightly louder than her own sobs finally penetrated and she opened the door, announcing in a fine rage that nothing could persuade her to step on that stage again. Somehow, her husband got through to his favorite bit of singing dynamite with the fact of the London tradition regarding applause, steered her to the stage, and pushed her on to take some thirteen curtain calls. Subsequently she sang a command performance.

One of his balancing jobs has been to persuade her to give up most of the five homes she had, scattered over half the globe, when he first knew her. Convenient, but a little extravagant maybe. She realizes it now that they are weeded out. Looks a little embarrassed about them. However, they are building a new home in Brentwood, California.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES DOOLITTLE



He also attempts to curb her zestful shopping sprees, mainly in the interest of space to put the things. It isn't clothes so much, though she's been known in a week's whirl to buy enough for a year and even to duplicate an outfit without being aware of it. Her main buying frenzy is for antiques. She is holding down on large objects now, but during the last trip to New York about two hundred comparatively small packages flooded into the apartment from the antique shops, which she thought she ought to be forgiven because they were all so little.

Her mother said she started collecting things when she was a child. Whenever she read of something at a distance that you could get by sending stamps, she sent them. Her room in Jellicoe, Tennessee, was full of a weird collection of things from everywhere.

### Determined Young Lady

A graph drawing of her career looks like the ups and downs of a Wall Street chart in a week when the Supreme Court is reversing itself in both directions.

"No," said Otto Kahn.

"No," said Mr. Ziegler.

"No!" said Gatti-Casazza.

It was in 1926 that they spoke with such perfect unanimity on her chances of singing in the Metropolitan Opera and, being then the three most powerful men of that institution, their word was final.

"No," said Irving Thalberg.

"Never!" agreed other picture executives when, after the dismal failure of her two early films—one, A Lady's Morals, based on the life of Jenny Lind, and the other, New Moon (1931)—she persisted that operatic music and pictures could be mixed and she was going to mix them.

And she was determined. That she left a broken contract in her wake was probably unimportant except to Sam Harris, the party of the other part. The whole thing can be accounted for by people saying "No!" To her, that evidently meant to start things, not to stop.

And herewith lies the route of the missionary maid from Jellicoe. She sang at three church services every Sunday, taught a Sunday-school class, presided at the meetings of the Baptist Young People's Union, and she actually did start out to be a missionary. That she became an opera-singing picture star instead is, she says, a logical development.

Her father and mother are Col. and Mrs. R. L. Moore. But she is Mary

*(Continued on page 48)*

**AT RIGHT**...*New 1938 RCA Victor Model 813K, 13-tube Electric Tuning Model (Armchair Control available . . . This allows you to sit across the room and change from station to station by pushing a button) with Sonic-Arc Magic Voice, Magic Brain, Magic Eye, RCA Metal Tubes, Overseas Dial, Beauty-Tone Cabinet and many other special features. Gives you a new idea of how fine radio can be.* **$200***

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These 1938 RCA Victor instruments present such a totally new conception of radio that at sight you'll want to trade in your present set. With 39 models from which to choose, you'll find it easy to select an instrument that suits you exactly as to price and design. And whichever RCA Victor you choose, you get radio that is RCA All the Way. See the new 1938 RCA Victor radios at your dealer's store. The world's greatest radio season will start in a few weeks. Now is the time to get ready for it.

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• • •

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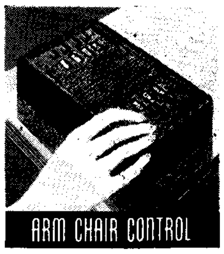

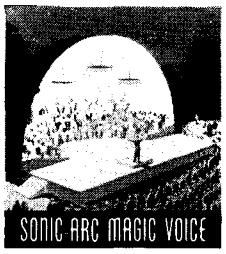

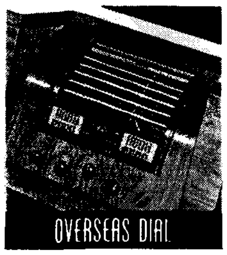

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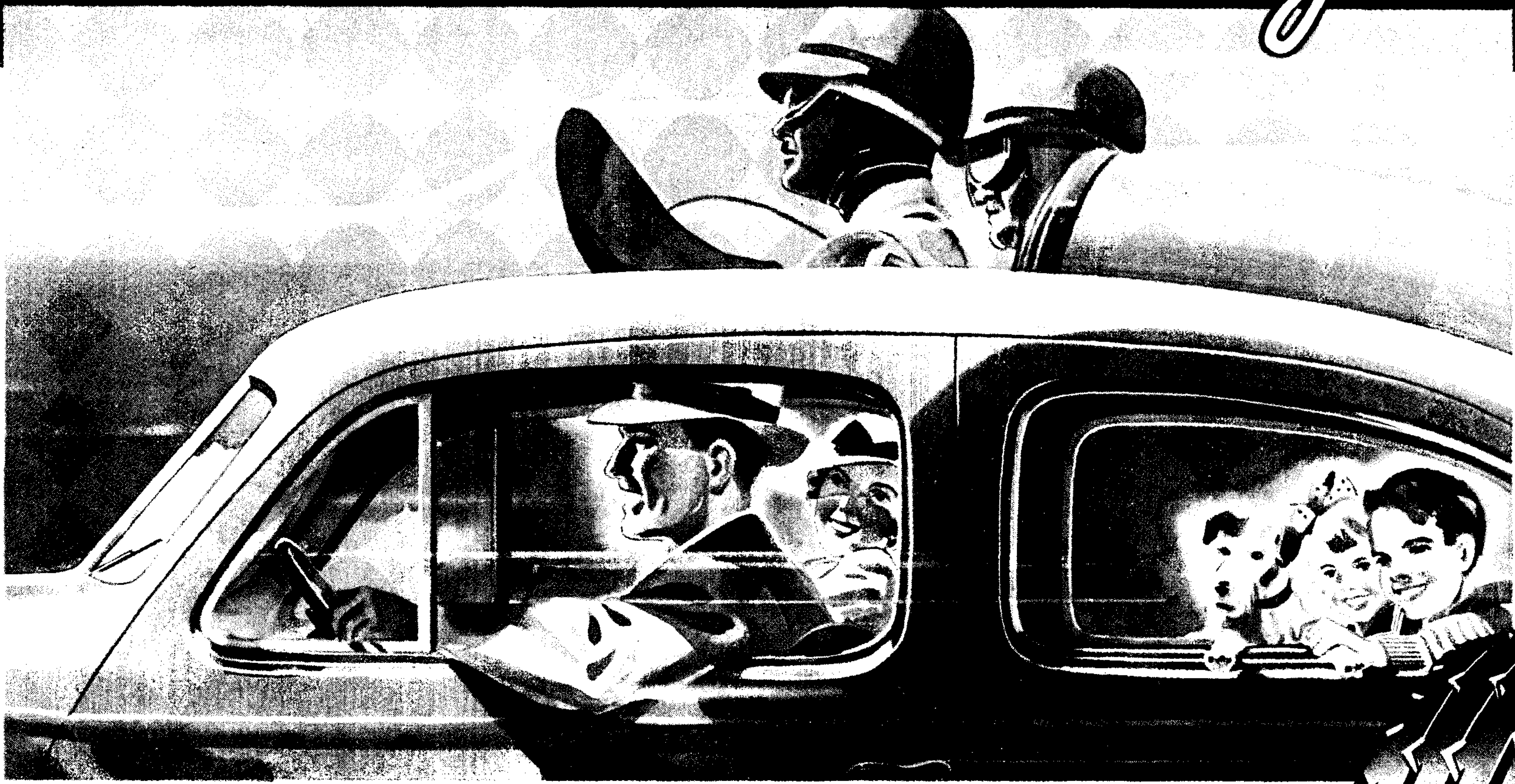

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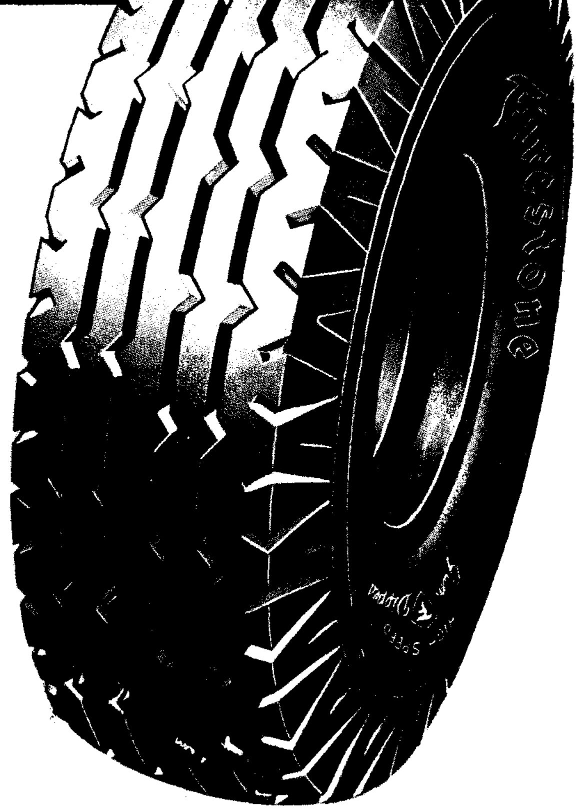

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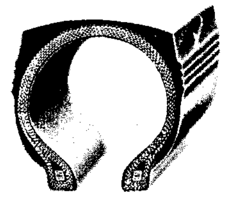
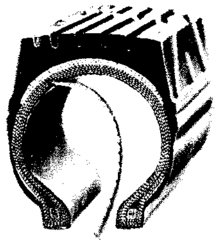


*Above is section of a thin, worn tire showing the non-skid protection worn off. Tires in this condition are liable to punctures, blowouts and skidding.*



*Above is section of a new Firestone Tire. Note the thick, non-skid protection against skidding, blowouts and punctures. Come in and see by actual demonstration.*

Copyright 1937, Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

# Work of Art

Continued from page 19

pointing to the other room. "At that table. Let me be looking at a little idol or something in spinach jade."

"But you don't care for spinach jade."

"All the better," she said. "Then I won't buy it."

In the other room she arranged herself on a teakwood bench covered with a flat cushion of lemon-yellow brocade. The folds of her dress, her feet, her attitude, were perfection. But when he would have turned on more light she stopped him.

"They may not see me," she said. "Let it be as the ball rolls."

"As the ball rolls," agreed Mr. Sigourney. "My assistant has gone out to lunch. Do you wish me to stay with you here?"

"No. Get me something to look at," she ordered him, "and perhaps you might be standing at your front door."

For some time no one came. Mr. Sigourney stood at his front door and she sat in silence, holding her pose. She could hold a pose for hours. The street was deserted, wind-swept. There was rain. Mr. Sigourney's hands were cold. She was very rich. Twenty-five hundred he had charged her for the vase and now he might get it back for twelve hundred or for fifteen hundred. But you must tell her the truth, all of the truth, nothing held back. She could understand truth. She could accept it. Mr. Sigourney wondered about her husbands—the count, the prince, Mr. Race, the millionaire now called into consultation with the President in Washington. She had not gone with her husband to Washington. Something had held her in San Francisco. Three hours to do her hair. How many hours to do her all over, to keep her looking like this? All of her life, perhaps, thought Mr. Sigourney.

"A taxi has stopped," he said to her deliberately, his voice lifted. "They are here."

Nothing from the other room except silence, but Mr. Sigourney could feel her interest, her eagerness, reaching out through her silence. The taxi was paid, dismissed, Mr. Sigourney opened his door and they were in: the man amused and disinterested, the girl alert, keyed-up, on edge, with a small parcel wrapped in tissue paper under her arm; both of them good-looking, both of them tall, both of them conscious of being so recently married, both of them pleased by being so recently married, both of them amused at being so pleased.

"TAKE it," said the girl to Mr. Sigourney at once, holding out the little parcel. "I can't bear to hold it a moment longer. I'm afraid it may break. Why should anyone send me a present as valuable as this? I don't even know her."

"I believe," said Mr. Sigourney, "that Mr. Van Cleve knows her."

"But not well," said the girl. "At any rate, not well enough for this. It's a fabulous present. It reeks of money. I don't at all care for Chinese art. It's so old."

Mr. Sigourney unwrapped the parcel with care, and with care he set the vase on its small pedestal of carved wood and then on a square of black velvet. There it stood—the treasure, the beauty, sought through centuries and owned. It wasn't over six inches high, its shape so delicate, so noninsistent, its color blended of all the colors of a peach in bloom—of rose, deep rose, of cream, of green with a touch of purple above a suggestion of gold—but beyond its perfection of shape and its fidelity of color, it had translucence. It had, in a quiet way, glory. To Mr. Sigourney it spoke. "I am a peach-bloom vase," it seemed to say with serenity. "I am one of the great beauties of the world." It was so exquisite a small object, so triumphant, so clean, so untouched by all the hands that had held it, fought for it, sold it, that a dimness came into Mr. Sigourney's eyes as he contemplated it and he was forced to take off his eyeglasses and wipe them with his handkerchief. As he did so, the bride spoke.

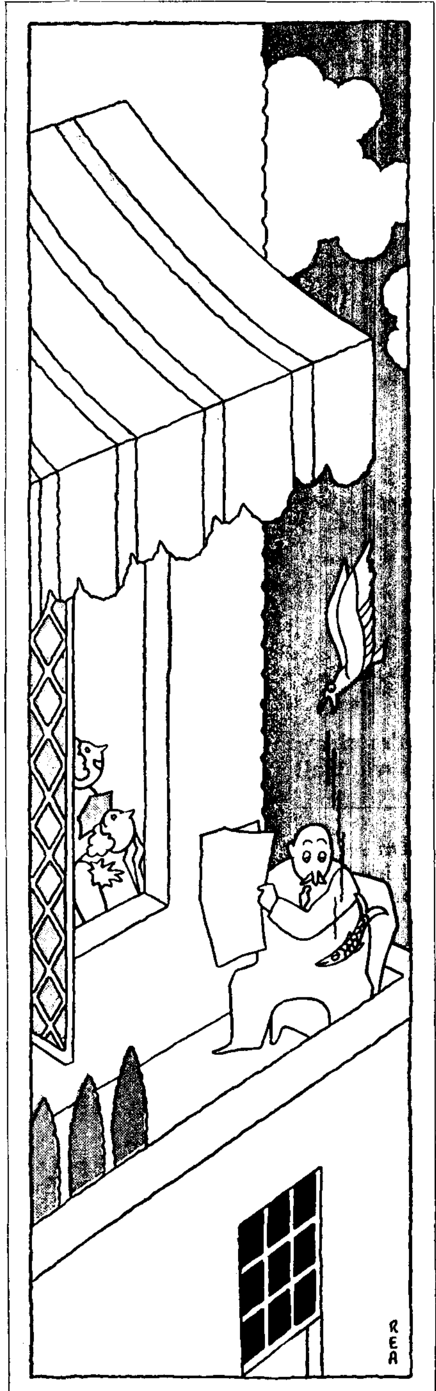
"HOW much can I get for it?" she asked. "In cash?"

For an instant there was silence in both rooms. Then the young husband spoke up sharply.

"But, darling," he said. "This is a temple of art. People who come here don't shout about price. Don't be crude."

"Don't be cross," said the girl, instantly looking behind her, around her, shivering slightly. "I thought we both understood that we came here to exchange this present for money and to buy with that money something we need."

"I should like to keep the vase," he said. "I—like it."



"For some reason it's taken a fancy to Alfred"

GARDNER REA

"You'd like to keep a thousand dollars tied up in a silly vase?" she said. "Why didn't you say so before? We have had seven other vases sent to us, any one of them larger than this. When we need an electric refrigerator. When we need rugs. When we need a car."

"We have a car," he said.

"Tied together with string," she said.

He turned away from her sharply and, walking back into the depths of the shop, he looked at the glass-fronted cases without seeing them—cases of carved ivories, of porcelains, of bronzes, snuff bottles of amethyst, of coral, of turquoise, Pekin glass. Desultorily he walked, grimly, without interest, with withdrawal, a little with scorn—a tall young man with dark good looks and very blue eyes, well-bred, clever, restless, unsatisfied, seeking—and then through the doorway suddenly he saw Mrs. Race sitting in the other room, her head bent above a figure of the goddess of Mercy in spinach jade, her fingers on the figure's tiny head, but with her gray eyes lifted, looking at him. For an instant he stood transfixed, then "Julia!" he said. And after a moment, almost in a whisper, once again, "Julia."

"What is it," called out his wife crisply from the front of the shop. "Who is it? Someone we know?"

He didn't answer his wife. He didn't hear his wife. He walked through the doorway toward Mrs. Race, and, reaching the table behind which she sat he leaned upon it with both hands.

"You've come back," he said.

"I always come back," she said, speaking very quietly. "That's the reason I go away."

"I'm—married," he said.

SHE smiled up at him. "Of course," she said. "That's the reason I stayed away—so that you might be."

"Really, I can't believe," he said diffidently, defiantly, "that I had anything to do with your going—or with your staying." He spoke to her with difficulty, for he was breathless. He was absorbed. Very slightly but continuously he was trembling.

"No one else," she said.

"Your—husband?" he asked as if to make sure, as if he had to be sure.

She smiled. She waved her hand, disposing of her husband.

"I received an invitation to your wedding," she said. "Which girl did you marry?"

"She's here with me today—farther up the shop. Her name was engraved with mine on the invitation—you must have read it: Dolly Mairs—really Dorothea—she doesn't look like a Dolly."

"I don't care what she looks like," said Mrs. Race.

He opened his mouth and closed it. He was horrified at what he had almost said. For what he had almost said was "Neither do I," and that wasn't true, for he and Dolly were pals; they were friends. They both liked golf. They both liked to swim, to dance. Dolly was smooth and cool to lay his cheek against. Dolly had her own capacity for loving and a very young, proprietary, healthy capacity it was. As far as her capability could go, Dolly was wholly his, which in marriage meant a great deal. He loved Dolly in a lot of ways—except consumingly.

"I'm afraid I was a trouble to you," he said to Mrs. Race. "I made a fool of myself."

"A little. I liked it," she said.

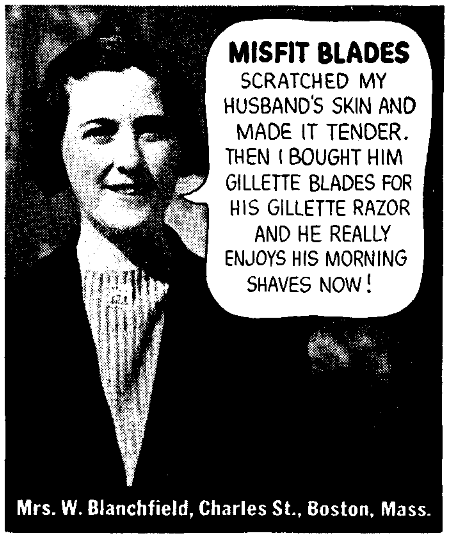
"I've got all over it."

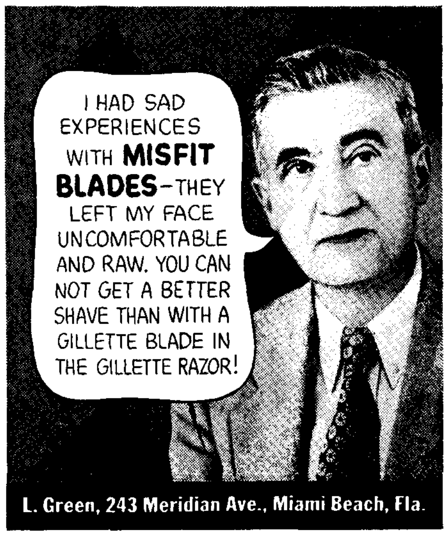
"So I see," said Mrs. Race. "It was

# "Misfit Blades Gave My Husband Poor Shaves"

— *says Boston Woman*

**Wives, too, write letters praising teamwork of Gillette Blade in Gillette Razor**


MISFIT BLADES SCRATCHED MY HUSBAND'S SKIN AND MADE IT TENDER. THEN I BOUGHT HIM GILLETTE BLADES FOR HIS GILLETTE RAZOR AND HE REALLY ENJOYS HIS MORNING SHAVES NOW!
Mrs. W. Blanchfield, Charles St., Boston, Mass.


I HAD SAD EXPERIENCES WITH MISFIT BLADES—THEY LEFT MY FACE UNCOMFORTABLE AND RAW. YOU CAN NOT GET A BETTER SHAVE THAN WITH A GILLETTE BLADE IN THE GILLETTE RAZOR!
L. Green, 243 Meridian Ave., Miami Beach, Fla.

## End Your Shaving Troubles

— *shave the "All-Gillette" way*

MISFIT blades are often the real cause of annoying shaving troubles. Here's why. The shaving edges of a MISFIT blade may be over-exposed and shave you so closely that they make your face raw and sore. Or, if the edges are not exposed enough, they miss some of the bristles, leaving you with that half-shaved appearance. Why take chances? Use genuine Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor. They are made for each other—"matched" to work perfectly together in giving you cool, comfortable shaves. Buy Gillette Blades for your Gillette Razor today!

Gillette
GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

**Gillette Blades**

*Precision-made for the Gillette Razor*

only an attraction—passing—light—"

"It's dark in here," he said. "I can hardly see you."

"All the better," said Mrs. Race.

"Take off your hat," he said.

"Why?"

"Haven't you done something to your hair?"

"Have I?" she said. She pushed off her hat and bent her head and he leaned nearer to look. At any distance she enchanted him but when she was as near to him as this he seemed to lose all sense of proportion. Ordinary living ceased. The world swung away and he was left without foothold, without memory, without pity, without purpose except to have her nearer than this.

"It's come back," he said thickly, for his head was swimming. "The same—worse— It's there underneath everything else. When you went away, I had to have someone."

"So you married," she said.

"I had to have some life of my own—to build—"

"Move back," she said. "I can't breathe. You seem to have forgotten," said Mrs. Race, "that your wife is here with you. I'd like to see your wife. Bring me your wife."

"Her head on a charger," he said.

"All of her," said Mrs. Race.

While he was gone she rested, although there was no back to the carved and cushioned teakwood bench, nothing to lean her head against. She rested sitting up straight, with her feet stretched out, her eyes closed, her mouth a little open. Her heart was beating fast, for he could do this to her—make her heart beat, make shivers go over her, make her feel like a very young and awkward girl. She admitted nothing of this to him—least of all to him—but she felt it. And so much feeling exhausted her. She thought of palm trees waving on a bright shore and a yacht at anchor in a blue harbor. She thought of cattle on a green hill. She saw children in white dresses with veils over their heads, proceeding in line to a church with a cross above it. She thought of her bed turned down for the night—of her sheets of silk, her coverlet of satin, her down pillows. She thought of comfort, of ease, of rest; of something to lean against. She sat up even more stiffly when she heard quick footsteps sounding on Mr. Sigourney's polished floor and she wrinkled her long gloves over her wrists, for she was nervous.

"This is Dolly," he said, when they stood in the doorway together. "Mrs. Race."

HIS wife came straight in. Dolly flew to the center of a situation as straight as an arrow.

"We're here to exchange your wedding present to us, Mrs. Race," said Dolly without flurry, "because we can't afford to keep it. We need money and it's valuable."

"I hadn't realized," said Mrs. Race equably, "that value was the quality one appreciates in a gift."

"Oh, you mean beauty," said Dolly, fortnight. "It seems to me that beauty just as beauty is a little unnecessary and out of date. I mean," continued Dolly, "that in order to get anywhere or to live comfortably at all, one needs so much more."

"Shower baths," said Mrs. Race. "Cars. Radios. Speed. Noise."

"Exactly," said Dolly. "When I go places I like to get there fast—not just to jig along. We have a flat," said Dolly bravely. "I'm going to do my own work and I don't want to break my back. Of course," said Dolly reasonably, "we don't expect to get from Mr. Sigourney as much as you paid."

"You won't," said Mrs. Race.

"Dolly—please—" said her husband.

Mr. Sigourney switched on more lights. He had the vase in his hand and after the room was glowing enough to receive it, he placed the vase on its little pedestal before Mrs. Race, who pushed aside the goddess of Mercy to accept it. And for a moment they all looked at the vase.

"It is beautiful," Dolly said, then reluctantly: "If I were an old Chinaman in embroidered slippers probably I'd love it. But I'm not an old Chinaman. How much are we going to get for it, Mr. Sigourney?"

MR. SIGOURNEY glanced at Mrs. Race and hesitated.

"Go right ahead," said Mrs. Race.

"Thirteen hundred and fifty," said Mr. Sigourney instantly, "is as high as I care to go. You see, Mrs. Van Cleve," he continued, "people who can buy peach-bloom vases are few. It may stand on my shelf for years."

SAND
GRAVEL

**"See here, Joe: when you're charging me for a full load of sand I want all sand"** GARRETT PRICE

"And with each year its value will increase," said Dolly.

"Thanks," said Mrs. Race.

"Times are hard," said Mr. Sigourney. "Times are changing. Except for a few people who are still rich and who appreciate beauty—who value it as one of the necessary and component parts of balanced living"—here Mr. Sigourney bowed to Mrs. Race—"my clients have fallen away. Many of them have lost their money. Some of them have died. And no new customers seem to come. Of course, I still have customers," said Mr. Sigourney. "I sell a snuff bottle or so—or a vase to be made into a lamp—but I am now speaking of real customers—in this class—" He waved his hand toward the vase and everyone looked at it again, and again there was silence.

"Fifteen hundred," said Dolly. "And I may want to buy a screen—not a Coromandel one, of course—I mean just one of those woven ones in black and cream, three folds, arched at the top—for the corner of our living room."

"With the radio in front of it," asked her husband bleakly, "or behind it?"

"He's cross," said Dolly to Mrs. Race, "because I'm being commercial. Before you. He's ashamed of me. He has hardly ever spoken of you to me," said Dolly bravely, "but I know that—that he admires you."

"Unalterably," said her husband.

"Fourteen hundred and twenty-five," said Dolly to Mr. Sigourney. "We'll split the difference."

"Very well," said Mr. Sigourney. "If you'll step this way, Mrs. Van Cleve, I'll make you out a check."

Dolly drew in a deep breath. "So that's settled," she said, apparently to herself, for she looked at no one. "Are you coming, Van?"

"No," said her husband deliberately, "I'm staying here."

"How about lunch? Lucy was to meet us at the Palace. Frozen strawberries."

"On a day like this? Thank you, no," said her husband.

Dolly smiled brightly at Mrs. Race and Mrs. Race smiled back at Dolly. But not brightly. Under the high lights Mrs. Race looked dimmed, shadowed around the eyes.

"I'M sorry you happened to be here, Mrs. Race," Dolly said to her. "It's been unfortunate all around. Probably I'm wrong."

"You're right," said Mrs. Race.

"I'll call at the office for you at five, Van," said Dolly with her head in the air, Dolly invincible, married, churched, the woman in possession. "Perhaps in the new car," she added for good measure.

Dolly stepped away after Mr. Sigourney, her feet more positive on the polished floor because Dolly herself was less certain.

"I am commercial," said Dolly frankly to Mr. Sigourney in his private office, "because I've got to be. Van doesn't bother about bills. He's romantic, artistic. He—moons. Somebody in a family has to have sense."

"Yes," said Mr. Sigourney, writing out his check. "And now if you will kindly sign here, Mrs. Van Cleve."

"Did she just happen to be here?" asked Dolly, signing.

"Er—Mrs. Race comes in often."

"But I telephoned you that we were coming," insisted Dolly. "It's rather too bad that she happened to come at the same time."

"Earlier," said Mr. Sigourney. "Yes. Isn't it? I'll call you a taxi."

Dolly went away alone in her taxi. Her husband stayed. He said nothing during the small hurly-burly of Dolly's departure and neither did Mrs. Race, but after the shop door had been slammed shut, after Dolly had actually gone, he came around the table to Mrs. Race and, taking both her gloved hands in his, he pulled her up to him. He was taller than she. She fitted exactly into the hard circle of his arms. He pushed her head down against his shoulder and with his hand under her chin he kissed her half-open mouth—deliberately at first and then wildly. He had to hold her up then, for she sank against him.

"Don't," she said. "I'm so tired."

"I'll—rest you," he said.

"You're married."

"I was married. . . . So have you been all along."

"What am I going to do?" she said.

"Love me," he said with his cheek hard against hers.

"That's not enough," she said.

"It is for me," he said.

"I can't react," she said. "It—doesn't seem to matter to me—whether you kiss me or not."

"YOU wanted to see me again," he said. "You knew we were coming."

"Yes. Sigourney telephoned. When I bought it I was pretty certain you would bring it back. That's the reason I bought it."

"To see me again," he insisted triumphantly, "or why are you here? I didn't exchange the vase," he said. "My—wife exchanged it. Can't you forget the vase?"

"Both of you exchanged it," she said. "You're a family now. You're one person and that person is Dolly."

"If I'm weak," he said, "it's the first time you mind."

"What you are doesn't seem to matter to me any more," she said, surprised at herself.

He released her then. He pushed her a little away. "Don't you love me?" he asked.

"No," said Mrs. Race. "I don't think I do. I don't believe I ever have."

He stood well back from her then. His arms hung down. He was pale. His lips trembled. He looked as if she had struck him.

"Then—why?" he demanded passionately. "Why, for God's sake—"

Mrs. Race turned away from him abruptly. Sitting down on the teakwood bench once more, she leaned both elbows on the table and covered her eyes with her hands.

"To prove things to myself, perhaps," she said. "To keep my hand in."

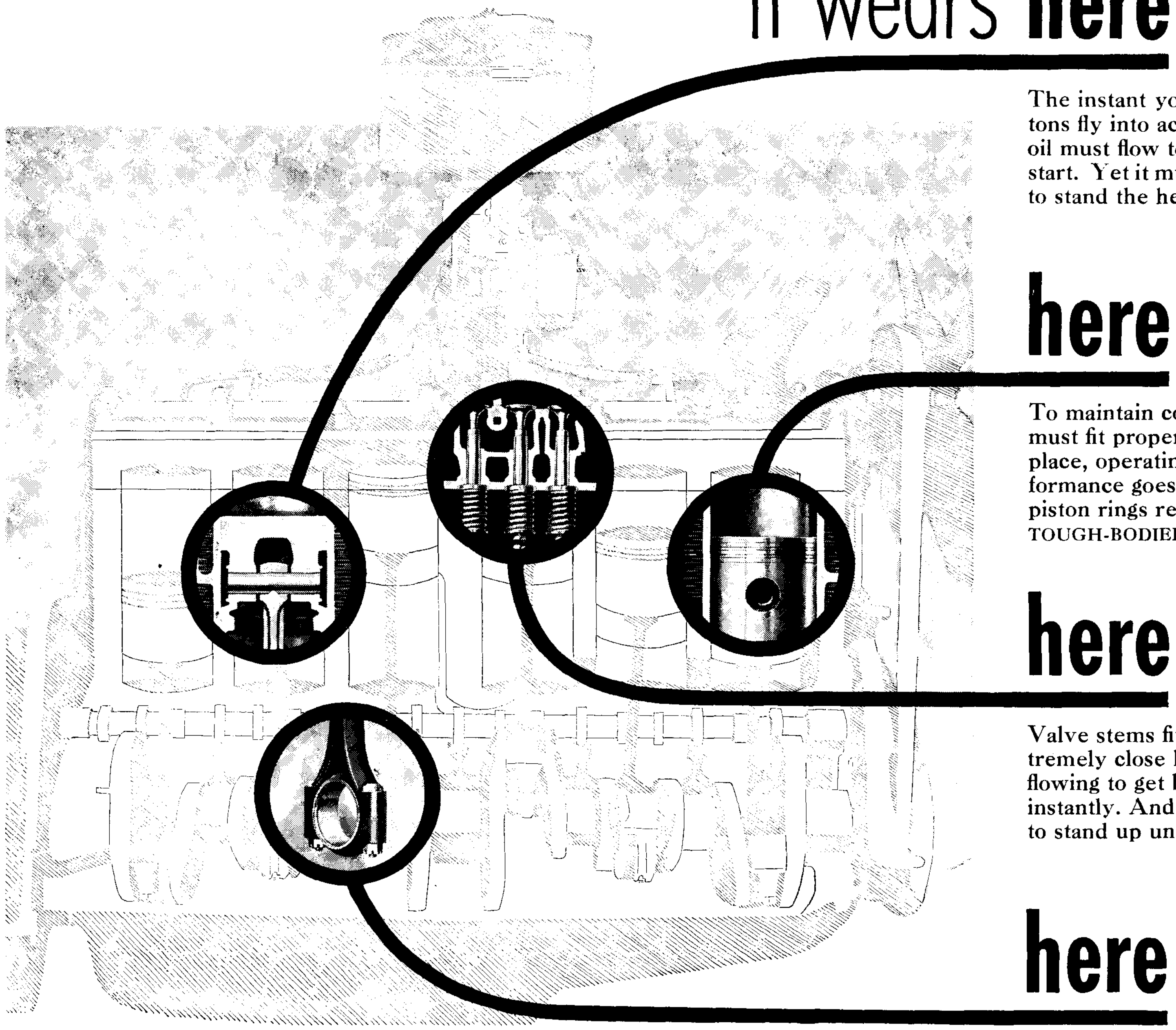
"To prove—what things?" he asked.

"Power, perhaps. Charm. Not to be slipping."

He stood still for another instant, then, turning, he flung away from her blindly. He left her sitting there. She heard him tramp out through the shop. She heard him open the front door and bang it shut. He was gone. It was over. She seemed to be sitting in a dream. She expected at any moment to wake up, to feel lost without him, to begin to suffer. She waited for pain but nothing came. Except Mr. Sigourney, who, tiptoeing in, stood looking down at her.

"He's gone," she said to Mr. Sigour-

# Every time you **start** your engine — it wears **here**



The instant your engine "turns over," pistons fly into action. To reduce wear, your oil must flow to them the moment you start. Yet it must also be tough bodied, able to stand the heat of long runs.

**here**

To maintain compression, piston rings must fit properly. When ring wear takes place, operating costs go up . . . motor performance goes down. For long life your piston rings require a FAST-FLOWING, TOUGH-BODIED motor oil.

**here**

Valve stems fit into valve guides at extremely close limits. Your oil must be fast-flowing to get between all metal surfaces instantly. And it must also be tough, able to stand up under steady running.

**here**

Without proper lubrication AT ALL TIMES, particularly during starting, wear on bearings is severe. They may "burn out." To reduce bearing wear, you need a FAST-FLOWING, TOUGH-BODIED motor oil.

## **Starting** causes more wear than all the running

YOU can't measure engine wear by the number of miles you drive. It's the starts you make that count. Automotive engineers state that approximately ¾ of engine wear occurs during starting.

With a slow-flowing motor oil, every time you step on the starter, over one hundred closely fitting parts in your engine scrape together, "dry" of lubrication.

To reduce engine wear, Shell engineers have developed Golden Shell Motor Oil, an oil that is fast-flowing, yet tough bodied.

The instant you start your engine, it flows to each part—puts a protective oil cushion between metal surfaces. And it resists breaking down into sludge and carbon under the high heat of steady running. There is a Shell dealer in your neighborhood.

*Golden Shell*—the **new** motor oil SHELL

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Look down from the glamorous sky-cooled Pennsylvania Roof, where Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra play for dinner and supper dancing. That colorful splash of lights is Broadway... those small looking objects over there are ocean liners at their piers...to your left is a great buying center...further down, the financial district...right below, the Pennsylvania Station. How convenient everything looks! And *is,* for Hotel Pennsylvania is in the center of things. But not alone for convenience should you stop at the Pennsylvania. There's *air-conditioning* in the Restaurants, Cocktail Lounge, Bar and other public rooms—and other summertime features to make your visit most comfortable, most glamorous!

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ney. "Back to his wife. Why don't I feel anything?"

"Probably because you don't care," said Mr. Sigourney. "You've grown out of it."

"So you knew all along," she said. Opening her eyes, she looked at Mr. Sigourney, then, reaching out, she touched with the tip of her finger, very delicately, carefully, the peach-bloom vase. "This?" she asked. "Is this the answer to the rest of my life? I might endow a museum."

Mr. Sigourney shrugged. "Museums are cold places," he said, "even when they are properly heated. Or rather," he amended himself, "they are not so much cold as impersonal."

"If I endowed a museum," she said, feeling her way, "I'd have to buy things, either in China or through you. You're pretty foolish to advise me against it."

"I have been known to be foolish," said Mr. Sigourney, "once or twice in my life."

"This is curious," she said. "This is a crisis of living. I don't know which way to turn."

"Up," said Mr. Sigourney.

"Can there be any 'up' as you call it," she asked, "for me?"

"I see life as a rising curve—always up—to the very end—to the very top," said Mr. Sigourney. "Especially for you. May I take a moment or so longer of your time?"

"Hours," she said. "What's time to me now?"

"You are rich. You are intelligent. I judge that your health is—"

"Perfect," she put in harshly. "Go on. And don't forget to speak of my face and my figure. Those are the most important things."

"The least important," said Mr. Sigourney, "as I see you."

She stood right up in her place. She stood up as if she had been dragged up. "Don't say anything more," she said breathlessly. "You terrible old man. I'm afraid I can't bear it."

"But it's true," said Mr. Sigourney. "I sell beauty and I know. Beauty isn't worth anyone's whole life."

SHE sat down again on the bench. She sank down upon it. She was the pale one now, her eyes wide open and lifted as if she might be staring at a light. For an instant she had translucence. She had glory.

"This is release," she said. "This is getting out of prison." Stripping off her long gloves, she looked at her hands, for her hands were much less good than the rest of her. They had been meant to be vigorous, useful hands, a worker's hands, but since they had been allowed only to be beautiful, to be red-tipped and white, they had gone a little slack and were uninteresting. For years she had hidden her hands whenever she could. She looked at them now without speaking and then she closed them both and opened them with a motion of grasp and release.

"Have you a telephone here?" she asked, still looking at her hands. "I should like to call up Washington."

"Sit where you are," said Mr. Sigourney. "I'll bring you a telephone and plug it in."

"What time will it be there?" she asked.

Mr. Sigourney consulted his watch. "About three forty-five," he said.

"He was to see the President at one-thirty," she said. "I'll call his hotel. . . . Here's your peach-bloom vase, Mr. Sigourney. Better take it away from me."

"I thought perhaps you might like to have it again," said Mr. Sigourney.

Looking up at him swiftly, she laughed. "How much?" she asked. "As much as you gave her for it?"

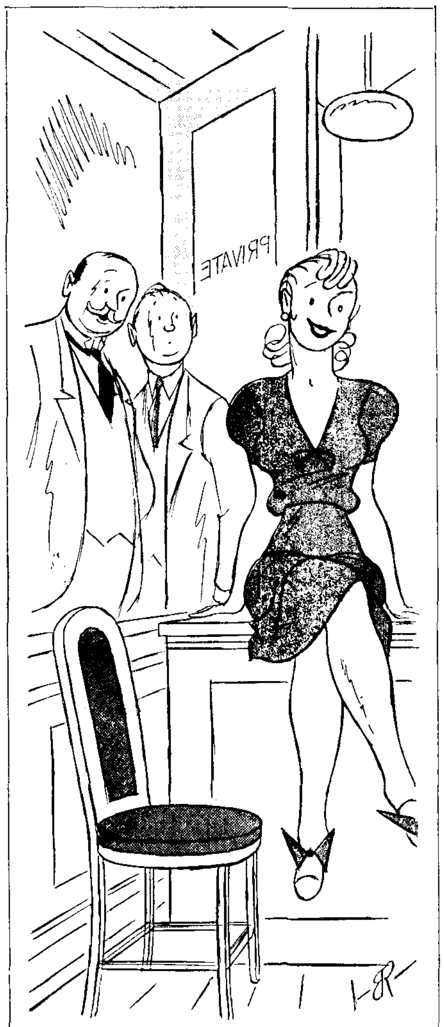
"I should very much like you to have the vase," he said once more.

"Almost I admire you," she said. "All right," she said. "I'll have the vase. Wrap it up for me and put in the bill."

After he had carried away the vase Mr. Sigourney came back with a telephone and plugged it in. He waited beside her. Twelve forty-five it was then. Less than an hour since she had come in. Mr. Sigourney's assistant was still out to lunch. And the rain came down.

"A person-to-person call," she said to the long-distance operator. "No, I'll hold it. Eliot Race, Mayflower Hotel—He'll be there; he'll answer San Francisco at once."

AS SHE waited she glanced up at Mr. Sigourney. "In China," she said, "I couldn't hope to keep up the way I look," she said. "Not for two years. Not in the places he'd be going to—far places—high places. So I said that I wouldn't go, so my husband said he wouldn't go, so the President sent for him. . . . My husband, after five years, is still in love with me."



**"Not one salesman has gotten into my office since I installed Miss Beck as receptionist"**

BEN ROTH

"Anyone would be," said Mr. Sigourney simply, "if you cared to have him."

"But it's not to be known that the President sent for him," she cautioned Mr. Sigourney.

"I understand," stated Mr. Sigourney, "that your husband is an authority on international law."

"More on the money side," she said. "Don't ever forget money. That's what runs the world. . . . He's still rather good-looking," she added, "in a lean, bankerish way— Yes. . . . Hello—I am here—I have the East all right," she said to Mr. Sigourney. "The Washington Central is rolling her r's. How quick it all is—like life."

Sitting there waiting, she closed her eyes and at once she saw a yellow river rolling, and tied along the shore of it she saw clusters of queer-looking boats with queer-looking people apparently living on them. She saw women on those boats with babies in their arms. Quantities of children those people seemed to have. . . . When she heard a man's voice over the telephone she opened her eyes.

"Oh, El," she said. "El—I have changed my mind. I am going with you to China. . . . I don't care what you told the President. You are going and I am going with you. I can fly anywhere. . . . Climate? One doesn't turn yellow at once. Not in two years. I may turn just a gentle cream. . . . Well, what does it matter? Do you so much mind how I look? Is it more important to you than dingy little people left in peace perhaps all over the world in their dingy little houses, safe from famine, plenty of babies not dying perhaps— No, I'm not crazy. I think of these things. . . . I'm tired of how I look. It's such an effort. I say it doesn't really matter, any longer, to me."

She spoke more distinctly and deliberately than usual, for her voice might go out of control and her throat was dry. "Beauty, just as beauty," she said, "is out of date. You've got to have something more—I say you've got to have something more. . . . If I get wrinkles under my chin in China will you still love me? Oh, El, for God's sake—*not over the phone*—" Sidelong she looked up at Mr. Sigourney, uneasily, as if he might have heard, for she was always very careful of Mr. Sigourney, who was so dry and stiff, who admired her so much, whose knowledge and judgment she respected. "I'm sitting in Mr. Sigourney's shop," she said over the phone to her husband, smiling up at Mr. Sigourney. "He has just taken me up into a high mountain and given me a view. . . . No, I didn't take cold. . . . Yes, I am quite well. . . . Oh, very happy. . . . Then you will see the President again. . . . Just leave the war lords to me. . . . Okay, darling—call me at seven. Goodby."

As she put on her hat before an old mirror there were tears in her eyes. She got into her chinchilla coat. At his desk in the rear of the store Mr. Sigourney placed the peach-bloom vase in an octagonal box of pear wood, a beautiful shining box lined with padded silk in cream and rose, very old, very tattered, its own box which he had not sent to Mrs. Van Cleve.

Then he wrote on a card in his neat, tight little handwriting. "There will be no bill. For in your hands more than the vase will be safe."

HER car was waiting. Mr. Sigourney, opening his door for her, presented his box.

"I owe you a long-distance call," she said. "Oh—what a box! Thank you. And the bill inside. . . . I shall take this with me wherever I go," she said, brightly smiling. "My peach-bloom vase—my beauty—"

The chauffeur had the car door open and was holding an umbrella but she ducked across and in, with the box safe in the hollow of her arm, held tight against the perishable fur of her coat. After the car door was shut she waved her hand. Mr. Sigourney saw her red-lacquered fingernails, for she hadn't put on her gloves. His assistant, coming in just then from his lunch, took off his wet hat and shook it.

"I say—what a honey!" said the assistant, who was young and new to San Francisco. "Who is she? A movie girl?"

"That is Mrs. Eliot Race," said Mr. Sigourney dryly, "on her way to China for two years with her husband. One of the three great beauties of the world."

She was gone, but Mr. Sigourney still stood at his door looking out at the empty street. "Thirty-eight," he said aloud to himself. "Thirty-nine. . . . Certainly, not a day over forty."

# "Plenty different, aren't they? —yet all snapped in 5 minutes"

"Mary said carving watermelon was a woman's work—then she'd be sure where it went . . .

"'Perfectly swell!'—can't you almost hear her shout it? . . .

"But she and Jim and Harry were willing to try a sample, just to be sure . . .

*"The watermelon marathon between Mary and Jim was a fight to the finish."*

ONE little incident in a day's outing—four swell snapshots. See how many things happen in a few brief moments. See how the expressions change. People are like that. They don't have one look, one smile, one way of holding their hands. They move around, keep going. They're alive.

Follow them with your camera. Snap—snap—snap—every time the situation changes. Today's great snapshots are made this way.

If you want a completely satisfying record of a day—a person—get your camera out and try it. You'll be delighted with your new-found skill. And you'll get snapshots that really live . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

- Most snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances—use it always.

**Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.**

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## The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

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A CLEAN FINISH IS A HEALTHY FINISH!

DIRT AND DECAY
FINISH
METAL

Simoniz your car! Otherwise weather, grime and ultra-violet rays will soon dull and destroy the finish. The sooner you do it, the better—for the more dirt that collects on the finish, the more rapid the destruction of the lacquer and enamel.

DIRT AND DECAY
FINISH
METAL

You can "Simoniz" a car only with Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. A periodic cleaning with Simoniz Kleener preserves the lacquer or enamel. Simoniz gives weather-proof protection to these finishes, and makes them last longer. Be sure to insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car!

Stops "Finish Rot"... Quickly Restores Your Car's Original Beauty!

Your car needs Simoniz Kleener to keep the finish healthy. It really cleans the lacquer or enamel as it should be cleaned! Instead of paint-removing solvents and harsh abrasives, Simoniz Kleener employs a new and more scientific method of cleaning. It safely removes the dull scum off the surface and draws the grime from the tiny pores in the lacquer or enamel . . . bringing back with remarkable ease and speed all the sparkling, colorful beauty your car had when new. After cleaning the finish with Simoniz Kleener, always apply Simoniz for permanent beauty and protection. Give your car this deluxe beauty treatment today!

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. . Never Sold Under Any Other Name

# Byrd Song

Continued from page 21

example, Virginia's direct share in the repayment of that debt will be $800,000,000, or an average of $8,000,000 for each county.

"My remedy? Why, the establishment of a pay-as-you-go policy, of course. Balance the budget! Look facts in the face and quit playing the ostrich. If it is decided to keep on spending at the same rate, then raise the money by taxes. That's the honest way, and it's also the economical way. When I was governor of Virginia, individuals and groups used to come in every day with elaborate plans for raiding the treasury.

"'Fine,' I'd say. 'Now let's sit down and figure out a tax that will take care of it.' And that would be the last I'd hear of them. And in the case of the federal government, it isn't as if we would be called upon to stint a single useful activity. Certain obvious economies will permit us to discharge every proper obligation and perhaps even permit a reduction in taxes. Hundreds of millions can be saved by the abolition of demonstrably useless agencies, and the consolidation of boards, bureaus and commissions that now clutter up the landscape, duplicating, conflicting and squandering.

"Here's the proof." Like a magician with his white rabbits, Senator Byrd produced another sheaf of papers. "In Washington alone we have fifty federal agency legal divisions, thirty-four agencies concerned with lending government funds, sixteen handling wild-life conservation, ten dealing with government construction, nine with credit and finance, three insuring deposits and loans, one hundred and twenty-six federal agency libraries, one hundred and four information and publication offices, and a full dozen agencies concerned with home and community planning.

"That's not half of it." Heaving a heavy sigh, the senator turned to other sheets. "At present there are some 835,000 employees on the pay roll of the executive branch alone, but instead of cutting down we have been adding new ones at the rate of a hundred a day. The number of telephones in federal agencies in Washington alone has jumped from 17,142 to 32,882, and frequently they call up San Francisco and Seattle when a postal card would do. We spend millions each year on new construction, and yet our annual rent bill today is around $25,000,000.

### Publicity Comes High

"Until I began to investigate I had the idea that the tremendous expansion in governmental activities was confined largely to Washington. Not at all. Not at all. In every state in the Union there is a miniature federal government, regional directors, state directors, district directors, and all housed in style. In the last four years we have built 664 new federal buildings outside Washington at a cost of $239,000,000, and yet today we are leasing more than 12,000, twice as many as in 1933. Out in the country we lease or own space equivalent to fifty-two Empire State buildings.

"Now let's change from building to bunk." The pause of a minute while the senator shucked his linen coat. "It is provided that no money shall be used for the compensation of publicity men unless specifically appropriated for that purpose. This statute is flouted by virtually every department of government. According to a survey made by the Brookings Institution, there are upwards of three hundred writing press agents right here in Washington alone, all drawing salaries ranging upward to $5,000 a year. Even this doesn't tell the full story, for some agencies, notably the WPA, failed to answer the questionnaire. But it has been learned definitely that the pay roll for publicity runs about $500,000 a year.

"And how they do spend money!" From the Byrd mouth issued a series of despairing clucks. "In three months they got out 4,794 releases with a total of more than seven million copies. Exclusive of the huge mailing list in the Government Printing Office, the Brookings people found three thousand other mailing lists in Washington with 2,280,000 names. There is a record of 15,000,000 feet of motion-picture film in seventy-six government agencies, and 533 films are available for free distribution. That RA feature, The Plough That Broke the Plains, cost $40,000. All of which is just an indication of what's going on, for they cover up so skillfully that it's almost impossible to get all the facts.

### Reorganization and Consolidation

"What's simpler or more important than a survey that will determine just what agencies and what employees are necessary? Not next year or the year after, but *now*." The tone of the senator's voice left no doubt that he had strong feelings on the matter. "The President knows that something has got to be done. What he proposes is reorganization first and *then* cutting and pruning. I believe that the abolition and consolidation of federal agencies should be *coincident* with reorganization, and economy the main objective.

"I have already introduced a bill providing for the consolidation of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, the Federal Housing Administration, the Federal Home Loan Bank Board and the RFC Mortgage Company into the Federal Home Credit Administration. The Brookings Institution estimates that this should effect a saving of nearly $25,000,000 a year without the sacrifice of efficiency. Another of my bills is for the abolition of the RFC itself, and the transfer of its powers and duties to the Treasury. A third bill would allow the elimination of a great departmental accounting division and strengthen the independent federal accounting system.

"Of course, I've just started into reorganization proposals for economy," he explained apologetically. "Getting the facts and preparing the bills is a lot more work than you might think. Our hydroelectric development, as an example, is another thing that's scattered all over the place. We have a Federal Power Commission, a National Power Policy Committee, power divisions in the PWA, the REA and the EHFA, besides people making power studies in the Federal Trade Commission. Why not a single body? The Brookings Institution indicates economy and greater efficiency would result from better coordination among the federal law-enforcement agencies.

"If I keep my health and strength," and Senator Byrd flicked his husky build with an approving eye, "I mean to resist any and every attempt to give emergency bodies a permanent status until need has been proved and every possibility of economy explored. I have the highest regard for the work of the Civilian Conservation Corps, but the annual cost of keeping each of the 300,000 youngsters is $1,200, about twice the income of the average American. That is why I was one senator who voted against making the CCC a permanent establishment.

"Take the proposal to create a new Department of Social Welfare. I can't view it as anything but recognition of emergency spending as a continuing obligation. There is also the possibility of making permanent the status of thousands of persons whose employment was assumed to be temporary. Relief, as a matter of course, would slide into the Department of Social Welfare without question, and yet I know of no federal activity more in need of questioning. The chiselers are still with us. Many who are on the rolls do not deserve to be there. I would empty the treasury to keep Americans from being hungry or cold, but by the same token, no one undeserving of relief should be permitted to sap funds appropriated for the needy.

"Unfortunately, the problem is difficult of approach, for the minute anyone tries to talk common sense, the sob sisters scream charges of inhumanity. For four years we have been spending without any census of the unemployed, and today we are still going it blind. There are, however, certain significant facts that we *do* know. The Secretary of Labor announced recently that we had 8,241,000 more employees in nonagricultural industries in March, 1937, than we had in 1933. Wouldn't this seem to argue that there should be some diminution in the relief load? Yet we will spend as much for relief in the year beginning July 1, 1937, as it cost us in the year 1933-34 when conditions were much worse.

### Make Relief a Local Problem

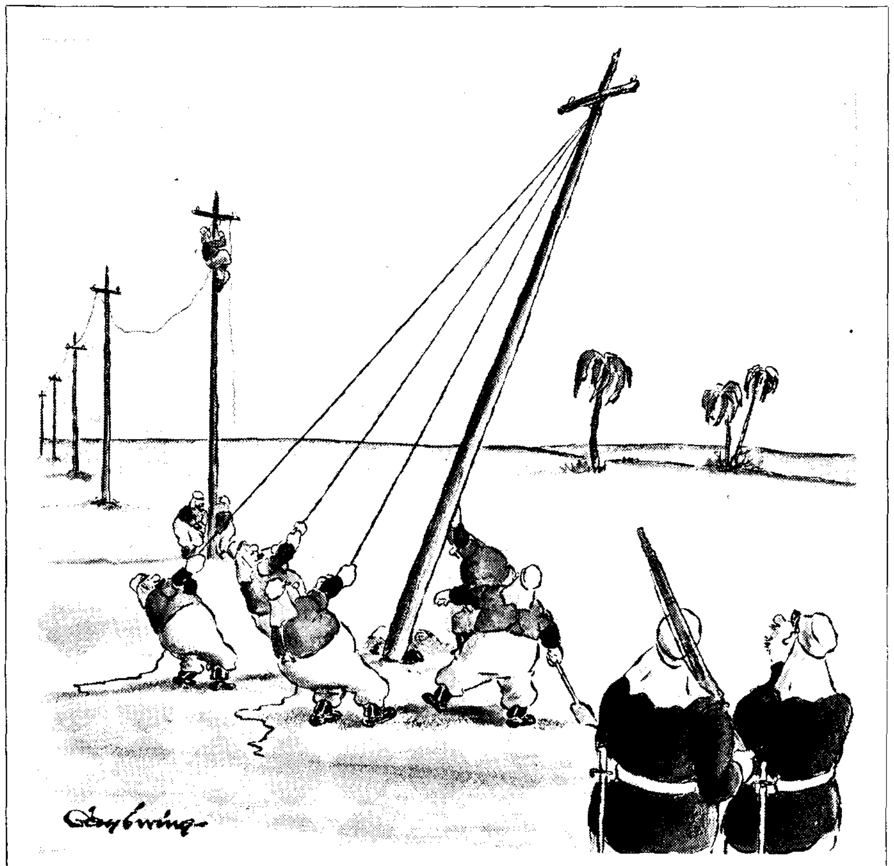
"What is my idea about relief?" Senator Byrd cocked a quizzical eye. "Well, if you meant that question to be embarrassing, you're doomed to disappointment, for I'm already on record. I've said before, and I say now, that relief should be administered locally, for the people of the several communities are best informed as to the need of their neighbors. And the federal government should not contribute more than sixty per cent of the total expense. As nothing else, that will have a sobering effect, and lead to the solution of a problem that is now being continued and coddled.

"Have I any other suggestions?" The orchardist's teeth showed white against the weather-reddened face. "There," he said, tossing a document across the desk, "is something I'm pushing pretty hard. It's a bill to cure the evil of tax-free securities and tax-free jobholders. According to the best estimates, the amount of tax-free securities in the country—local, state and national—runs around $60,000,000,000. And the burden of that tax exemption is borne by all the rest of us who haven't the money to buy tax-free bonds. And as you know, federal employees are exempted from state taxation and state employees from federal taxation.

"As a senator," he smiled, "I belong to the privileged-salary class, but I've never liked it, and I like it now less than ever before when I see the load that the people of the United States are staggering under. Equalization of taxes," and the declaration was emphatic, "is the very first principle of equality in government. There should be no tax-free classes and no tax-free employees. All should be compelled to contribute in proportion to their wealth and income.

"Where do I think I'm going?" Senator Byrd shook his head. "I can't say, yet. Maybe nowhere. Everybody believes in economy but only for the other fellow. Everybody is opposed to all special privileges except his own. But, luckily enough, I'm not a nervous or impatient type. Right up to the last ditch you'll find me plugging away at these bills and others, and talking on economy in all of the unwalled towns.

"And now, if you please," he finished, getting to his feet, "a slight request of my own. Don't write me down as an Old Scrooge or a common scold. I'm not indicting federal employees as a whole. Washington has many very efficient officials. Housecleaning, however, doesn't jeopardize any person who is doing a job that needs to be done and doing it well. And let me also admit that in the trial and stress of the emergency years, a certain amount of waste, confusion, duplication and overlapping was inescapable. But now that the crisis is past, there can be no excuse for a continuation of these evils."



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# A Piece of Pie

Continued from page 11

move himself in for a few dibs if the good thing connects.

Well, it connects all right, and the brisk young character is very grateful to Horsey for his information, and is giving him plenty of much-obliges, and nothing else, and Horsey is about to mention that they do not accept much-obliges at his hotel, when the brisk young character mentions that he is nobody but Mr. McBurgle and that he is the editor of the Let's Keep House magazine, and for Horsey to drop in and see him any time he is around his way.

Naturally, Horsey remembers what Nicely-Nicely says about Miss Hilda Slocum working for this Let's Keep House magazine, and he relates the story of the eating contest to Mr. McBurgle and asks him if he will kindly use his influence with Miss Hilda Slocum to get her to release Nicely-Nicely from his diet long enough for the contest. Then Horsey gives Mr. McBurgle a tip on another winner, and Mr. McBurgle must use plenty of influence on Miss Hilda Slocum at once, as the next day she calls Horsey up at his hotel before he is out of bed, and speaks to him as follows:

"Of course," Miss Hilda Slocum says, "I will never change my attitude about Quentin, but," she says, "I can appreciate that he feels very bad about you gentlemen relying on him and having to disappoint you. He feels that he lets you down, which is by no means true, but it weighs upon his mind. It is interfering with his diet.

"Now," Miss Hilda Slocum says, "I do not approve of your contest, because," she says, "it is placing a premium on gluttony, but I have a friend by the name of Miss Violette Shumberger who may answer your purpose. She is my dearest friend from childhood, but it is only because I love her dearly that this friendship endures. She is extremely fond of eating," Miss Hilda Slocum says. "In spite of my pleadings, and my warnings, and my own example, she persists in food. It is disgusting to me but I finally learn that it is no use arguing with her.

"She remains my dearest friend," Miss Hilda Slocum says, "though she continues her practice of eating, and I am informed that she is phenomenal in this respect. In fact," she says, "Nicely-Nicely tells me to say to you that if Miss Violette Shumberger can perform the eating exploits I relate to him from hearsay she is a lily. Goodby," Miss Hilda Slocum says. "You cannot have Nicely-Nicely."

WELL, nobody cares much about this idea of a stand-in for Nicely-Nicely in such a situation, and especially a Judy that no one ever hears of before, and many citizens are in favor of pulling out of the contest altogether. But Horsey has his thousand-dollar forfeit to think of, and as no one can suggest anyone else, he finally arranges a personal meet with the Judy suggested by Miss Hilda Slocum.

He comes into Mindy's one evening with a female character who is so fat it is necessary to push three tables together to give her room for her lap, and it seems that this character is Miss Violette Shumberger. She weighs maybe 250 pounds, but she is by no means an old Judy, and by no means bad-looking. She has a face the size of a town clock and enough chins for a fire escape, but she has a nice smile, and pretty teeth, and a laugh that is so hearty it knocks the whipped cream off an order of strawberry shortcake on a table fifty feet away and arouses the indignation of a customer by the name of Goldstein who is about to consume same.

Well, Horsey's idea in bringing her into Mindy's is to get some kind of line on her eating form, and she is clocked by many experts when she starts putting on the hot meat, and it is agreed by one and all that she is by no means a selling-plater. In fact, by the time she gets through, even Mindy admits she has plenty of class, and the upshot of it all is Miss Violette Shumberger is chosen to eat against Joel Duffle.

MAYBE you hear something of this great eating contest that comes off in New York one night in the early summer of 1937. Of course eating contests are by no means anything new, and in fact they are quite an old-fashioned pastime in some sections of this country, such as the South and East, but this is the first big public contest of the kind in years, and it creates no little comment along Broadway.

In fact, there is some mention of it in the blats, and it is not a frivolous proposition in any respect, and more dough is wagered on it than any other eating contest in history, with Joel Duffle a 6 to 5 favorite over Miss Violette Shumberger all the way through.

This Joel Duffle comes to New York several days before the contest with the character by the name of Conway, and requests a meet with Miss Violette Shumberger to agree on the final details and who shows up with Miss Violette Shumberger as her coach and adviser but Nicely-Nicely Jones. He is even thinner and more peaked-looking than when Horsey and I see him last, but he says he feels great, and that he is within six pounds of his marriage to Miss Hilda Slocum.

Well, it seems that his presence is really due to Miss Hilda Slocum herself, because she says that after getting her dearest friend Miss Violette Shumberger into this jack pot, it is only fair to do all she can to help her win it, and the only way she can think of is to let Nicely-Nicely give Violette the benefit of his experience and advice.

But afterward we learn that what really happens is that this editor, Mr. McBurgle, gets greatly interested in the contest, and when he discovers that in spite of his influence, Miss Hilda Slocum declines to permit Nicely-Nicely to personally compete, but puts in a pinch eater, he is quite indignant and insists on her letting Nicely-Nicely school Violette.

Furthermore we afterward learn that when Nicely-Nicely returns to the apartment on Morningside Heights after giving Violette a lesson, Miss Hilda Slocum always smells his breath to see if he indulges in any food during his absence.

Well, this Joel Duffle is a tall character with stooped shoulders, and a sad expression, and he does not look as if he can eat his way out of a tea shoppe, but as soon as he commences to discuss the details of the contest, anybody can see that he knows what time it is in situations such as this. In fact, Nicely-Nicely says he can tell at once from the way Joel Duffle talks that he is a dangerous opponent, and he says while Miss Violette Shumberger impresses him as an improving eater, he is only sorry she does not have more seasoning.

This Joel Duffle suggests that the contest consist of twelve courses of strictly American food, each side to be allowed to pick six dishes, doing the picking in rotation, and specifying the weight and quantity of the course selected to any amount the contestant making the pick desires, and each course is to be divided for eating exactly in half, and after Miss Violette Shumberger and Nicely-Nicely whisper together a while, they say the terms are quite satisfactory.

Then Horsey tosses a coin for the first pick, and Joel Duffle says heads, and it is heads, and he chooses, as the first course, two quarts of ripe olives, twelve bunches of celery, and four pounds of shelled nuts, all this to be split fifty-fifty between them. Miss Violette Shumberger names twelve dozen cherrystone clams as the second course, and Joe Duffle says two gallons of Philadelphia pepperpot soup as the third.

Well, Miss Violette Shumberger and Nicely-Nicely whisper together again, and Violette puts in two five-pound striped bass, the heads and tails not to count in the eating, and Joel Duffle names a twenty-two-pound roast turkey. Each vegetable is rated as one course, and Miss Violette Shumberger asks for twelve pounds of mashed potatoes with brown gravy. Joel Duffle says two dozen ears of corn on the cob, and Violette replies with two quarts of lima beans. Joel Duffle calls for twelve bunches of asparagus cooked in butter, and Violette mentions ten pounds of stewed new peas.

THIS gets them down to the salad, and it is Joel Duffle's play, so he says six pounds of mixed green salad with vinegar and oil dressing, and now Miss Violette Shumberger has the final selection, which is the dessert. She says it is a pumpkin pie, two feet across, and not less than three inches deep.

It is agreed that they must eat with knife, fork or spoon, but speed is not to count, and there is to be no time limit, except they cannot pause more than two consecutive minutes at any stage, except in case of hiccoughs. They can drink anything, and as much as they please, but liquids are not to count in the scoring. The decision is to be strictly on amount of food consumed, and the judges are to take account of anything left on the plates after a course, but not of loose chewings on bosom or vest up to an ounce. The losing side is to pay for the food, and in case of a tie they are to eat it off immediately on ham and eggs only.

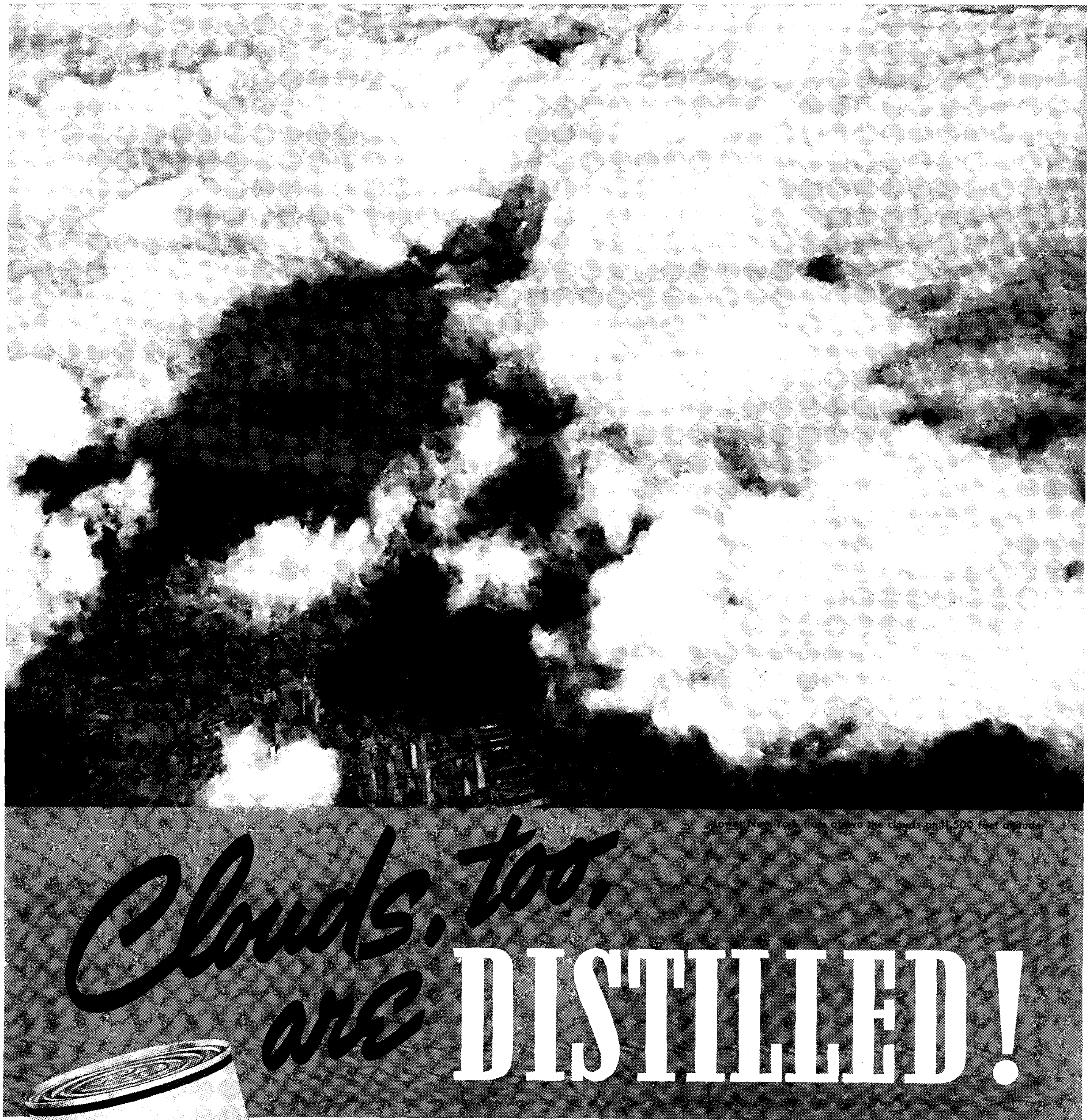
Well, the scene of this contest is the second-floor dining room of Mindy's restaurant, which is closed to the general public for the occasion, and only parties immediately concerned in the contest are admitted. The contestants are seated on either side of a big table in the center of the room, and each contestant has three waiters.

No talking, and no rooting from the spectators is permitted, but of course in any eating contest the principals may speak to each other if they wish, though

LAUNCH
TO
Louis Priscilla

"You don't have to push it. We've arranged all that, Miss Hughes"

LOUIS PRISCILLA



Lower New York from above the clouds at 11,500 feet altitude

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smart eaters never wish to do this, as talking only wastes energy, and about all they ever say to each other is please pass the mustard.

About fifty characters from Boston are present to witness the contest, and the same number of citizens of New York are admitted, and among them is this editor, Mr. McBurgle, and he is around asking Horsey if he thinks Miss Violette Shumberger is as good a thing as the jumper at the race track.

Nicely-Nicely arrives on the scene quite early, and his appearance is really most distressing to his old friends and admirers, as by this time he is shy so much weight that he is a pitiful scene, to be sure, but he tells Horsey and me that he thinks Miss Violette Shumberger has a good chance.

"Of course," he says, "she is green. She does not know how to pace herself in competition. But," he says, "she has a wonderful style. I love to watch her eat. She likes the same things I do in the days when I am eating. She is a wonderful character, too. Do you ever notice her smile?" Nicely-Nicely says.

"But," he says, "she is the dearest friend of my fiancée, Miss Hilda Slocum, so let us not speak of this. I try to get Hilda to come to see the contest, but she says it is repulsive. Well, anyway," Nicely-Nicely says, "I manage to borrow a few dibs, and am wagering on Miss Violette Shumberger. By the way," he says, "if you happen to think of it, notice her smile."

Well, Nicely-Nicely takes a chair about ten feet behind Miss Violette Shumberger, which is as close as the judges will allow him, and he is warned by them that no coaching from the corners will be permitted, but of course Nicely-Nicely knows this rule as well as they do, and furthermore by this time his exertions seem to have left him without any more energy.

There are three judges, and they are all from neutral territory. One of these judges is a party from Baltimore, Md., by the name of Packard, who runs a restaurant, and another is a party from Providence, R. I., by the name of Croppers, who is a sausage manufacturer. The third judge is an old Judy by the name of Mrs. Rhubarb, who comes from Philadelphia, and once keeps an actors' boardinghouse, and is considered an excellent judge of eaters.

Well, Mindy is the official starter, and at 8:30 P. M. sharp, when there is still much betting among the spectators, he outs with his watch, and says like this:

"Are you ready, Boston? Are you ready, New York?"

Miss Violette Shumberger and Joel Duffle both nod their heads, and Mindy says commence, and the contest is on, with Joel Duffle getting the jump at once on the celery and olives and nuts.

IT IS apparent that this Joel Duffle is one of these rough-and-tumble eaters that you can hear quite a distance off, especially on clams and soups. He is also an eyebrow eater, an eater whose eyebrows go up as high as the part in his hair as he eats, and this type of eater is undoubtedly very efficient.

In fact, the way Joel Duffle goes through the groceries down to the turkey causes the Broadway spectators some uneasiness, and they are whispering to each other that they only wish the old Nicely-Nicely is in there. But personally, I like the way Miss Violette Shumberger eats without undue excitement, and with great zest. She cannot keep close to Joel Duffle in the matter of speed in the early stages of the contest, as she seems to enjoy chewing her food, but I observe that as it goes along she pulls up on him, and I figure this is not because she is stepping up her pace, but because he is slowing down.

When the turkey finally comes on, and is split in two halves right down the middle, Miss Violette Shumberger looks greatly disappointed, and she speaks for the first time as follows:

"Why," she says, "where is the stuffing?"

Well, it seems that nobody mentions any stuffing for the turkey to the chef, so he does not make any stuffing, and Miss Violette Shumberger's disappointment is so plain to be seen that the confidence of the Boston characters is somewhat shaken. They can see that a Judy who can pack away as much fodder as Miss Violette Shumberger has to date, and then beef for stuffing, is really quite an eater.

In fact, Joel Duffle looks quite startled when he observes Miss Violette Shumberger's disappointment, and he gazes at her with great respect as she disposes of her share of the turkey, and the mashed potatoes, and one thing and another in such a manner that she moves up on the pumpkin pie on dead even terms with him. In fact, there is little to choose between them at this point, although the judge from Baltimore is calling the attention of the other judges to a turkey leg that he claims Miss Violette Shumberger does not clean as neatly as Joel Duffle does his, but the other judges dismiss this as a technicality.

Then the waiters bring on the pumpkin pie, and it is without doubt quite a large pie, and in fact it is about the size of a manhole cover, and I can see that Joel Duffle is observing this pie with a strange expression on his face, although to tell the truth I do not care for the expression on Miss Violette Shumberger's face, either.

Well, the pie is cut in two dead center, and one half is placed before Miss Violette Shumberger, and the other half before Joel Duffle, and he does not take more than two bites before I see him loosen his waistband and take a big swig of water, and thinks I to myself, he is now down to a slow walk, and the pie will decide the whole heat, and I am only wishing I am able to wager a little more dough on Miss Violette Shumberger. But about this moment, and before she as much as touches her pie, all of a sudden Violette turns her head and motions to Nicely-Nicely to approach her, and as he approaches, she whispers in his ear.

NOW at this, the Boston character by the name of Conway jumps up and claims a foul, and several other Boston characters join him in this claim, and so does Joel Duffle, although afterwards even the Boston characters admit that Joel Duffle is no gentleman to make such a claim against a lady.

Well, there is some confusion over this, and the judges hold a conference, and they rule that there is certainly no foul in the actual eating that they can see, because Miss Violette Shumberger does not touch her pie so far.

But they say that whether it is a foul otherwise all depends on whether Miss Violette Shumberger is requesting advice on the contest from Nicely-Nicely and the judge from Providence, R. I., wishes to know if Nicely-Nicely will kindly relate what passes between him and Violette so they may make a decision.

"Why," Nicely-Nicely says, "all she asks me is can I get her another piece of pie when she finishes the one in front of her."

Now at this, Joel Duffle throws down his knife, and pushes back his plate with all but two bites of his pie left on it, and says to the Boston characters like this:

"Gentlemen," he says, "I am licked. I cannot eat another mouthful. You must admit I put up a game battle, but," he says, "it is useless for me to go on against this Judy who is asking for more pie before she even starts on what is before her. I am almost dying as it is, and I do not wish to destroy myself in a hopeless effort. Gentlemen," he says, "she is not human."

Well, of course this amounts to throwing in the old napkin and Nicely-Nicely stands up on his chair, and says:

"Three cheers for Miss Violette Shumberger!"

Then Nicely-Nicely gives the first cheer in person, but the effort overtaxes his strength, and he falls off the chair in a faint just as Joel Duffle collapses under the table, and the doctors at the Clinic Hospital are greatly baffled to receive, from the same address at the same time, one patient who is suffering from undernourishment, and another patient who is unconscious from overeating.

Well, in the meantime, after the excitement subsides, and wagers are settled, we take Miss Violette Shumberger to the main floor in Mindy's for a midnight snack, and when she speaks of her wonderful triumph, she is disposed to give much credit to Nicely-Nicely Jones.

"You see," Violette says, "what I really whisper to him is that I am a goner. I whisper to him that I cannot possibly take one bite of the pie if my life depends on it, and if he has any bets down to try and hedge them off as quickly as possible.

"I fear," she says, "that Nicely-Nicely will be greatly disappointed in my showing, but I have a confession to make to him when he gets out of the hospital. I forget about the contest," Violette says, "and eat my regular dinner of pig's knuckles and sauerkraut an hour before the contest starts, and," she says, "I have no doubt this tends to affect my form somewhat. So," she says, "I owe everything to Nicely-Nicely's quick thinking."

IT IS several weeks after the great eating contest that I run into Miss Hilda Slocum on Broadway, and it seems to me that she looks much better nourished than the last time I see her, and when I mention this she says:

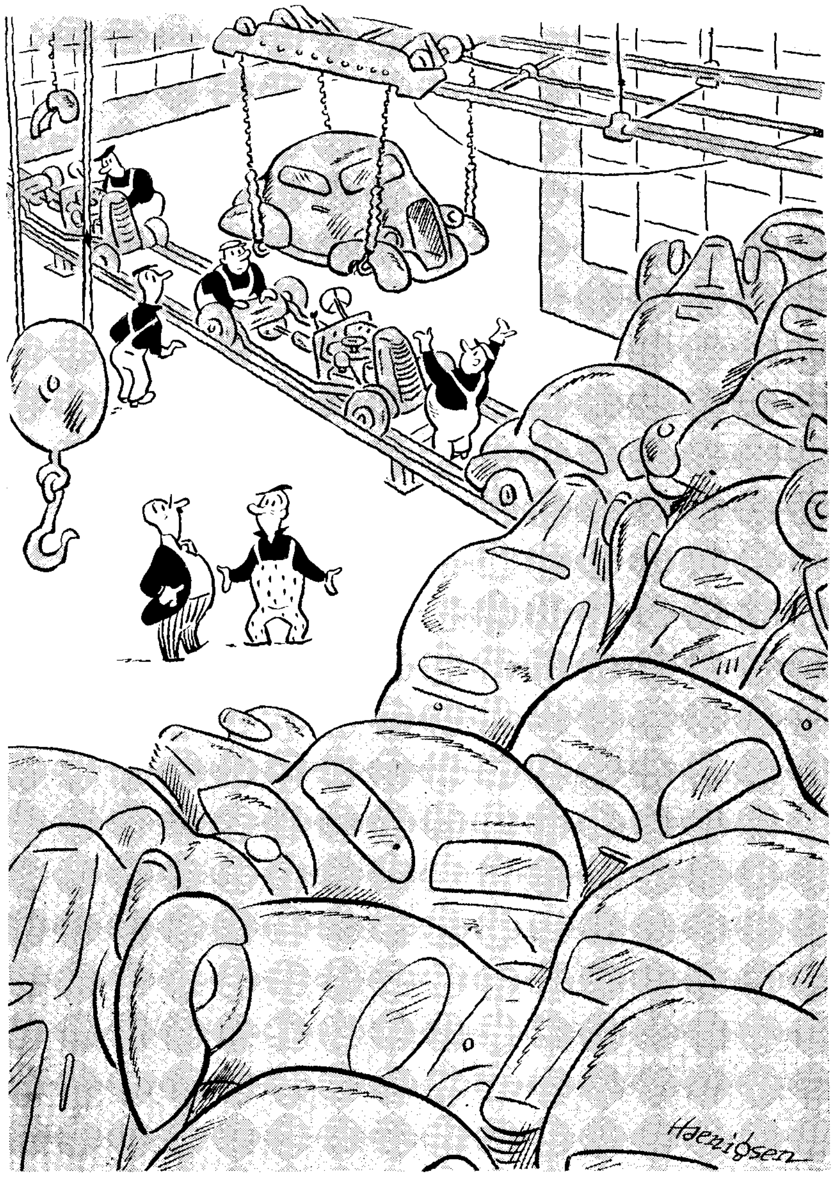
"Yes," she says, "I cease dieting. I learn my lesson," she says. "I learn that male characters do not appreciate anybody who tries to ward off surplus tissue. What male characters wish is substance. Why," she says, "only a week ago my editor, Mr. McBurgle, tells me he will love to take me dancing if only I get something on me for him to take hold of. I am very fond of dancing," she says.

"But," I say, "what of Nicely-Nicely Jones? I do not see him around lately."

"Why," Miss Hilda Slocum says, "do you not hear what this cad does? Why, as soon as he is strong enough to leave the hospital, he elopes with my dearest friend, Miss Violette Shumberger, leaving me a note saying something about two souls with but a single thought. They are down in Florida running a barbecue stand, and," she says, "the chances are, eating like seven mules."

"Miss Slocum," I say, "can I interest you in a portion of Mindy's chicken fricassee?"

"With dumplings?" Miss Hilda Slocum says. "Yes," she says, "you can. Afterwards I have a date to go dancing with Mr. McBurgle. I am crazy about dancing," she says.



"Hope Wilkins gets back tomorrow. Work's sure piling up!"

HARRY HAENIGSEN

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# Heartbroken Melody

Continued from page 16

young woman and the handsome man who sat in an inconspicuous corner alcove and talked so long and so earnestly. Honor could only indistinctly remember afterward what they talked about, but these moments were moments of glamor never to be forogtten.

"I didn't think that you were going to lunch with me," he said.

"I *knew* I wasn't going to!"

"But yet you did?"

"Why not?" she challenged him sedately, with a glance from deep blue eyes that were filled with sapphire lights.

"Exactly, why not?" he echoed seriously. "I want you very much to be my friend—I want to do just this much now and then. Lunch together, talk, and then go our ways."

"I'm going mine very soon now," she reminded him. "We are to be married on the twenty-second."

"As soon as that?"

"Five weeks from Thursday."

"And he's an engineer, you said?"

"A mining engineer."

"And shall you like living up at a mine? Rather lonely, won't it be?"

"I don't think so. I think I shall like it."

"You're the sort of woman," Paul said, "who ought to be traveling everywhere, meeting people, wife to some big diplomat or scientist. I'd like—"

He stopped.

"I'd like very much to take you places," he said simply. "I'd like to be on steamers with you, coming into strange ports. I'd like to hunt for a London apartment with you, or pick out a little whitewashed place up in the hills behind—well, say San Marco. Do you like San Marco?"

"I've never been to San Marco."

"You've been to Europe?"

"Never."

"Well, you're a strangely finished article for a pure San Francisco product," Paul said musingly, as if he spoke to himself. "And I never will have a chance to look for London apartments or Riviera houses with you, will I?"

"Never," she said cheerfully. And suddenly it seemed to her very silly to be lunching here and talking in this semijoking semisentimental way with Mr. Cartwright, who was her office boss, after all, securely married, and moving in a zone quite removed from her own. She wished that she had not come; the occasion seemed to go flat.

"WHAT are you thinking about, with that funny look in your eyes?" he asked, watching her.

"Wondering why we are doing this," she answered frankly.

"It's because we have found each other, discovered that we like to be together, isn't it?" he said.

"I suppose so," Honor answered doubtfully.

"You like me very much," he said, "and I like you more. And I am married to another woman and you about to be married to another man, so there is nothing we can do about it. Meanwhile —I am very happy, right here and now. Isn't that something?"

"I do like you very much," she admitted, surprised into soberness.

"I know you do, Honor." There was sudden thrill, sudden danger in the air again.

"I show it?" she said in a low tone.

"You showed it when you tried to say that you wouldn't come to lunch with me, and then came."

"I shouldn't have come." This was the very thing she had meant never to say; this was the very moment she had determined never to reach. He would say to her, of course: "Why, there's no harm in it." And she would know in her heart that of course there was harm in it.

But he said something quite different: "No, we shouldn't have come."

"It seems funny," Honor said, suddenly on the other side of the fence again, "if a man and a woman can't even lunch together. When you consider what they *are* doing, all the time, without being thrown out of decent society for it!"

"A man and a woman can't lunch together when they feel toward each other as we feel," Paul clarified it seriously. "And now we'll go back, and we'll not do it again. You'll forget me promptly, for you have a great deal to think of in the next few weeks, and I'll forget you as fast as I can. There's no harm done, and some day we'll be very glad that we left it at this."

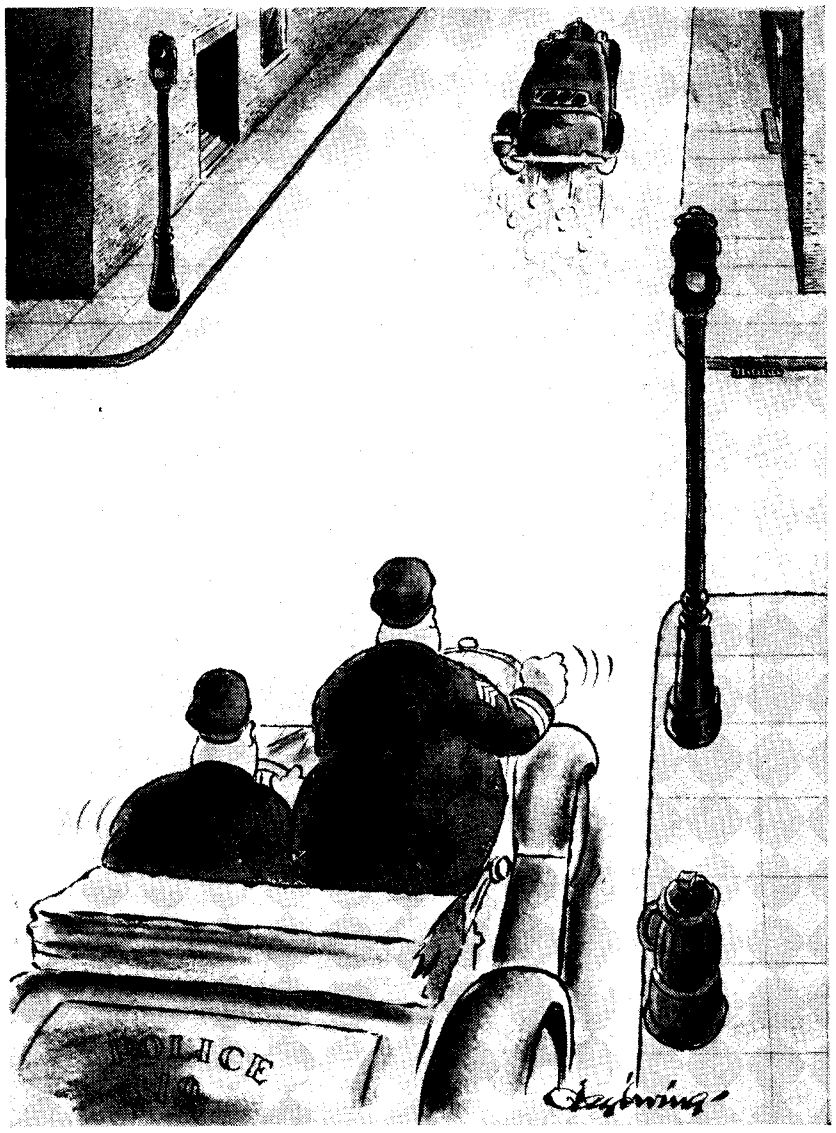
No harm done. But the frenzy of restlessness that seized upon Honor the moment he left her at the office, and that deepened and increased as the hours went on, and left her feeling utterly exhausted when the time came to go home, help with dinner, set the table, certainly did her no good. She did not know what was the matter with her; she felt tired and bored and yet wildly ready for adventure, wildly expectant of an interruption—*any* interruption: the doorbell, the telephone, a letter, a telegram, anything that might come from him to bring her one more proof that he was thinking of her.

But he had gone back to Burlingame, of course, and she had an endless evening to face with the home group, and Hugh, and various aunts and cousins who had come over to flutter and exclaim and plan for the wedding.

And the next day and the next he did not come into the office; there was no word from him and no sign. Then came Saturday, a full holiday this week, as it happened, for Mr. Cartwright was working on a case at home, with Joe Ferguson's help, and the old judge did not come downtown. And this was the day that they were to go to the Walburga, with the packed lunch and the packed suitcases. Honor felt that she would stifle if she had to start off for the mountain wilds with no word or sign from Paul, and yet the hours went by, and they were on their way, and she had not heard from him.

ADELINE, Tom and Hugh were all in high spirits. This was a gala occasion and every inch of the trip was enjoyable to them. Just the early start in the soft morning fog, the brief bay trip, and the drive along the rising road that went into the mountains were fascinating; luncheon beside the road in the warm clear winter sunlight was delightful, and the final arrival at the mine, and their eager study of every detail of this place that was to be Hugh's and Honor's home, kept them all chattering and excited. Honor tried her best to meet their mood, but she felt heavy and bored.

The Walburga mine and the power



"Shucks! We'd 'a' had 'em sure if the light hadn't changed on us!"

JAY IRVING

"MIKE! WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?"

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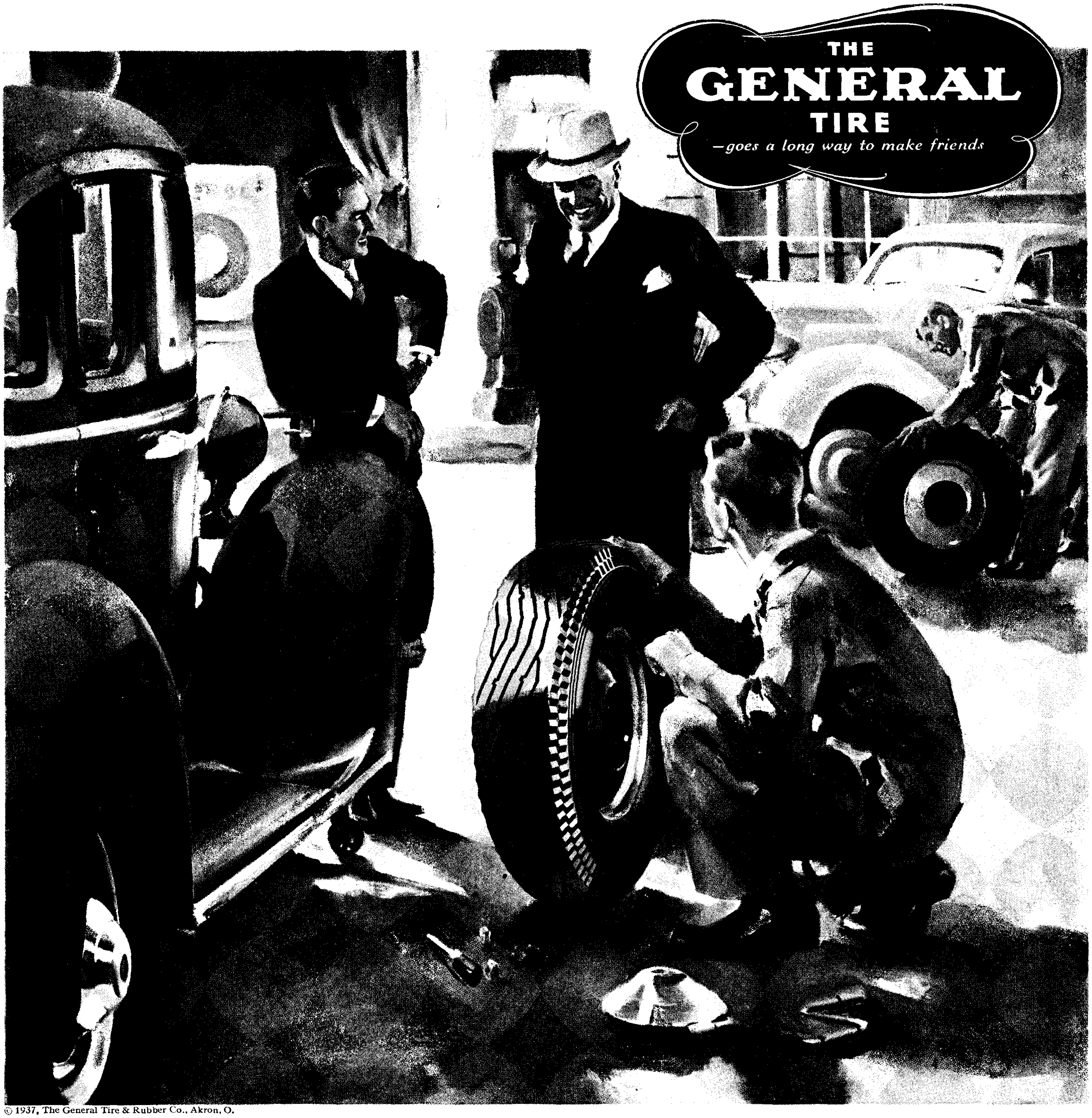
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plant were in a great canyon lined with enormous redwoods; the company hotel, a raw block of a pine building, was surrounded by smaller cabins, one of which would be Honor's. Tired, stiff, excited, the party was welcomed there by Mrs. Buell, the stout, kindly landlady, at four o'clock, and Hugh was inspected shrewdly by more than one loitering bystander as he registered in his big bold hand for them all.

"And there's a message for you, Mr. Braintree," Mrs. Buell said. "Mr. and Mrs. Torrey flew up to San Francisco last night, and they're going to be here tomorrow at noon for dinner. They're bringing their little boy, and a Mr. Cartwright, who is a friend, so I thought maybe you'd—"

She talked on and on, leading them to their rooms. Hugh and Tom and Adeline said that they were tired and filthy, and were all for hot baths before they walked about seeing the place. But Honor looked radiant, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, and Mrs. Buell, discussing her later in the kitchen, observed that Mr. Braintree's young lady was about as handsome a girl as she had ever seen, and it was to be hoped that she was as good as she was pretty.

HONOR knew before she was fairly awake the next morning that she was happy about something. Consciousness came slowly as she drifted back and forth between sleep and waking, and she snuggled beneath fresh soft blankets luxuriously and heard the rushing of the river and the clatter of pans in some distant kitchen with a sensation that all was right with the world. The strange room took shape about her; of course, this was the company house up at the Walburga mine in the high mountains, and the clean sweet scent that was coming in at the open window was from the pines and the junipers which clothed the steep sides of the canyon.

Adeline was awake, standing at the window brushing her hair. Honor got up and wrapped a comforter about her, joining her sister with a yawn and a laugh and a little shudder as the cold air reached her.

"It's simply *gorgeous*—" Adeline was saying under her breath.

"It *is* gorgeous!" Honor looked out at the solemn files of the dark trees and the winter sunshine striking boldly on the raw roofs of the clustered cabins and the swollen river that came churning down the gorge in a smother of white. "What time is it, Sis?" she asked.

"It's nearly nine. And breakfast's at nine. So we'd better hurry. Honor, isn't it thrilling? Did you ever have a better time in your life? Everyone so nice to us, and Hugh so pleased, and the drive up and all!"

"I'm loving it," Honor said. Nothing mattered except that Paul Cartwright was to be here today; as a matter of fact everything was delightful, but even if everything had been very disappointing and dull and if the rain had fallen in sheets and breakfast been uneatable, these flaws would all have been completely unimportant.

As it was she fairly danced through the hours and her happiness reflected itself in Hugh's deep content and the pleasure of Tom and Adeline. They breakfasted together after a brief preliminary walk down to the river and back, a matter of perhaps a hundred yards, but long enough to whip up the girls' color and appetites. And the meal was everything that a country breakfast should be, with sunshine pouring into the bare long dining room, and eggs and bacon and popovers and coffee all perfection.

Afterward, with the new rough coat which was to be part of her trousseau buttoned and belted snugly about her, and the new tweed hat pulled down to hold her hair in place, Honor went with the two men on a round of inspection. Adeline was tired and preferred a couch, old magazines, and the company of a black cat, but Honor was in wild spirits and climbed iron ladders, descended into pits, opened doors, stood awestruck before the great gently hissing generators, balanced on wet [illegible] to cross the creek, hesitated at nothing and was all the time at her enchanting best. She befriended a nervous-eyed silky brown setter who was established with puppies on some sacking in a shed; she promised Hugh that he should have trout fried in cornmeal as often as he chose to catch them.

They would not look at the houses this morning; they had promised to wait for Adeline before beginning that; but there was plenty to see, and the fresh sweet air and the novelty of everything about her made Honor's cheeks glow like apricots, loosened her soft hair, and kept her eyes dancing. Hugh was enchanted at her enthusiasms. "You *are* going to like it!" he said in deep satisfaction.

Everyone made much of Hugh. "Mr. Braintree" was the new superintendent, after all, and some of the men strolled over from the Sunday leisure of their cabins to walk down to the plant with him and explain this detail and that. And Honor saw that Hugh was going to carry his distinction nicely; there was nothing of the boss in his manner; he was simple and interested and asked many questions and laughed at the men's half-facetious answers. They liked him, Honor thought, and no wonder. Everyone liked Hugh. She slipped her arm in his as they started up the steep path of wooden planks and steps that led to the house and he glanced down at her with the quiet pride and satisfaction that a man feels in being near the woman he loves, with the evidence of her own love and trust unmistakable. And for a moment she forgot everything except that she was fortunate—ah, one of the fortunate girls in the world that such a man could love her!

BUT her heart was beating fast with a very different emotion when they reached the house, and she heard the big bell ringing for what, up here in the mountains, was the one-o'clock "dinner." The distinguished visitors had arrived; everyone was greeting everyone else in the hallway. A thin middle-aged woman in a fur coat, that was Mrs. Torrey, and the thin lanky boy was the son. Mr. Torrey, short and rosy and silver-headed, was standing with Mrs. Buell and Paul, who completed the group. His brown face was reddened from the cold trip, he had a brown cap under his arm and was pulling off heavy gloves, and laughing. And all the world began to laugh too, for Honor.

She and Adeline and the men were immediately drawn into the circle [illegible] there were fresh introductions. Honor watched Paul's face as he and Hugh shook hands; saw Paul's keen, quick, comprehending look, felt a hot slow color rising in her face.

"You're going to be the new man here?" Paul asked in his interested way. Hugh nodded, spoke slowly: "Hope so."

"And when did you all get up here?"

"Yesterday." The others were distracted for a moment, and Paul said to Honor: "How do you manage to be more beautiful every minute?"

Before she could answer except with a fluttered laugh there was a general move.

The newcomers were dirty and cold and red-faced after their long drive; they disappeared to make themselves presentable, and Honor went in with the others to a stupendous meal of chicken and ham and biscuits, preserves and pies and cookies and layer cake, potatoes cooked three ways, beans and macaroni and cold turkey. They were placed at a table set for a dozen, and waited for the Torrey party, and Honor was presently seated between the great man himself and the small boy, and exerted herself in being charming to both. Paul, in his turn winning Adeline's heart, was just across the table. The whole world was singing for Honor and life was only too gloriously full.

"And you're going to come up here and take care of our new superintendent, is that it, Miss Brownell?" Dean Torrey said, studying with approval the glowing cheeks and shining blue eyes of the girl beside him.

"That's the plot."

"And you won't be lonely?"

"No; I'm going to love it. It's one of the most beautiful places I've ever seen."

"MY WIFE and I started out in a mining camp," the man said. "I hear you've quite won Mrs. Buell. What was it you played with her last night?"

"Halma. Haven't you ever played it? It seems she's mad about it, and the minute she heard that I played it, I was finished!" Honor said laughing. "I played until I was ready to put my head down on the table and go to sleep right there."

"And that spoiled the others' bridge game?"

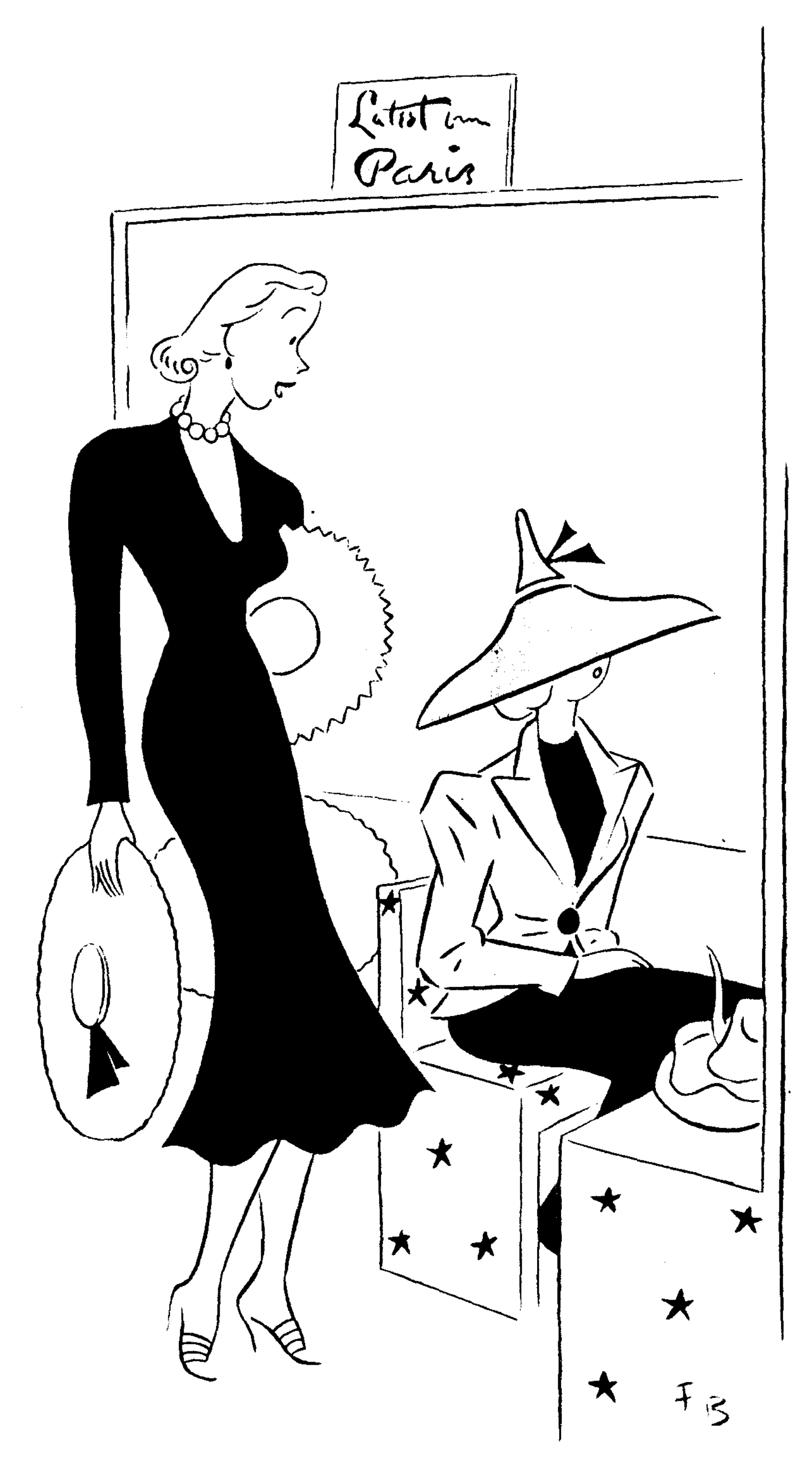
"No; they had Mr. Foulke. But they only played two rubbers and then went off to bed and left me to play Halma!"

"Bill Buell was our foreman here," Dean Torrey said. "He was with us twenty years; he was killed when a charged wire dropped on a lower wire, three years ago. She stepped right into the job of managing the hotel and she's a wonder at it. I'm glad you like her."

"And you like Hugh, don't you?" Honor asked, with a sort of laughing bravado. The man looked at her seriously.

"I like him very much. I think he's exactly where he belongs," he answered. Honor's smiling eyes, leaving his, met those of Paul Cartwright. For a moment their gaze hung, and she felt the blood stop in her heart. Then he turned to Adeline again, and the little crisis was over. But it had been the most vital second in her day. Every fiber of her being stirred in response to that level kindly look, with the hint of a smile in his eyes and touching the corners of his mouth.

*(To be continued next week)*



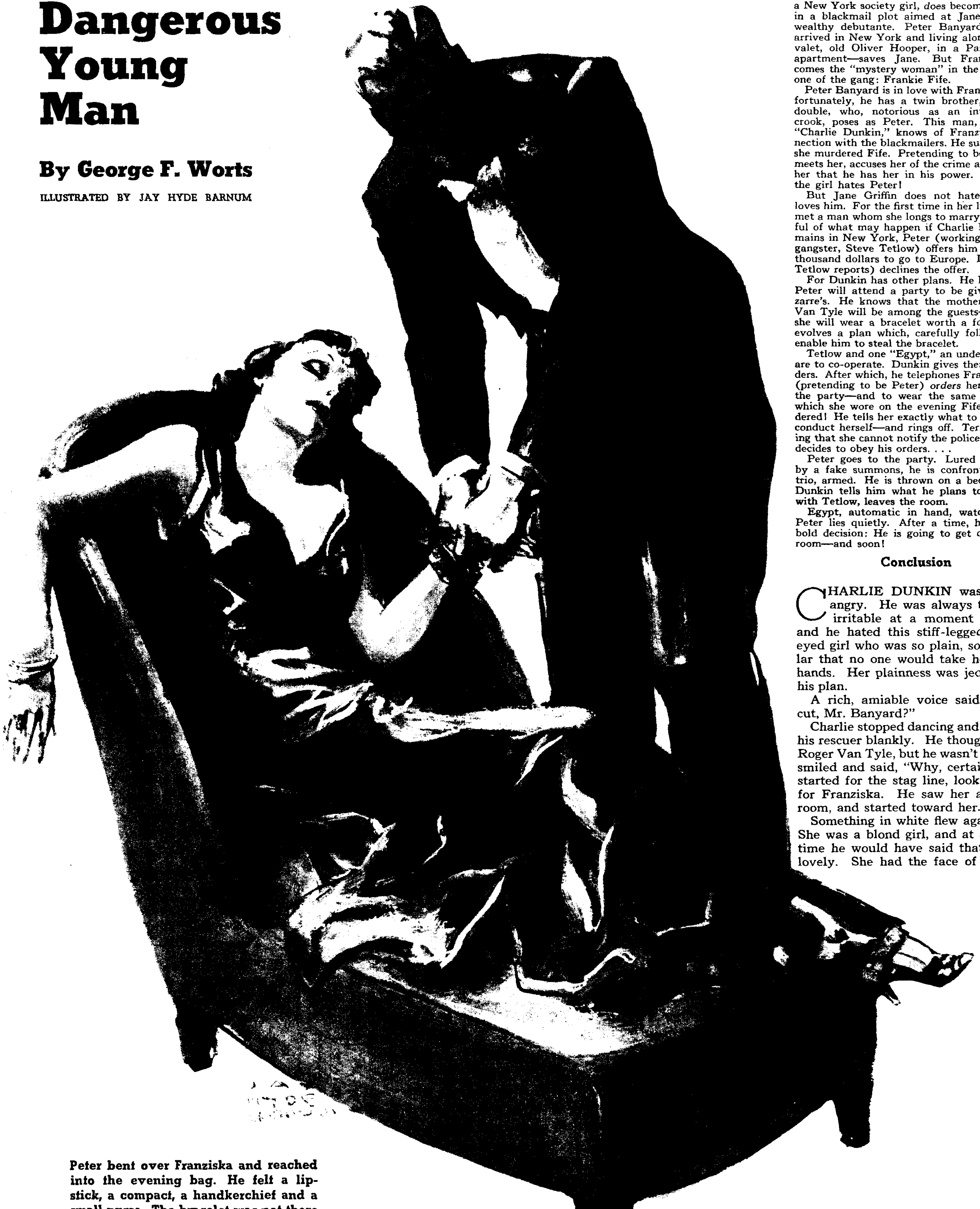
**"The beauty of this hat is that nobody can tell what you're thinking"**

FRANK BEAVEN

# Dangerous Young Man

## By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



**Peter bent over Franziska and reached into the evening bag. He felt a lipstick, a compact, a handkerchief and a small purse. The bracelet was not there**

*The Story Thus Far:*

ALTHOUGH she claims that she is entirely innocent, not a criminal, Franziska Rilling, a New York society girl, *does* become involved in a blackmail plot aimed at Jane Griffin, a wealthy debutante. Peter Banyard—recently arrived in New York and living alone with his valet, old Oliver Hooper, in a Park Avenue apartment—saves Jane. But Franziska becomes the "mystery woman" in the murder of one of the gang: Frankie Fife.

Peter Banyard is in love with Franziska. Unfortunately, he has a twin brother, a perfect double, who, notorious as an international crook, poses as Peter. This man, known as "Charlie Dunkin," knows of Franziska's connection with the blackmailers. He suspects that she murdered Fife. Pretending to be Peter, he meets her, accuses her of the crime and informs her that he has her in his power. Naturally, the girl hates Peter!

But Jane Griffin does not hate him—she loves him. For the first time in her life, she has met a man whom she longs to marry! . . . Fearful of what may happen if Charlie Dunkin remains in New York, Peter (working through a gangster, Steve Tetlow) offers him a hundred thousand dollars to go to Europe. Dunkin (so Tetlow reports) declines the offer.

For Dunkin has other plans. He knows that Peter will attend a party to be given at Lazarre's. He knows that the mother of Roger Van Tyle will be among the guests—and that she will wear a bracelet worth a fortune. He evolves a plan which, carefully followed, will enable him to steal the bracelet.

Tetlow and one "Egypt," an underworld rat, are to co-operate. Dunkin gives them their orders. After which, he telephones Franziska and (pretending to be Peter) *orders* her to attend the party—and to wear the same blue dress which she wore on the evening Fife was murdered! He tells her exactly what to do, how to conduct herself—and rings off. Terrified, feeling that she cannot notify the police, Franziska decides to obey his orders. . . .

Peter goes to the party. Lured to a room by a fake summons, he is confronted by the trio, armed. He is thrown on a bed and tied. Dunkin tells him what he plans to do; then, with Tetlow, leaves the room.

Egypt, automatic in hand, watches Peter. Peter lies quietly. After a time, he makes a bold decision: He is going to get out of that room—and soon!

### Conclusion

CHARLIE DUNKIN was growing angry. He was always tense and irritable at a moment like this, and he hated this stiff-legged, brown-eyed girl who was so plain, so unpopular that no one would take her off his hands. Her plainness was jeopardizing his plan.

A rich, amiable voice said, "May I cut, Mr. Banyard?"

Charlie stopped dancing and looked at his rescuer blankly. He thought he was Roger Van Tyle, but he wasn't sure. He smiled and said, "Why, certainly," and started for the stag line, looking about for Franziska. He saw her across the room, and started toward her.

Something in white flew against him. She was a blond girl, and at any other time he would have said that she was lovely. She had the face of an angry faun, and gentian eyes with deep blue bands about the pupils. She seized him by the elbows and stared into his eyes.

"I hoped you were going to ignore me all evening." She had a soft, husky voice. She lifted her arms. He was furious, but there was no escape from this. He took her in his arms. He smiled down into her face.

She said breathlessly, "Well, haven't you anything to say?"

HE HAD been prepared for something like this, but he hadn't been prepared to spend so much time at it.

"Well," he said, in an amiable voice, "what would you like me to say?"

"Are you going to say you're sorry?"

"I am sorry."

"Really?" Her voice almost sang it.

"Yes, I'm horribly sorry."

"Oh, darling! You mean you're apologizing?"

"On bended knees."

"Oh, darling! How about Grandfather?"

He could have struck her in the teeth. He wondered if she could possibly be Jane Griffin.

"Well, how about him?"

"Will you apologize to him?"

"Why, certainly."

"Oh, Peter! Oh, darling!" She was almost crying. "All right. Come on."

"Where?"

"Home! It won't take half an hour. We'll come right back!"

A young man was trying to cut in. She pushed him away. She was dragging Charlie toward the door.

"Not now," he said firmly, still smiling. "Later. I can't go now. I can't leave Mrs. Van Tyle."

Her lower lip became square and belligerent. "Oh. You're going to be nasty again."

They mechanically began dancing, to avoid couples who bumped into them. She was staring at his face. "Who've you been dancing with?"

Charlie was growing uneasy again.

"Why?"

"What's funny about you?"

He smiled slowly. "Is something?"

"Something's awfully funny and snaky about you. I don't like you tonight. What is it? You're not dancing the same, either."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You haven't thanked me, either."

"What for?"

"Didn't you get it?"

"What?" He had to stake everything on the amiable, taunting way he said it.

"The cigarette case!"

"Of course I got it. It was swell of you. I'm crazy about it."

"Wasn't it nice of me?" She had softened. Everything was all right again.

"Swell of you."

"May I cut?"

"May I cut?"

Two at once. "Don't hurry back!"

"Okay."

Franziska now. Where was Franziska? He saw her through the crowd, and he saw the little blue evening bag hanging from her wrist.

"HOW would you like to make five thousand dollars?" Peter said.

Egypt's heavy-lidded little eyes watched him suspiciously. With his pouting chest, his square face with its large round chin, his rust-colored eyebrows which grew well up on his forehead, and his small, thin-lipped mouth, he suggested a stupid child listening to a tall story.

"Don't kid me, mister."

"I'm not kidding you. I'm asking you how you'd like to make five thousand dollars."

"Doin' what?"

"Turning me loose."

"You must think I'm nuts, mister."

Peter could see his mind working behind those watchful little eyes.

"Where's the five G's?"

"In the billfold in my left-hand hip pocket."

Egypt's mind resumed work in his eyes. He was thinking: Why not? Nobody will know. This will be pure velvet. I get the five G's and he stays right here and nobody gets hurt. If he mentions it to Charlie, Charlie won't mind. If he minds, I'll split it with him and Steve."

"If you doubt it," Peter said, "take it out and count it. It's all yours if you turn me loose."

"Okay, mister. The left-hand hip pocket?"

"That's right."

Egypt got up and bent over him. He reached down and into Peter's left-hand hip pocket. Peter estimated just where the top of his head should hit Egypt's prominent chin. He brought himself up to a sitting position with a snap. The top of his head struck Egypt under the chin so forcibly that Peter's brain went dark for a moment. Things cleared as he heard the thump of Egypt's body striking the floor.

He was lying on his back. Peter had seen men lying in the ring with that expression. They usually did not return to consciousness for a long time.

FRANZISKA looked pale and tired. She was talking with animation to the young man she was dancing with, but there was something mechanical about her smile, and her pallor seemed to add to her fragility.

But she was holding her proud young head high, and her slimness, her curly black hair, her coquettish bangs, and her lovely mouth made her so appealing that Charlie Dunkin, advancing toward her, felt, for a moment, a little sad.

"May I cut?"

She looked at him dully, but without fear. She lifted indifferent arms. "You're pale, Franziska."

"Oh, I'm so tired."

"Please listen. When someone cuts in, I will dance with Mrs. Van Tyle."

"I know. You're going to get the bracelet."

"Please do nothing but listen. While dancing with her, I will dance close to you. Her back will be toward you. I will wink at you. When I wink, you're to scream at the top of your lungs. Do you understand?"

"Of course not!"

"When I wink, you're to scream. Loud and long. As if there were a frightful pain in your heart. When you're questioned afterward, that's what you're to say—this frightful pain in your heart. Then you are to fall in a faint. Stay in the faint until after I've carried you into the lobby and placed you on a settee. Is it all clear?"

"May I cut?"

"Do you understand what you're to do?"

"Yes, yes!"

"May I cut?"

"Certainly. Thank you, Miss Rilling."

EGYPT was still lying on his back on the floor, his breathing just beginning to be audible, when Peter finished freeing himself from strips of toweling. By patterning his actions on the strategy of any clever and courageous man, placed in the same position, he had taken the first step in a program to outwit his clever and courageous brother.

He picked up the phone and called Brunetti's private number. Brunetti answered.

Peter said: "This is Banyard. He's here, at the Lazarre. How soon can you make it?"

"Two minutes. I'll park behind the taxi stand."

Peter hung up, went to the door, let

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himself out and ran down the hall toward the stairs. The music of the dance orchestra came up to him, rich and smooth.

CHARLIE DUNKIN was keeping Mrs. Van Tyle well away from the stag line, dancing slowly, maneuvering her toward Franziska.

"I'm having such a grand time, Peter."

"I'm awfully glad." His eyes slid back to the bracelet on her right wrist, just an inch or two from his fingers. Its frosty fire, the deep glints and electrical flashes of the large stones made his heart pound. But he wasn't tense. His senses were sharp. He was cool and he was ready.

Franziska saw him and bit her lower lip. She looked ill, she was so pale.

When he was so close that he could have reached out and touched her, he winked.

Peter was halfway down the last flight of stairs when he heard the scream. It cut through the rich deep velvet of the music. He took the last of the stairs three at a bound, and he started across the long lobby at a run.

Young men and girls were standing in small groups about the lobby, and they were all looking in the direction of the ballroom. The music stopped.

Peter saw Steve Tetlow rising from a long settee of rose and gold brocade. There was some confusion in the doorway, then Charlie appeared, carrying Franziska in his arms. He came down the stairs from the ballroom, walking not rapidly, and looking as any young man might look who is carrying an unconscious girl in his arms.

Peter was halfway across the lobby when Charlie reached the foot of the steps and started toward the settee.

Charlie saw him a moment later. So did Steve Tetlow. Tetlow started leisurely for the street. Charlie looked at Peter. His eyebrows flattened a little, and his lips thinned, but his expression was not one of surprise.

Peter turned and fell into step beside him. They walked toward the settee shoulder to shoulder. People were staring at them. But Charlie did not hurry. He knew what to do.

He placed Franziska gently on the settee and started for the street door. He did not hurry. His air was that of a man who has forgotten something.

Peter bent over Franziska and reached into the evening bag. He felt a lipstick, a compact, a handkerchief and a small purse. The bracelet was not there.

He whispered: "It's all right. Everything's all right. If you're asked why you screamed, you had a sudden pain in your heart. Do you hear me?"

She whispered, "Yes."

He straightened up and started after Charlie. He walked rapidly. Charlie went out the door ahead of him. He started toward the taxi stand. Peter saw a black sedan pull in behind the taxis.

He said, "Wait a minute, Charlie. I want that bracelet."

Charlie did not pause. Peter grasped him by the shoulder and spun him about. He hit him in the mouth.

Charlie staggered back and came at him with shoulders down, chin in and fists driving. Peter sidestepped a swinging right and struck him twice in the upper part of the face. When Charlie lifted his hands to protect his face, Peter drove in a fist below his heart. Charlie dropped his hands, and Peter hit him twice on the jaw, finishing it.

When Charlie dropped, Peter swiftly searched his pockets. He found the bracelet in the inner coat pocket and transferred it to his own.

The doorman was blowing his whistle shrilly.

Brunetti's voice said, "You got a pretty left hook, kid. Who are you?"

Peter said, "Park Avenue."

"Okay."

"I'll meet you at my apartment as soon as I can. Wait there."

"Okay."

Brunetti and another man picked Charlie up and carried him to the black sedan. They loaded him in. They jumped in. The door slammed. The sedan shot ahead.

Peter went into Lazarre's.

WHILE Inspector Clark listened to the reports of the two detectives, his mildly cynical eyes roved about the faces of the five who sat facing him. He looked oftenest at Peter Banyard, and longest at Franziska Rilling.

He said presently, "Mrs. Van Tyle, will you please tell me what happened?"

Mrs. Van Tyle had been watching Peter and Franziska, whose chairs were close together. She seemed calm and composed. Her coloring was only a little less warm than usual, and she seemed alert and aware.

"I was dancing with Mr. Banyard—I thought it was Mr. Banyard—when Miss Rilling screamed and fainted. He was carrying her out when I noticed that my bracelet was gone. Then I saw this other man who looks just like Mr. Banyard. One of them placed Miss Rilling on the settee, and they both went out on the sidewalk. This young man returned and gave me the bracelet."

Jane Griffin said belligerently: "He is not Peter Banyard. It's that crook. I know Peter Banyard."

Inspector Clark studied her angry, faunlike face a moment longer, then glanced at Peter. "Well, let's hear from you."

"I am Peter Banyard."

"He isn't!" Jane snapped.

"One moment, please, Miss Griffin. I want to hear from him, anyway."

Peter welcomed the chance to establish his identity. It gave him another moment to straighten out his thoughts. He felt that he hadn't the courage or the wits to get Franziska out of hot water, but he was the only one who might save her.

SHE was actually on trial. Inspector Clark, with his knowing air, was the trial judge. And by an ironical twist of fate, Jane, with her intuitions and her malice, would play prosecutor.

Peter smiled dangerously at Inspector Clark. "It was Charles Dunkin." He turned to Franziska. "Charles Dunkin is a notorious jewel thief. I heard about him a couple of days ago from Inspector Clark. He tricked me up to Room 311 at Lazarre's tonight, and took my place at the party. I know what his plans were. He told me what they were. He was bragging. He intended to steal the bracelet and run out with it."

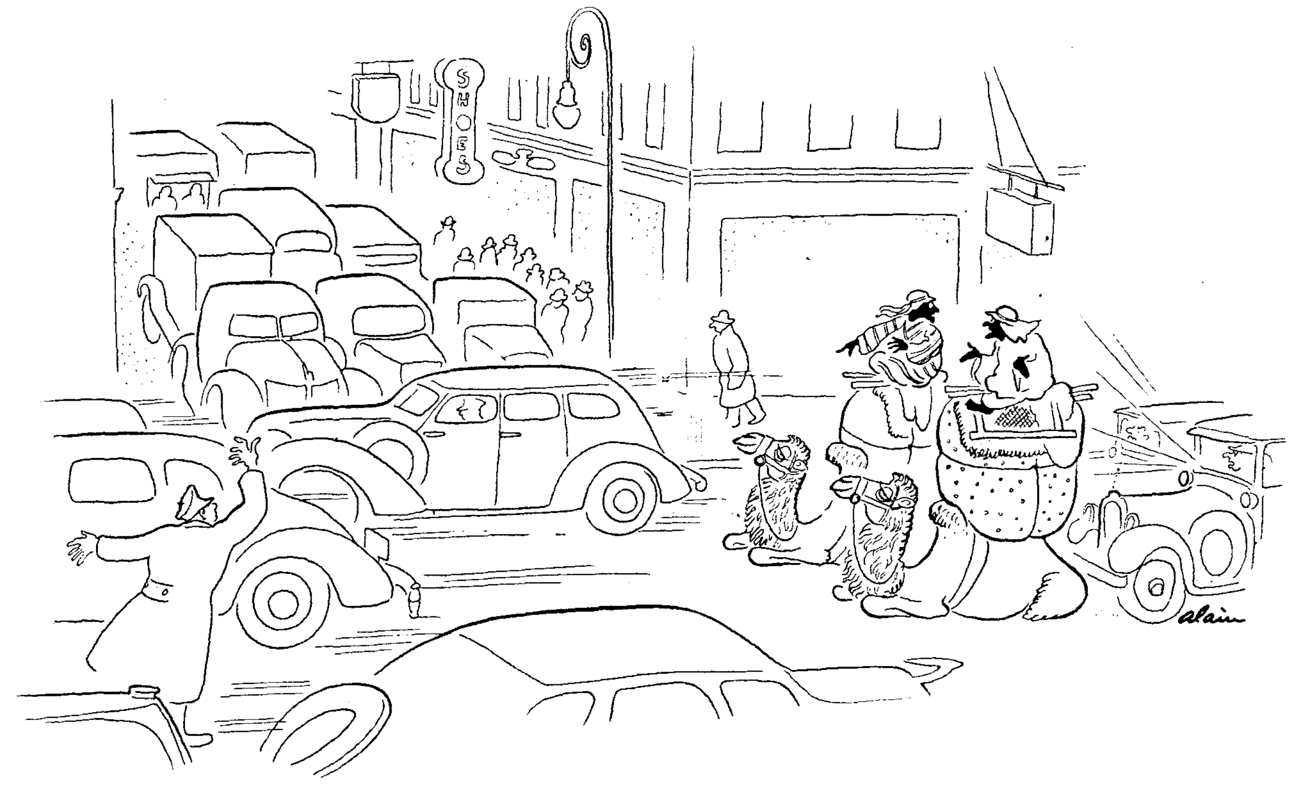
"When Miss Rilling screamed?" Inspector Clark said.

"No. She had nothing to do with it. Her scream merely gave him an unexpected opportunity."

"That's another lie," Jane said. "She was in it. And this man is not Peter Banyard. He is that crook."

"Just a moment, Miss Griffin. Mrs. Van Tyle, is this man Peter Banyard?"

She looked calmly at Peter. "I



"I told you they'd call it a day as soon as they smelled water"

ALAIN

really don't know," she said thoughtfully.

"Mr. Van Tyle?"

Roger looked at Peter and said, "I think he's Peter Banyard, but I'm not sure, Inspector."

Inspector Clark looked at them gravely. "Charles Dunkin resembles Mr. Banyard amazingly."

"They're alike," Jane said, "but they're not that much alike. I can tell them apart. This man is not Peter Banyard."

"How can you tell, Miss Griffin?"

"I can tell. I can tell in a thousand little ways."

"How, Miss Griffin?"

"I can just tell. Isn't my word enough?"

"He is Peter Banyard," Franziska said quietly, "and I can prove it in a few seconds. You know that the man I saw on the plane leaving Las Vegas was Peter Banyard, because you checked up on the date he left there. No one knows what he said to me or what I said to him."

THE Inspector nodded. "All right, Miss Rilling. Suppose you write down what he said to you and what you said to him."

When she had written it, the Inspector took the paper and said, "Mr. Banyard?"

Peter moistened his lips. His throat was dry. "I said, 'Has it been a nice flight?' And Miss Rilling said, 'Is this an attempt at airy humor?' "

Franziska's chin trembled a little. Her color suddenly seemed a little better.

Inspector Clark leaned forward. "And, Mr. Banyard, what did you say when Hurley said, 'We don't see how it's possible for two unrelated people to look so much alike?' "

"I said to Bracken, 'Then you must be President Harding's twin brother.' "

Inspector Clark said dryly, "He seems to know the correct answers, Miss Griffin."

Jane's lower lip was still squared. "I'm not satisfied. I'll never be satisfied."

Roger said, "Jane, you're just putting on an act."

The Inspector said, "Suppose you go on with your story, Mr. Banyard."

"He isn't Peter Banyard!"

"Please, Miss Griffin."

Peter said: "I was held prisoner in that room. I got away. I met Dunkin as he was coming out of the ballroom."

"He was carrying Miss Rilling?"

"Yes. I told him to give me the bracelet. He put her down and went out. I followed him and had a fight with him. I got the bracelet and he got away. A man named Tetlow was in this scheme, too. He was waiting in the lobby to take the bracelet from Dunkin, but when he saw me, he left."

"Just a moment—"

"I'm almost finished. As Dunkin ran away from me, three men grabbed him and put him in a sedan and it drove off."

"Yes, we know about that. Miss Rilling, why did you scream?"

Peter said, "It doesn't seem to me that that needs any explanation. She had a sudden acute pain in her heart. She hadn't been feeling well for days. She fainted."

The Inspector settled back in his chair and looked at Peter. "Then Dunkin's scheme to get the bracelet didn't include Miss Rilling?"

"Certainly not."

Roger said angrily, "Certainly it didn't."

"Listen," Jane said. "He got the bracelet when she screamed. Mrs. Van Tyle says so. The natural thing would have been for him to run. Why did he stop to pick up Franziska and carry her out?"

Peter said, "You're just being obstinate, Jane. When Franziska screamed, he took advantage of a swell opportunity and grabbed the bracelet. Then he carried her out into the lobby because it gave him a chance to get out gracefully —to make his getaway."

Jane snapped, "I don't believe it!"

Peter said angrily, "Jane, I am trying to tell you what happened. I followed him out there and took that bracelet away from him."

Jane stood up. "Oh, don't you tell me. I know what happened."

"Sit down," Peter said.

Roger said, "Yes, for heaven's sake sit down, Jane. You're just trying to make things difficult."

"Difficult!" she said. "Don't you think Fran's—"

The telephone on Inspector Clark's desk rang and he answered it. He said, "Yes?" then listened. He hung up and said, "Well, they've found Tetlow. In front of his tavern. Filled with bullets."

Mrs. Van Tyle gasped softly. Jane sat down.

Peter's expression did not change. The important thing was Franziska. It seemed to him, frightened as he was, that Franziska was cleared of any connection with the theft of the bracelet, and he was sure, judging by their expressions, that Roger and his mother believed her innocent.

Jane's lip was still squared. "Are you satisfied with his explanation of how that bracelet was stolen?"

"Why, yes, Miss Griffin." The Inspector seemed surprised. "It's all quite obvious. Now, Miss Rilling. On the night of Miss Griffin's coming-out party, you and Miss Griffin went to Penthouse A in Sunrise Towers."

Peter's tenseness returned. If the police knew she had killed Frank Fife, there was only one thing he could do.

Jane said sharply: "That has nothing to do with this."

"I must clear up a point. Miss Rilling, just what arguments did Frankie Fife use to persuade you to take Miss Griffin to Roderico Hova's apartment that night?"

Franziska was pale. She looked exhausted. "He told me that Miss Griffin's father was anxious to break up her affair with Roderico Hova before it became serious, and he said that Hova's mistress would be there that night."

Roger said, "That's true. Miss Rilling told me all about it the next day."

Inspector Clark said, "You didn't know, of course, that he was Frankie Fife, or any one of that type?"

"No. He told me his name was Mericka. I'd never heard of him."

MRS. VAN TYLE looked startled. Her eyes settled on Franziska with a look of doubt. Roger also looked startled. He seemed about to speak.

Jane looked belligerent. "Oh, really?"

"Please," the Inspector said. "I know that Miss Rilling is telling the truth. What I want to know, Miss Rilling, is why you went to Frankie Fife's room afterward."

Peter felt cold.

Franziska hesitated. She looked at Peter, then back at the Inspector. "He had fooled me and done a terrible thing. I was furious. I didn't really know what I was doing. And I didn't stop to think."

"That's the famous blue gown, isn't it?"

"Yes, Inspector."

"With the equally famous little gold stars in it?"

"Yes, Inspector," she whispered.

Roger was leaning forward, clasping and unclasping his big hands. His face was flushed and his eyes looked puzzled and anxious. His mother was looking at Franziska with pained disapproval which was confused, in her expression, by her real affection for Franziska.

And Jane was staring at Franziska greedily. Peter registered all this with-

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out being aware that he registered any of it. He tried to swallow.

"So you went up to Fife's room," the Inspector said, "and you went in—"

"Wait a minute," Peter interrupted him. "She didn't kill Fife. I did."

The Inspector looked startled. "You killed Fife?"

"I killed Fife."

"Peter!" Jane wailed.

"Peter!" Franziska said. "What are you talking about?"

The Inspector said, "Why, Mr. Banyard?"

"Because of the dirty trick he had played on Miss Rilling."

"You went in there and shot him?"

"Yes."

"What did you do with the revolver?"

"I disposed of it."

The Inspector said, "Just why are you so anxious to shield that gangster?"

Peter said harshly, "What gangster?"

"The man who killed him. The man who tried to kill you in front of the Crown Club, under the impression that you were Charlie Dunkin. The man who killed Tetlow tonight. Brunetti."

PETER stood up. "Then why the hell have you been giving out these stories about a mysterious woman in a blue evening gown?"

The Inspector smiled cynically. "That's fairly obvious, Mr. Banyard. Naturally we didn't want Brunetti to know we suspected him. Now, Miss Rilling, we're anxious to establish something. When you went into that room at approximately two-thirty, was Fife dead then?"

"Yes. He was dead."

"You looked at him and went out."

"Yes. I was scared to death."

Roger said, "Good lord, Fran, why didn't you tell me?"

The Inspector said, "I'm very much afraid, Mr. Banyard, that you're a hero again—the man who risked his life to save the Unger bracelet—"

"No," Peter said. "I don't want any more publicity. I'm sure Mrs. Van Tyle doesn't want any notoriety if she can avoid it."

Mrs. Van Tyle said as firmly, "I certainly don't."

Inspector Clark looked at them cynically. "How do you expect us to put these crooks where they belong if you won't give us your co-operation?"

Mrs. Van Tyle said, "I would prefer to let the whole thing drop. If you catch this man, I will not prefer charges against him."

Jane said huskily, "Peter, I want you to take me home."

AS THE cab started uptown, Franziska settled back and began to laugh. It was soft laughter, but it seemed to Peter that she had little control over it.

"I can't help it," she said. "All those people sitting around that room, and Mrs. Van Tyle looking so judicial, and you knowing all about me, lying yourself black in the face to save me—even to trying to take the blame for that murder!"

Peter smiled slowly. "You'd better try to relax, Franziska."

"Oh, it isn't all hysterics. You, almost a stranger, knowing what a mess I was in—"

"Franziska!"

"You thought I'd killed that man. You thought I was a crook, or at least an awful fool, and it didn't make any difference to you, as long as you could convince them I wasn't."

"Franziska, there's one question I'd like to ask."

"Only one?"

"Well, one to start with. How much money did Merricka promise to give you?"

She sat up straight. "What are you talking about?"

"He did promise you money, didn't he? That's what you went to his hotel for, wasn't it?"

"He didn't promise me money."

"Then why did you go to his room?"

"I don't want to talk about it. I mean— Well, didn't I explain it to the Inspector?"

"I wish you'd tell me."

"Oh, please."

"All right. There's one more. Did you do anything else for them until tonight?"

"No, no." Her voice trembled.

"How did they work it, Franziska? Threatening to implicate you with Merricka's murder?"

"I don't—" she began wearily.

"Isn't that what Charles Dunkin said to you in my apartment?"

Franziska sighed. "Oh, that was awful. That was just awful. I'd begun to think I'd made a mistake about you. Then to go up and have him meet me! Yes, that was it."

"That was tough. I thought I was in luck to have him there when you came up. I wanted you to see the two of us together. Just before you came, he knocked me out. That was what was really tough. I couldn't have made you believe anything after that."

"No. Not after that." She hesitated. "It almost seems as if you'd been trying to protect him."

"Yes. I have, in a way."

Franziska said breathlessly, "Is Charles Dunkin your brother?"

"Yes." Peter was silent a moment. "I want to tell you all about it, Franziska. There isn't time now. Tomorrow, maybe? I'm seeing him now."

She gasped: "Charles Dunkin?"

"At my apartment. That's why I told this fellow to hurry. I'll drop you off. I had Brunetti take him there."

Franziska was sitting up straight again, trying to see his face. "Don't be silly!" she said. "I'm going with you."

"No, you're not."

"I certainly am! I'm having a hard enough time as it is getting you sorted out from him. I want to see you and I want to see him. Both of you. Right in front of me!"

WHEN Oliver let them in, Franziska saw a short, wide-shouldered man standing in the middle of the living room with his hands in his pockets and a cigar in his mouth tilted at the ceiling. He was fresh-shaven but dark-jowled. He looked Italian.

He saw her and Peter and said heartily, "Come in, come in!"

A slim, white-faced, younger man with a pendulous lower lip stood beside the short one and stared at her from slits.

Charlie Dunkin was sitting in a deep chair with his knees crossed and a highball in his hand. He looked pale and exhausted. His eyes were pale, much paler than Peter's, and perhaps because of his exhaustion, there was something in his face that made him utterly different from Peter Banyard. His face, relaxed, had a look of disillusion. His eyes looked as if they had seen things Peter's had never seen, his mouth as if it had said things Peter's had never said.

He hardly glanced at her. He was looking at Peter. All of them were looking at Peter.

Peter said, "I hear Tetlow's dead."

Brunetti chuckled and nodded quickly several times. "Sure, sure. I guess maybe he got run over by a lawnmower." He looked at Franziska and raised one eyebrow a little.

"She's all right," Peter said. "She knows all about it."

"Your secretary, huh?" His black eyes traveled quickly over Franziska's pale blue gown. He made a little grimace as if to acknowledge an interesting fact, and chuckled again. "Well, kid, what are you gonna do with this guy?"

Charlie bent forward, with his eyes on Peter. "Just a moment," he said. "You made me a proposition a few days ago. I've decided to accept it."

Peter shook his head. "It's a different proposition now, Charlie."

Brunetti looked pleased. "Sure! I get it."

Franziska, watching Charlie, realized that underneath his composure there was an awful fear. He was confronted by the man who had been trying to kill him, and now this man was controlled by the man who had every reason to wish him dead.

His eyebrows were flattened and the left one was moving a little, almost in a nervous twitch. His blue eyes were so pale now that they looked gray and burned-out, like ashes. But his mouth was smiling a little.

"No," Peter said. "He's going to Europe. Oliver—"

"Yes, sir. The freighter City of Siboney is sailing from Brooklyn for Marseilles at six A. M. It's four-thirty now, sir. She has accommodations for a few passengers. I've made arrangements for one one-way passage."

"Good," Peter said.

FRANZISKA saw a sudden flush of color rise up in Charlie's face. His smile didn't change.

Peter said, "And you're not coming back here. If you should, I'd have you arrested for stealing Mrs. Van Tyle's bracelet. I'd testify against you, and so would Mrs. Van Tyle, and so would Miss Rilling. I'm going to give you a thousand a month. Oliver, give Mr. Brunetti his money. Mr. Brunetti, will you take him to Brooklyn and put him on that ship?"

Charlie lifted his head quickly. "And do I have any accident insurance?"

Peter looked at Brunetti and the gangster said, "Five grand?"

"All right. Collect it tomorrow."

"Okay, kid. Come along, Charlie."

Charlie got up. There was a strange embarrassed silence as he and Peter looked at each other. And Franziska wondered what was going on in Charlie Dunkin's mind.

He said awkwardly, "Well—thanks," and held out his hand.

Peter hesitated, shook it. Their restraint, the tension, made Franziska's heart race. She wanted to hold her breath.

Brunetti said heartily, "Well, let's get going. You go first, Charlie. You follow him, Tony."

Franziska, with her hand to her cheek, watched them go. When she heard the door close, she sighed with relief.

Oliver came back and said, "Can I make you a drink, Miss Rilling?"

"Yes," Peter said. "Bring us Scotch and soda. Did you give Brunetti the money?"

"Yes, sir. And if you'll pardon me, Mr. Banyard, the way you handled the situation was wonderful. The fearless way you— There's the bell, sir."

He went to the door. He came back with a startled look and said, "Miss Griffin and Mr. Roger Van Tyle to see you, Mr. Banyard."

They followed Oliver into the room and stopped. Roger was very pale and his eyes had a hot, excited look. His hair was rumpled and his white tie had been pulled loose. Three thin parallel lines of dried blood ran down his left cheek. With his wild hair, his wild eyes and his grimly set mouth, he looked menacing.

He held Jane firmly by the arm. Her hair was in disorder. Her corsage was hanging to her gown by a thread. Her gentian eyes were blazing. She looked like a furious, disheveled faun. On the right side of her face was a mark angrily red approximately the size of a hand. She had been crying. Her lower lip was squared and trembling. She was panting.

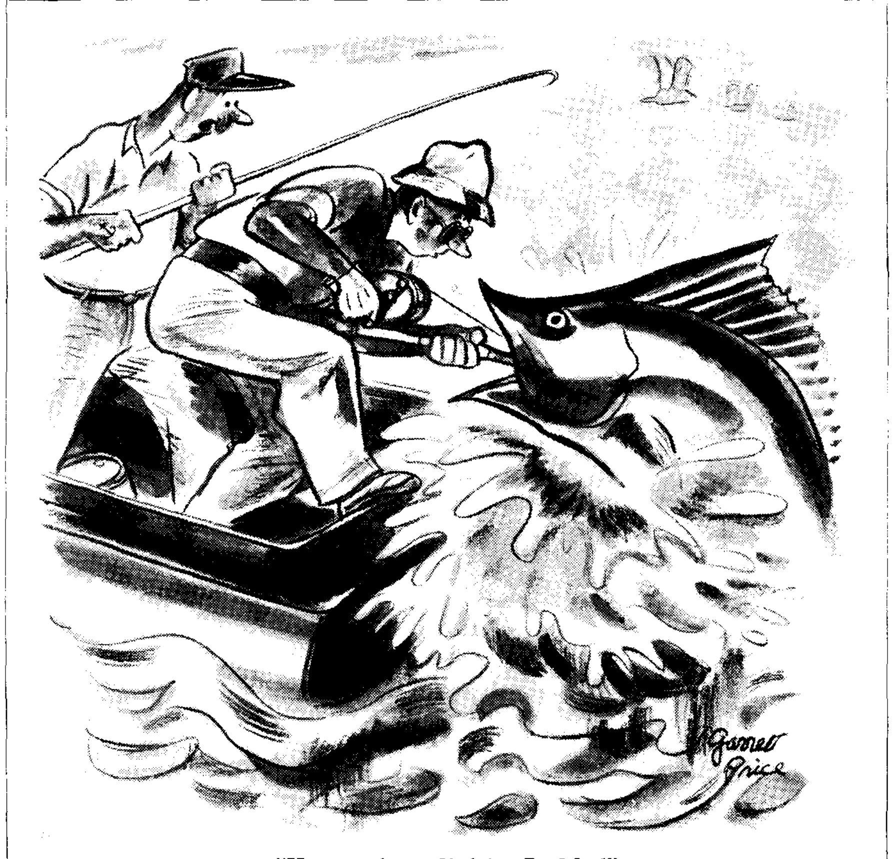
Roger was out of breath, too. He was looking belligerently at Peter. "She has a lot to say to you," he panted. "Get busy and say it!"

Jane tried to pull her arm away. "Let me go!" she panted. He grasped it more firmly. As she struggled, her hair fell down on her forehead in bangs.

"You think this little brat was in just one jam," Roger said with agitation, "with that Hova. She wasn't. She was in two jams. Go ahead and tell about it."

Jane looked at the floor. She did nothing about her hair, although it hung over her eyes.

"All right," Roger snapped. "I'll tell him. She was so mean and selfish and ruthless that when she got into this jam there wasn't a soul left for her to turn to



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but Franziska. She's always turned to Franziska. Hasn't she, Fran?"

"Oh, Roger, let her alone."

"Oh, no. She's going to talk. It's too important, Fran." He looked at Peter. "Did you know that she's such a hellion her father doesn't trust her with one cent of money? Go on, Jane. Tell him about that necklace. Oh, no, she won't tell you about it. But she'll stick a knife into the back of the only friend she has left. Sure, I'll tell you about it! It's because of this selfish little brat that Fran's been up to her ears in trouble."

Franziska said anxiously, "Oh, let's drop it, Rodge."

"No," Peter said. "Go on. This is just what I've been wanting to hear about."

"Yes, go on," Jane said bitterly. "Don't mind me."

"I won't," Roger said. "She's a thief. She stole a pearl necklace from Patricia McBride, when Patricia was her house guest, and hocked it for two thousand dollars. And when Patricia found it out and threatened to tell Jane's grandfather, she went squealing to Fran for help. Fran, you gave her the money to get that necklace back. Where'd you get it?"

Franziska was looking at the floor.

"Answer him," Peter said. "From Merricka? How much was it?"

"I had to do something," Jane muttered.

Roger was looking at Peter. "What about Merricka?"

"Certainly! She came running to Franziska for two thousand dollars and then along came Merricka and offered her about that much to help Jane out of another jam."

"No," Franziska said. "That isn't true."

"I told you it was a lie," Jane muttered.

Roger was still looking at Franziska. "You helped her out of two jams at once and got knifed in the back for your trouble—didn't you?"

"It wasn't any jam," Jane growled. "It was a cold-blooded frame-up and she knows it."

FRANZISKA said quickly: "Jane, please listen to me. This man who called himself Merricka convinced me you were in serious danger from Roderico Hova. I knew Hova was dangerous. I knew you were infatuated with him, and I knew how worried your father was. I thought this scheme was pretty fantastic, but I thought it would work."

"You mean," Peter said, "he didn't offer you money?"

"Certainly not!"

"And all you did," Roger said bitterly to Jane, "was lie about her and try to get her into more trouble."

"Oh, stop picking on her," Franziska said wearily. She got up and took a cigarette from a box and lit it in the match flame in Peter's hand. "I suppose all this has got to be cleared up. Only let her alone. I'll tell you anything you want to know."

Peter said: "Why did you go to Merricka's room?"

"To get two thousand dollars."

"For Jane."

"Yes. The moment we stepped into Hova's apartment I knew it was a frame-up. I couldn't do a thing. They tied me up in that bathroom. When I got out, Jane and you were gone. When I left Sunrise Towers, the first thing that came into my mind was, how could I use it to get that money for Jane. I would have done anything to get that money for Jane, because Patricia McBride was prepared to crucify her.

"When I left the Sunrise Towers, I took a cab, stopped at a drugstore and telephoned Merricka. I told him I was blackmailing him. I said I wanted two thousand dollars and if he didn't give it to me Jane and I would swear it had been a kidnaping. He said he wouldn't bother to call my bluff, and that he had more than that in his pocket.

"He said: 'If you want two thousand, it's yours, sister. I told you to get in touch with me as soon as it was done. I knew you'd be sore. I know you're hard up and if two grand will soothe your injured feelings, come and get it.' I was so mad I could have killed him—and when I got there he was dead. I was petrified. I started to go, and then I thought of what was going to happen to Jane if she didn't get the money, and, after all, he had said he was going to give it to me—so I just took it."

Roger said, "When you talked to him on the phone, did he sound as if he knew the scheme had been a flop?"

"No. I'm sure he didn't know."

Roger gave Jane another little shake and growled, "And you told me she ran out of Hova's."

"I thought she did," Jane muttered.

"You must have seen them grab her."

"How could I see her?" Jane wailed. "That Cuban was pulling my dress off."

"Yes. And from then on you were so damn' busy making a play for Peter you didn't care what happened to her. Peter, what did she tell you about Fran? She's always been jealous of Fran."

"She told me plenty."

Jane looked at him with reddened eyes. "I was hysterical. You know I was hysterical."

Roger shook his head. "That doesn't excuse you. You'd double-cross anybody. Franziska was the only real friend you had left in the world, and in spite of all she's been doing, all you've done is double-cross her. The way you acted in Inspector Clark's office, it's a wonder she didn't tell the truth about you."

Jane was looking at the floor again. "Well, I said I was sorry."

Peter said, "When did she give you that money, Jane?"

Jane raised her eyes sullenly. "She sent it around the next day, and I got the necklace out of hock and gave it back to Patricia."

"What did you hock it for?"

"I had to pay a gambling debt at Number 57. I don't see anything so horribly wrong with that. I had to get the two thousand somehow, didn't I?"

"Sure!" Roger glared at Peter. "Ever since she was three years old she's been running to Franziska. Fran has always been getting Jane out of jams. Jane's always worked her for all she could get out of her, and double-crossing her every chance she got. She's always been jealous of Fran. All this isn't anything new. It's nothing but history repeating itself. She let Fran take all these risks, get mixed up with gangsters, and almost arrested for murder, and what has she done for her?"

Jane muttered, "I said I'm sorry."

"Yeah. You're sorry. Come on. I'm taking you home."

Jane looked quickly at Franziska. "Fran, you're not mad at me just because I was such a rattlebrain, are you?"

"No," Roger said. "She's not mad at you. None of us is mad at you. Good night, Peter. Good night, Fran."

"Good night," Peter said.

He went to the door with them. He came back and looked down at Franziska. She was looking up at him, with her head back, her arms lying along the arms of the chair. She looked tired.

He took her hands and pulled her up into his arms and kissed her. "I'm going to take you home. What you need is sleep."

"Sleep? I can't sleep. I've forgotten how to sleep. I can't relax. I'm a wreck. Let's drive around a little."

IN THE taxicab, Franziska picked up a fold of her gown and began to laugh. "A mysterious lady in a pale blue gown with little gold stars in it."

Peter bent forward and looked anxiously at her face. Her eyes glowed and she smiled at him.

"Franziska, you've got to let down."

"How can I let down?"

He took her in his arms. "It's all over."

"Yes," she said submissively. She wasn't relaxing in his arms. "And the worst of it was over last night when you started me really to thinking about Roger and the way I'd never really loved him and the way my pride simply couldn't take it."

"Relax, Franziska."

"All right."

She seemed to relax a little. She put her head on his shoulder and sighed.

"Don't talk any more."

She sighed again. "All right."

"Everything's going to be swell."

"Yes." Franziska sighed again.

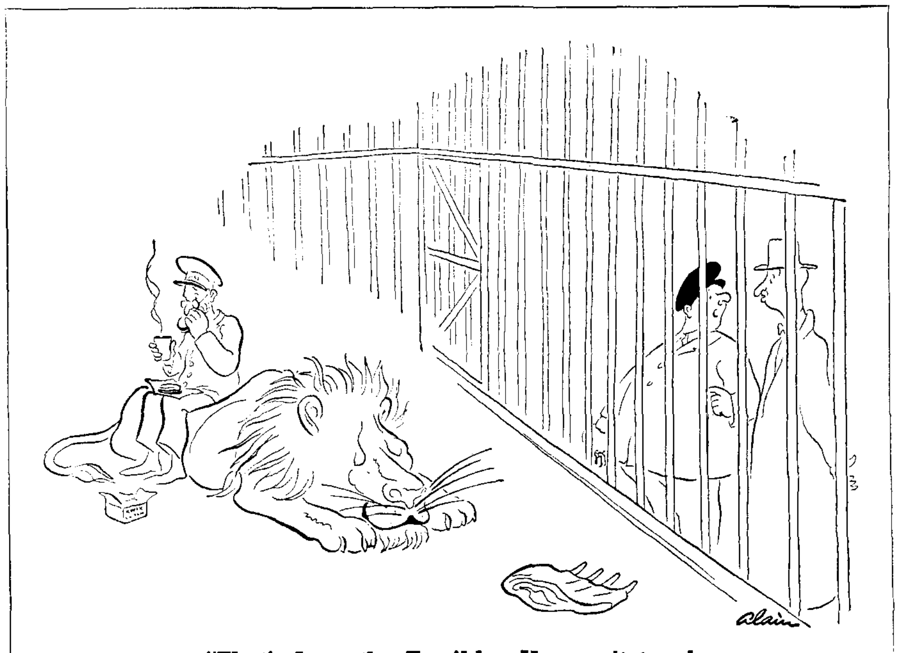
He realized that something impressive had happened. He wasn't afraid of Franziska. Of all the things in the world that harassed him with vague terrors, Franziska stood out like a beacon reassuring a lost flyer. He wasn't afraid of her any more.

And she was so obviously comforted by his arms and his shoulders that she was relaxing at last.

"Franziska."

Franziska did not answer. Franziska was asleep.

THE END



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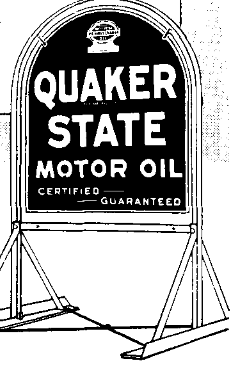


# Go the Limit

Continued from page 22

Garden's legitimate offspring by temperament, characteristics, and energy, as well as by early influence. Watch Mary Garden grip a telephone or Grace Moore squeeze a lemon and you'll understand perfectly.

The kaleidoscopic daughter of the Moores was still intent upon her mission to China and was getting some preliminary education at Ward-Belmont when Mary Garden sang a Nashville concert and the heathen Chinese were promptly left to Confucius and Buddha. That evening, in her own mind, Grace Moore irrevocably became an opera singer, and when the students met the diva after the concert, the dynamic Grace disobeyed the professorial injunction to be quiet, and told the likewise dynamic star all about it.

But she didn't tell her parents. She knew better. They wouldn't hear of such a plan. So, cannily, she got them to send her to the Wilson-Green Music School at Chevy Chase near Washington, where a missionary maid might study the music that soothes the savage breast.

### The Mouse Showed Promise

In the meanwhile, she poured out her enthusiasm in long letters to Mary Garden. Anyone who was seeing Garden at this time and who knew how angry she could get when discovered helping a new singer or encouraging some young scene designer and how she hid these things like a secret vice under a brusque exterior, could have told Grace Moore that she had chosen the right person even if Garden never answered the letters. But it was some years before the proof of it came. Meanwhile, the school gave a musical, offering Martinelli of the Metropolitan and, with him, its own prize pupil. A critic said, "The Lion and the Mouse gave a concert," and added that Miss Moore showed promise. That was enough! It is also probably the only time she has been compared to a mouse.

Instantly she made a decision. She borrowed a small amount of money from a friend, ran away from school and went to New York to be a prima donna. It was to be a prompt affair with no time wasted. But New York didn't seem to know that. Producers were singularly disinclined to give an inexperienced young girl a star singing role.

There ensued a highly problematical period. She lived with three other girls in a dark and bare flat in Greenwich Village. When she got a job singing at the Black Cat, a village café, she was sure of one meal a day—you could do on that. When her father came to take her home after six months of this, she refused to go. She started her own habit of saying, "No!" She could sing—if anyone would let her. After a while, someone did. She was engaged as the ingénue lead in a number three road company of Suite Sixteen. She was on her way. The interminable one-night stands led into the northern Middle West. Then abruptly the manager decamped with all available cash and the company was stranded in a North Dakota winter. Equity returned them to New York.

She and a girl friend arrived on Christmas Eve with only a quarter between them. With that you couldn't face a rooming house that demanded a week's rent in advance. So they took an expensive hotel apartment and ordered up a large turkey dinner. This gesture was the result of desperation combined with the fact that, by now, she knew the value of a good address. But it must be stated that she cautiously gave as references only the addresses of friends outside New York, although she had no doubt of being able to make good on the gesture once she had enveloped the dinner. Self-confidence was never one of her weak points.

She managed one way and another and, after a time, reached Broadway in a small role in Up in the Clouds, but it was down in the depths to her. She wanted opera. Then she got another role in Hitchy-Koo and also understudied Julia Sanderson, who failed to appear after a Thanksgiving dinner—and the understudy's dream came true. Here was the first small peak in the career graph.

She was about to try out for a better part when she wakened one morning to find that she could scarcely speak above a whisper—much less sing. The toboggan started and she hit bottom with a bang.

One doctor after another said, "No hope." Then she was advised to see an eminent specialist who was too busy to see so unimportant a person. She sat in his office for three days until he did. He finally told her that her vocal cords were paralyzed and there was just one chance in a thousand of regaining her voice. It could be done only by six months of absolute silence.

Miss Moore is not, by nature, silent. She speaks rapidly and with a very definite rhythm of phrasing all her own. She had been accustomed to a lively life. But a friend who owned an island in the St. Lawrence said she could go there. With a housekeeper and a pencil and pad, she retired to that island and did not even whisper for the required six months. She read, got a good deal of thinking done, and studied languages. It seems it did not enter her mind to prepare for anything but opera.

When she returned to the specialist and he told her to speak, she was frightened. But the first thing she said was, "I've—done—it!" Call it sheer bravado, but it happened to be true. The singing voice that she got back was better than the one she lost and worth six months any time. So she took a deep breath and started the uphill climb again.

### A Triumph and a Failure

She got a job and accumulated a little money. Then she went to Europe to study. Irving Berlin found her there—making progress but not yet ready for opera. Ready for another job, though. He engaged her to return to America and star in his Music Box Revue. She was in it for three editions. Another peak. She went to Europe in between times for more study. In the meanwhile, she met a lot of prominent people, including Mary Garden. They became friends.

It was eight years since Grace Moore had first abandoned the Chinese in favor of opera. She had had one audition at the Metropolitan which had resulted in a triumph with great predictions for a future equal to Farrar's, but owing to other matters, she had decided to wait some time before signing a contract. This necessitated a second audition, made during her last season at the Music Box. At last it came. On a Friday night after the performance she went resolutely to hear the verdict. It was a complete fiasco.

"No," said Gatti and "No," said Ziegler, as above reported—and Otto Kahn added that they had said she would never have an opera voice and she might as well stop trying. So this was what she'd come through all those years to hear! They were prepared for hysterics and therefore she didn't have them. Suddenly she turned to Otto Kahn, "I'll bet you one hundred dollars that I'll sing at the Metropolitan within two years!" she answered, and fled.

The next night she was aboard the first boat sailing. It was a little fruit boat out of Brooklyn. Thank heaven, her passport was still good! She had played the Saturday matinee and evening performance at the Music Box automatically. On Monday a wireless message wakened Mr. Sam Harris to the knowledge that he had on his hands an expensive revue in full mid-season swing and the feminine star of it was somewhere on the Atlantic.

Commenting on it today, Miss Moore makes no excuses. She simply says that she was so fiercely concentrated on making the Metropolitan change its verdict that she steamed right ahead without room for thought of anything else in her mind. It was sheer luck that she came to and wirelessed Mr. Harris before the Monday night curtain. Of course, she realized then that such inconsiderate smashing of a contract pretty well wiped out her chances of musical comedy on Broadway for some time to come. But, Kahn to the contrary notwithstanding, she was headed for opera or nothing and, without quite enough money to last the necessary time, she was hewing to the line and letting chips, such as contracts, fall where they might.

### She Won Her Bet

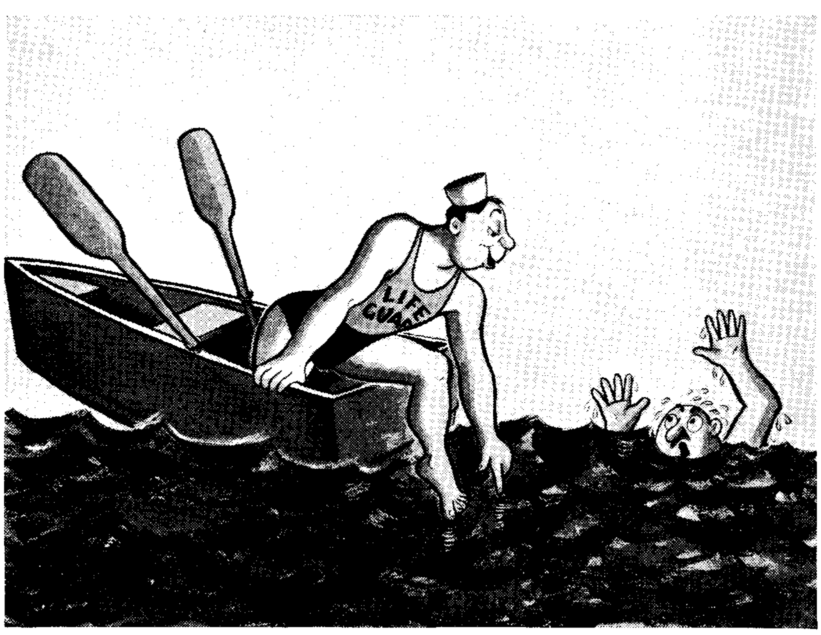
After a period of hard work and enough play to keep her from going stale, some really serious doubt crept in and she felt discouraged. Not enough progress and money going fast. It was Mary Garden who answered her worried cable and came to the rescue with sound advice and some vigorous constructive help. So eighteen months after her hegira on the boat from Brooklyn, when Gatti-Casazza and Otto Kahn arrived in Italy, they heard her again and Gatti said, "Now I think she'll do."

She promptly gave the giddiest party that was ever tossed in celebration—except when the same party was later duplicated in One Night of Love. Every music student she knew was there, and the waiters as well as the passers-by stopped to join in Ciribiribin. That lively tune has run through her life since then.

Anyway, she won her bet with Otto Kahn with ten days to go when, on February 7, 1928, at the Metropolitan Opera in New York City she sang Mimi in La Boheme to wild applause. She was with the opera five seasons—definitely a peak. It had taken ten years to reach it on a road that had gone up and down with a scenic railway effect that was sometimes dizzying. She is still at the Metropolitan and in between pictures, concerts and radio goes back there with a natural affection for a first love.

But, in spite of the opera triumph, the dips weren't over yet. She went to Hollywood in 1930, whereupon the career graph took another steep decline and a lot of people said "No!" to her again. They might have known by now that she'd return to the attack. In the interim, having looked at herself frankly, she reduced pounds of a prima donna figure and added some much-needed acting experience. Given a blue-eyed blonde with a naturally gay disposition and enough control to stay silent six months, any group of men might expect anything. What they got in 1934 was a new kind of picture and she got a medal. It was from the Academy of Arts and Sciences, one that no other woman in films has received. Concerts and opera have added to it an assortment of gold medals and awards from all over the world, including decorations of honor from three kings—Christian of Denmark, Gustav of Sweden, and Haakon of Norway. She thinks now that she may have been something of a missionary after all when you consider the amount of good music that has flowed through the cinema since she first broke down Hollywood's resistance and finally made operatic music an integral part of a picture story in One Night of Love. Three of her own films have followed it, not to mention similar films for other singers.

The records show that she has passed on to other singers the same sort of help that Mary Garden gave her and with the same sub-rosa technique; that she has a zest for living that doesn't diminish even when she is on her way to the dentist—a simple but supreme test; that she has made a hole in one on the Pinehurst golf course, but that her husband can beat her at tennis; that she plays chemin de fer only when she has a hunch and that she hasn't lost in seven years. Clearly she has the elements of a good poker player, but she doesn't like smoky rooms. What kind of a missionary she would have made, deponent knoweth not. It is entirely possible that the Chinese may have enjoyed her more this way. It may be possible that they'd prefer all their missionaries to come on rolls of celluloid making pleasant music.



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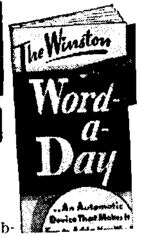

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# Hartnett Catching

Continued from page 18

is at home no matter where he happens to be but especially he is at home along Broadway, which is very strange. We do not like enemy ballplayers much along Broadway. In fact, even when a Giant player is traded somewhere else he is stricken off our list and he loses all social standing in our set. Hartnett is the one exception. When the Cubs are playing the Giants we all assemble in back of the Cubs' dugout and we cheerfully call Hartnett a bum, a busher, a heel and other terms of endearment which we usually rehearse the night before; but once the game is done, we relax and allow him to eat in our favorite places and mingle with us just like he belonged.

### Gabby Stood His Ground

Not only with us is Gabby Hartnett popular. It is a fact that Hartnett is the best-liked player in either league. Hartnett is what we call an honest ballplayer. This is not an implication that other players are dishonest. In baseball the word has a different meaning. He is an honest ballplayer in that he is always playing the best game of which he is capable; he never indulges in theatricals of the Dizzy Dean brand. He is just a ballplayer and on the field all he does is play ball.

Yes, Gabby has been laughing his way around the National League loop now since 1922 and in point of service he is just about the oldest veteran in harness.

Charles Leo Hartnett got his early training around the sand lots of Woonsocket, and then he learned a little more at Dean Academy, where he played every position on the team except that of pitcher. Then he came back to play in an industrial league around Woonsocket.

One day Gabby—even then they called him Gabby because he never stopped talking to his pitcher—was playing for the town of Uxbridge, Massachusetts, against neighboring Northbridge. He had a great day hitting two doubles, a triple and a single, and after the game a mysterious stranger approached him and said, "How would you like to play for Worcester?"

"Who, me?" the amazed Gabby asked. Worcester was organized baseball, fast minor-league baseball and a big jump from playing for town and factory teams. He went to Worcester as a second-string catcher to Gus Redmond, a good receiver and one of the best men on the club. Gabby was with the team only a few days when he got his chance. Redmond broke his leg and there was nineteen-year-old Charles Leo out there every afternoon behind the plate.

One day the club was playing Albany, and destiny in the form of Jack Doyle, a scout for the Chicago Cubs, was sitting in the stands. He picked the right day for it. Gabby hit two triples to win the game and then in the ninth Albany attempted a double steal. Big Ned Dameron came hurling into the plate with his spikes flying. Young Gabby stood his ground. The two went flying midst a mad melee of dust and spikes and then Gabby got up. Dameron was out.

"He practically undressed me with that slide." Gabby says now. "My uniform was cut to shreds and I had a half dozen scratches from those spikes but I got him out."

Jack Doyle, up in the stands, didn't have to see any more. "The Cubs can use a catcher who can block the plate like that," he said and that's how Gabby Hartnett became a member of the Chicago National League Baseball Club. He's been a member ever since.

The next spring he went to Catalina Island for spring training with the Cubs. He didn't expect to stick with the team because the Cubs had a great catcher named Bob O'Farrell on their pay roll. They had a great pitcher named Grover Cleveland Alexander on the pay roll too.

After leaving Catalina Island the Cubs played a series of games with Los Angeles and one day Gabby got the call to catch Alex. That was a real thrill for the kid, though he was a bit scared.

"But it was easy to catch Alex," Gabby says now. "Why, you could sit in a rocking chair and catch him. He had the greatest control of any pitcher I ever saw."

Alex liked working with the youngster and he told Manager Bill Killefer about it. The Cubs opened in Cincinnati that year; it was 1922. It was Alex against Pete Donahue and Killefer told Gabby to go in there. Just before the game started a sports writer went up to Gabby and asked, "Is this the first big-league game you've ever caught?"

Gabby laughed. "Hell, it's the first big-league game I ever saw."

### Two Misses in Sixteen Years

From then on Gabby Hartnett was a fixture behind the plate for Chicago. Bill Killefer taught him a lot but he didn't have to teach him how to throw to second. Gabby just had one of those naturally great arms. He squatted there behind the plate with eighteen pounds of protective armor around him and threw strikes to second base for the next sixteen years. He's still throwing them.

He has a lifetime batting average of .296, which would have been a lot higher, Gabby admits sadly, if he wasn't so darn' slow. Gabby is a big man and he would never win any prizes for speed running.

"My average would be a lot higher, too, if it hadn't been for three men," Gabby says, "Burleigh Grimes, when he was pitching for Brooklyn; Artie Nehf, when he was with the Giants and Ray Kramer of Pittsburgh. I could never hit those guys, never."

But Gabby has always had the knack of inserting base hits in what the ballplayers call "the clutch." When the score is tied and there's a man on, those Chicago players love to see Gab walk up there with his heavy stick. Gab is always thinking at the plate. He doesn't just go up there and take his cut.

Pitchers like to work with Hartnett. They know, for instance, that if a batter hits a high foul behind the plate old Gab will get it. In sixteen years he's missed two. Two errors on high fouls in sixteen years is the greatest defensive record any catcher ever made.

### Plotting the Attack

What makes one catcher better than another? Let's ask Gab.

"First you have to catch the ball in the middle of your body," he explains, "move to the right or left so that you're directly in front of the ball. Now when you catch it you aren't off balance, you can throw to any base without changing your position or wasting time. Then a catcher has to be a good guesser. Sure, he has to figure out the batter's weakness and signal for his pitcher to throw to that weakness. How do you figure out a batter's weakness? You guess."

Well, strictly speaking, that isn't true. Chicago was playing a Brooklyn series recently and I dropped into the hotel where the Cubs stayed to see Hartnett. I found him at breakfast with Larry French, the handsomest left-handed pitcher in either league. French was due to pitch that afternoon against Brooklyn and of course Hartnett was going to catch. On the breakfast table there was a score card and together the two were going over every player on the Brooklyn team.

"That Heine Manush has hit safely in the past six games, Larry," Gabby said thoughtfully. "We can't give him a good ball this afternoon. Let's keep them low and outside to him."

French nodded. "What'll we give to Joe Stripp? That guy always gives me trouble."

Hartnett looked very unhappy. "You can't figure him. We'll give him nothing but bad balls. What if we do walk him? Now about English . . ."

They talked about English and about the youngster Brack and about Winsett and the other Dodger hitters.

They went on for nearly an hour and when they finished, Larry French knew just what he was going to pitch to every Brooklyn batter that afternoon. Usually the team manager will go over the opposing batters with the starting pitcher but Manager Charley Grimm of Chicago has such confidence in Gabby that he allows him to handle the pitcher with no managerial help.

One of the great mysteries of life to me has always been those intimate little tête-à-têtes which are held when a catcher walks out to meet the pitcher. They stand there, the catcher talking, and always I've wondered what he was saying to the pitcher. I asked French what Gabby said when he walked halfway down to the pitcher's mound for a confab.

### A Hundred Games a Year

"Well, let's say we are out in front by a couple of runs in a late inning. I'm a bit tired because it's very hot and my control suddenly gets shaky. So Gabby will walk out to me and he'll say, 'Listen, Larry, it's awful hot and this game is dragging along very slowly. Now the quicker we end this the quicker we can have a tall cold glass of beer.' So I'll say, 'Boy, a cold glass of anything would be all right now, wouldn't it?' Then Gabby will laugh and he'll say, 'I know a swell place right around the corner. Let's get the ball game over and get ourselves a couple.' "

French grinned and he added, "You may not believe it, but when Gabby walks back behind the plate after that I feel like I've had a good rest and I find that my control has come back. Gabby kids a pitcher along and nurses him and bellows at him and somehow he gets more out of a pitcher than any catcher I ever saw."

Friendly, rollicking, big Gabby has been ambling around the National League circuit a long time now. The record book says he's thirty-seven. Maybe it lies a little bit and maybe it doesn't. Anyhow he's hit the age when ballplayers start thinking of quiet country homes and comfortable slippers. But not Gabby. He's catching his hundred games a season and he's hitting his .300 and he's whanging that ball down to second like it was a bullet. And he laughs when you mention the word "retire" to him. He's a ballplayer and they'll have to strip that padding and mask off him to get him out of the game.

And that's Gabby Hartnett, who is at home wherever he happens to be. And as far as us Giant fans are concerned, we have only one regret. Why does Gabby have to be wasted on those Cubs?

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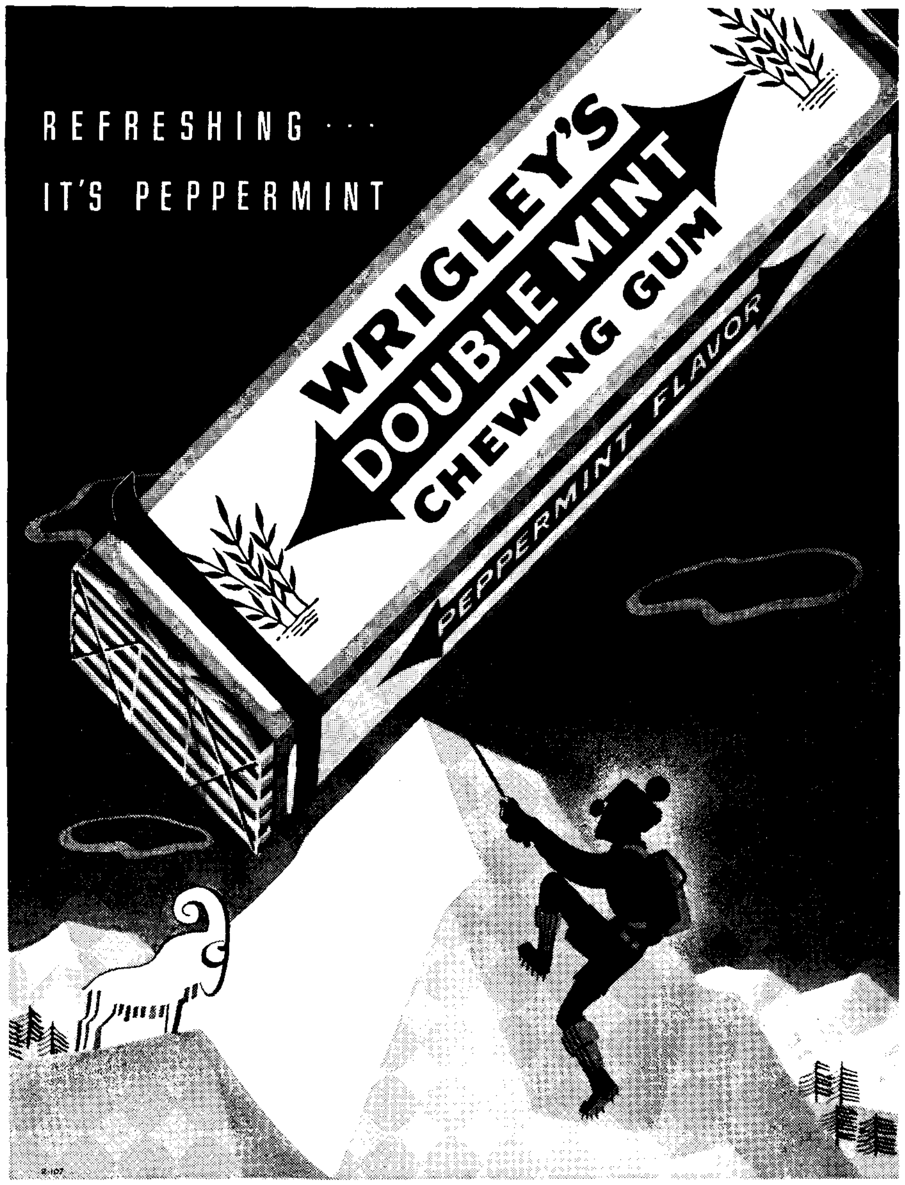

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# Lewis Strikes Steel

Continued from page 13

Mitch Hepburn, Premier of Ontario. Mr. Hepburn was what this country needed, he said. With a few Hepburns strategically placed—in the White House and in a couple of state capitols—there'd be an end to this "Red-Lewis crime wave." All we said was that while we had met Mr. Hepburn and had been impressed with his energy, we still thought that we shouldn't have to go out of the country for a man to handle the situation.

"Why not go out of the country for a man?" he demanded. "Lewis and his C. I. O. are taking their orders from Stalin."

Some day we'll learn to keep our mouth shut.

"Listen," said Shep when we got going again, "don't ask nobody to prove nothing. Just say 'yes' and let it go at that. When you're in my cab, anyway."

### All the Makings of a Riot

The valley was dark. Usually at night it is flooded with the soft, ocherous glow from black stacks, hell's batteries hurling silent salvos at the skies. We stopped several times, wherever we saw crowds, still taking no chances. Once we almost hit a huge log thrown across the road. Another time somebody threw a rock. It dented a rear fender. Some kid, Shep said, or a woman. If one of the strong-arm steelworkers had thrown it, it wouldn't have stopped with a fender. But we were to learn that kids and women weren't to be scoffed off. When trouble started, the kids became a godsend to the windowpane business. A worker's woman with a club in one hand, a dornick (half a brick) in the other and hate of the boss in her heart is always a signal to limber up the ambulances. We heard a C. I. O. lady exhorting the lads to action—a violent young Mother Jones with sex appeal and a voice that could leap from a schoolgirl croon to a harpy howl over a single word. We have no right to mention it, either, because we can't tell you here what she said—the way she said it. But we may give you a meager idea:

"It takes a strike like this one to tell us whether us women married men, skunks or rabbits."

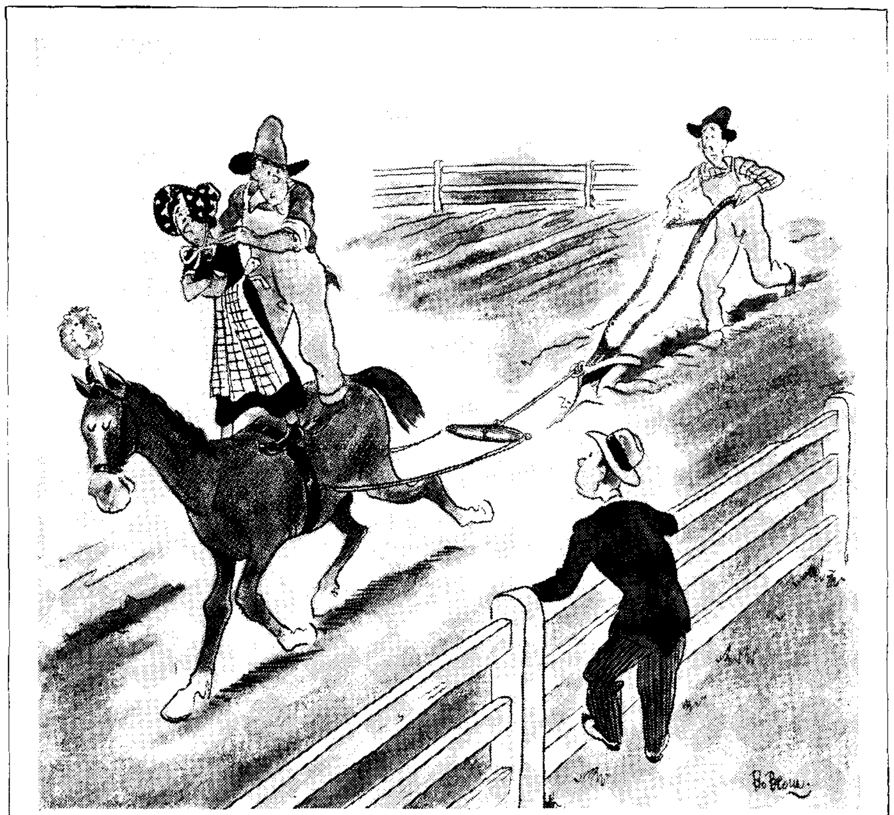
But there was no hell raised in Warren that night. All the makings were present: nervous militia with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets, labor demagogues feeding hot innuendo to volatile emotions, company cops, special deputy sheriffs and armed vigilantes who believed they were fighting Communism.

And there were throngs of strikers—sullen, resentful, suspicious even of their own ballyhoo which, for the most part, came from strangers—battle-scarred God-sakers and veteran brushbeaters from Mr. Lewis' United Mine Workers. Ten thousand men and women looking for trouble in an area which would have been crowded by two thousand. But there was no mass violence, probably because the mills were dark and no back-to-workers were bucking the picket line.

The crowd kept in motion, not moving on but slowly milling, none willing to leave. Police and deputies pushed and prodded—gently. They knew hundreds of the strikers by name. Listen, Bill, why don't you go home? Hello, Danny, you better take your missus home; a week's too soon to be out in a jam like this after a baby. H'ya, Mike, sorry—gotta keep the crowd moving. Easy on that bottle, Eddie; that stuff ain't going to get you nowhere—or the union either.

And all the while the police and the sheriff's deputies kept threading in and out of the mob, prodding, shoving, crushing in between two guys who were swinging wildly at each other, a private fight started by the hateful epithet, fink. Most of the police were older men, old steel hands, some of them veterans of the lost strikes of 1919 and even 1906. Had the riot broken forth they'd have been lost, being only a handful.

The menace lay in the possibility of a battle between the strikers and the vigilantes. Except in Johnstown the vigilantes were not organized against the C. I. O. as they are in Michigan. Where the police and the militia were charged only with the guardianship of those pathetic twins, law and order, the



"He's an old circus horse, and this is the only way he'll work!"

BO BROWN

vigilantes were out to fight windmills—Communism and Communists.

Whereas the extra cops, the sheriff's deputies and other law-and-order custodians are government's hired hands, paid wages to keep peace even where it wasn't wanted, the vigilantes are privately and frequently secretly enlisted by nonofficial interests and sworn to break laws for the employer's side, or, as they prefer to state it, for democracy's sake. The serious trouble would come when the vigilantes, taking the law into their own hands just as the Ku Klux Klan did, should engage the C. I. O. forces in what would be a class war. Therein would be the principal danger; that's what should worry Washington. Then would come the need for the United States Army. It is upon the vigilantes—lawyers, clerks, clergymen, merchants, bankers with their sons, brothers and fathers—that the deep hatred of the strikers is focused. When the militia and police should be called upon to separate these two class enemies, there would be fundamental trouble.

### Growing Pains in the C. I. O.

But maybe we, like everybody we met, were seeing ghosts. It was an ideal night for getting yourself haunted. And yet you couldn't listen to striker and fink, standpat patriot and Communist rocket, middle-aged American Legionnaire and pale young Red intellectual, vigilante spy and Lewis organizer without feeling the substance of the threat.

Bit by bit it came to you that one of the jobs you'd do well to decline is John L. Lewis'. Maybe he's labor's Joshua. And maybe the walls of capital's Jericho will fall for him. But the man's in immediate danger that they might fall on him. We shall have to wait a while; we'll know which is the stronger—John Lewis or his C. I. O. He has built a house so big, so fast, that he's at the mercy of his numerous retainers. Mr. Lewis, the vigilante ballyhoo notwithstanding, is not a Communist. If he were he'd be a fool to admit it.

Maybe order and responsibility will come with maturity to the C. I. O. Its apprehensive rival, the American Federation of Labor, was no Sweet Sue in its borning days, sturdily respectable as it is today. The C. I. O. is at present a tangled skein of many ambitions and passions, not an orderly, dependable fabric woven by harmonious artisans. To Mr. Lewis' banner and frequently to his dismay have flocked radicals, liberals and pinkos of every known and some unknown shades of red—creamy peachos to slavering bloodies. The vigilantes call him a Communist. The Communists say he's white-livered. The dewy-eyed and fuzzy-cheeked pinkos regard the Reds very much as an imported butler does the garbage collector, albeit with less understanding. And to the Communist, a pink's a punk. Intolerant of both and despised by both are the old-fashioned labor skates to whom union organizing is a practical job, the same as digging ditches, ringing doorbells on election day or bringing in the sheaves. Mr. Lewis has them all in his luxuriant hair.

Theoretically he appoints his own organizers; actually C. I. O. is being whipped to a froth by uninvited opportunists and amateurs whom Mr. Lewis would as soon be rid of. They are largely responsible for a couple of hundred C. I. O. postagreement strikes which he didn't and wouldn't authorize—strikes which lacked the sanction of his own chosen organizers but which bloomed under the hot tails of Red torpedoes who sound like God to the muscle-minded nitwits. They are the all-direction flame-gushers who, the main objective of union recognition being gained, scourge the still sweating mob farther off to the left to support unassociated rent strikes and market boycotts. Their mental processes are usually on a par with the thinking done by the vigilantes—wholly emotional.

After all Mr. Lewis wasn't in the market for a civil war. All he wanted was the American labor crown—to begin with anyway. All he hankered after was a durable horse to ride, not a monster to keep him awake nights. His vision wasn't nearly as robust as his ambition.

Even if there was no hell raised in the Mahoning Valley that night we were glad that sponge-throat guy called us. If the rioting had come off we wouldn't have had this concentration of all sides to feed on. We learned a lot of things. We learned that the steelworker pride contributed substantially to the failure of C. I. O. to realize the easy victory it had looked for. When Mr. Myron Taylor of United States Steel shook hands with Mr. Lewis, thereby nauseating Mr. Girdler and moving him to language which, they say, was something awful, Little Steel was looked upon by C. I. O. as a simple pushover. Both sides assured us that the Lewis crusher was rolling nicely, right on schedule, until it tried to run over Mr. Girdler. Of course it may yet flatten that gristly, difficult gentleman whose resemblance to a snapping turtle is more than a matter of facial conformation.

But we were to learn that this pride of craft one finds in the steelworker had something to do with Mr. Lewis' difficulties in Little Steel. The steelworker was not opposed to unionism; on the contrary he has regarded it as desirable—a guaranty against wage cuts. But unless we grossly misunderstood what a considerable number of the idle workers said, they did not welcome dictation from coal miners.

The steelworker is an industrial aristocrat; the United Mine Workers' organizers, experienced as they might be or should be, were anything but diplomatic. We talked to quite a number of steelworkers who longed to go back to work, not only for the wages they would receive, but because they resented "being told what to do by coal miners." And at least one U. M. W. whip told us that "these steel guys need a few bloody strikes to make men of them."

### Blame the Other Fellow

Starting on that memorable night ride and during the following week we caught up with the hypocrisy behind the wails of terrorism issuing from both sides. A steady campaign of "terrorism" was pressed by organizers and vigilantes alike. For every scab-walloping there was an illegal arrest amounting at times almost to kidnaping. The strikers used dynamite upon the operators and black-jacks upon the back-to-workers. The vigilantes foreclosed mortgages on the homes, furniture and automobiles of strikers and jailed honest men for vagrancy and suspicious presence just because they—strikers—walked through the better residential districts. Both sides used the most cowardly sort of intimidation, terrorizing the women and children. We have time for samples only.

There was the striker's wife who, while her husband was organizing pickets, was called up once every hour all one night. A different voice made each call. But each had the same message for her: Unless she prevailed upon her husband to cease his organizing activities her children would be kidnaped and her home dynamited. After three nights of this the woman was reduced to a rather unlovely condition.

Against cruelty of that sort you learn of the wife of the worker who remained at his job, living in the mill for three

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weeks because it was dangerous to come out. She too was called up at regular intervals all night to be told that her husband would never get home. Her neighbor, a decent woman whose husband, too, was in the mill, had three nights made memorable. The first night she answered the door to find only a poisoned dog. To the dog's collar was tied a note telling her to expect thus to see her husband. The next night another dog lay at the sill. This one was already dead—shot. But the note on its collar read the same. The third dog had had its throat cut. The note gave her the same warning.

It would be just as well, therefore, if hereafter you declined to place implicit trust in either side when harassed by tales of the terrorisms. Yet it is far from uninteresting to listen to the professional spellbinders talk about it. At Youngstown we listened to a huge slugger hold forth almost tearfully about the perfectly dreadful treatment he had suffered at the hands of a would-be strikebreaker. We didn't know the speaker, of course, but couldn't escape the thought that if any scab or fink abused him and got away with it without fatal injuries, that fink was wasting his time dawdling around steel mills. Mr. Mussolini could use him for an army.

"I was mindin' me own business, comrades, walkin' home to me wife and family carryin' a bottle of milk for the baby and a nice baseball bat for my little boy when this fink, this hired assassin, hits me with a blackjack. I try to reason with this fink, callin' him comrade and askin' him why he's takin' the bread and butter outa the mouth of his feller workers. And he hit me again, comrades, breakin' the bottle of milk for the baby and—"

And we're still ready to bet that this two-hundred-and-fifty-pound C. I. O. heartbreaker could eat two finks for lunch.

So you may accept it as fact that as for sluggings, bashings, intimidations and similar coarse by-products, neither side holds a patent of nobility. And you would be perfectly safe in assuming that neither side has monopolized truth. Unless you're pretty careful, keeping your emotions well in hand, you are in considerable danger of forgetting all about the main issues—or, more accurately, the main issue.

### There's Only One Issue

The only issue is the C. I. O. Mr. Lewis has every legal and moral right to organize the steelworkers if he can. And the steel operators have similar rights to resist. We met but an inevitable few strikers who had any complaint about wages, working conditions and hours. And it is scarcely worth while enumerating these collateral—and usually wholly personal—issues which ate at the vitals of these inevitable few, although one worker's complaint had a touch of originality.

"It ain't that I want to organize that I'm out," he said. "It's the licking they give me on the stock. When things were going good, word comes down from the top that any worker wanting to buy stock could give his name to the foreman. Well, I'm knocking out eight bucks a day so I take five shares—on installments. See? After a while things slow down and I get laid off. And I got to keep up the installments. Well, the hell with that, so I lose the stock, which ain't paid up. And the next thing I know Eugene Grace says in the papers that he owns $200,000 worth of stock he ain't paid for. But he ain't laid off."

That there was but one issue involved—union recognition or, as a few of the more cynical bystanders had it, Mr. Lewis—was another weakness of the C. I. O. cause. For a clearer appreciation of this, one must get a little of the background of the steel strike.

It takes weeks, even months, to prepare the ground for a well-conducted strike—to pave the way. Much quiet ballyhoo, a great deal of furtive indoor agitation, must precede the call. Soon after the passage of the Wagner Act and long before the Supreme Court gave it the accolade of constitutionality, Mr. Lewis, through his C. I. O. affiliates, the United Automobile Workers and the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, went to work on the foundations of what were to be the motor and steel strikes. Both industries had resisted successfully all previous efforts toward unionization. Both were regarded as impregnable. And it is likely they'd have remained invulnerable had not our national political fabric been turned inside out.

### A Realist with a Purpose

Just what all of Mr. Lewis' ambitions are we don't know. But one of them has been and will continue to be to rule American labor. In furtherance of this modest aspiration he became one of Mr. Roosevelt's hardest-riding knights. He was no New Dealer by intellectual tradition as were the Tugwells, the Frankfurters, the Ickeses and the Wallaces. Neither was he of the professional sociological crop from which we get our Perkinses, Hopkinses and Aubrey Williamses to whom everything, including whole nations, are simply case histories. Much more practical is Mr. Lewis, the shrewdest and most dominating labor leader America has produced since the early Sam Gompers. And he is no more radical in his hour than Mr. Gompers was in his beginnings. Mr. Lewis' mind does very little groping into the nebulous, the gentleman being a pretty stony realist—with a purpose, not a mission. His place in the New Deal is with the Farleys, Wagners, the LaFollettes, the Hugh Johnsons, not with the political Goldilockses.

So Mr. Lewis, who had long cherished a robust desire to relegate Mr. Green and other mahouts of the American Federation of Labor to a Smithsonian Institution status, and possessing an unerring sense of opportunity, threw every ounce of his ample poundage and every shred of his lively mentality into the Roosevelt putsch. He knew where he wanted to go and proposed to help Mr. Roosevelt find out. Nobody lobbied harder than he for the establishment of the National Labor Relations Board—and very few as hard. Not even Senator Wagner fought more fiercely for the passage of the Wagner Act. So active was Mr. Lewis in championship of that section of the New Deal legislative program which would further his cold purpose that Mr. Green's A. F. L. was very little more than a treble "me too."

Outside of Washington, Mr. Lewis' interests were chiefly the automobile industry and steel, the uncracked nuts. The A. F. L. had squandered plenty of money and had let considerable blood assaulting both bastiles only to find itself after much confusion sitting on aching haunches clamoring for a good doctor. Incidentally, Mr. Lewis has spent more than a million dollars of somebody's money in his foray against Little Steel—laying the groundwork and carrying the battle. His organizers and all their numerous train of beaters-in, getters-out, whoopers-up and holders-down do not work purely for the love of their fellow man. They are paid, we were told (in whispers) from forty dollars a week to as much as six thousand a year. These figures are not, of course, official, C. I. O.'s books not being open as they would be were labor unions subject to incorporation.

At any rate, Mr. Lewis, preaching industrial unionism, riding on a front seat

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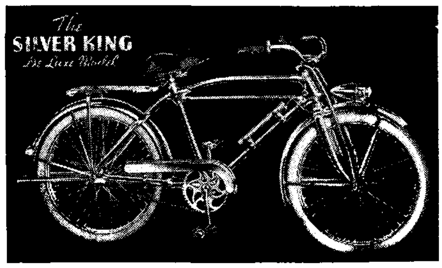

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of the Roosevelt wagon, fared forth to show what a national labor leader could do if, at the same time, he were a nation-size politician—with large ambitions.

Into Michigan, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois went carefully selected ballyhoo bulls from the United Mine Workers of America—Mr. Lewis' personal union. For weeks they crooned the praise of John L. Lewis, going so far in some instances as to name him Mr. Roosevelt's successor. And sirened audiences—small hand-picked ones at first meetings in small halls and even in private homes—were left bedazzled by the thought of the glory there'd be if one of themselves were to sit in the White House. (Incidentally, Mr. Farley used the same tactics before 1932).

### Mr. Lewis Catches a Tartar

Before the strike at General Motors was called, the workers there were quite convinced that Mr. Lewis couldn't fail. And he didn't. United States Steel was convinced that his chances of winning, were that vast corporation to show fight, were too bright to disregard. Therefore, in the name of expediency and profits United States Steel bowed with all possible dignity. We are informed that nobody was more surprised than Mr. Lewis. And the chagrin of Mr. Girdler of Republic Steel Corporation was matched only by that of Mr. Green of the American Federation of Labor. We are told, too, that a certain lack of enthusiasm for Mr. Lewis' victories was becoming noticeable in important hot spots in Washington where Mr. Lewis' increasing power was not completely appreciated. The nasty question of who was who in this social revolution was forming. Jealousy is not peculiar to us common folk.

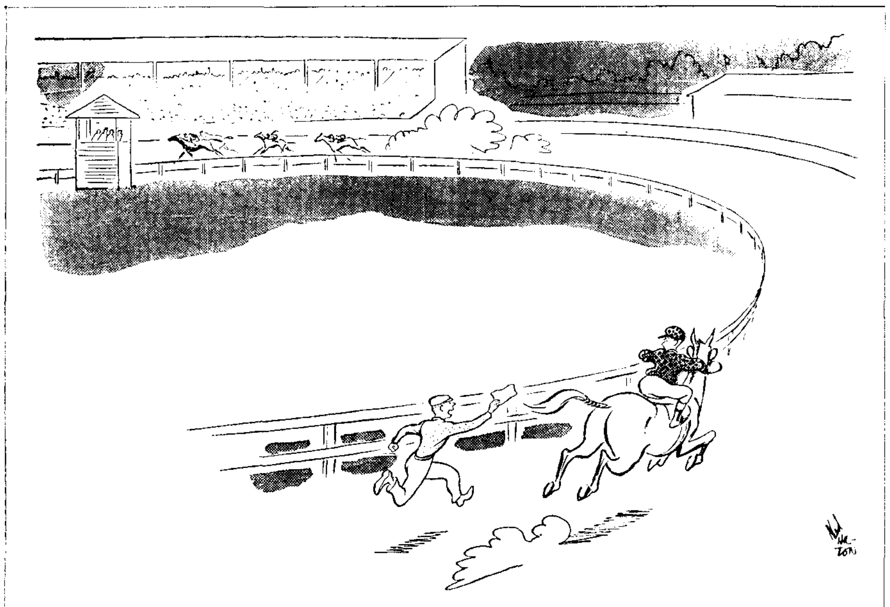
To come somewhat belatedly to our point, we have every reason to believe that the majority of the workers in Little Steel expected a quick Lewis victory. Their argument was: "General Motors was licked; United States Steel surrendered; Bethlehem Steel won't fight because Eugene Grace and President Roosevelt are buddies. Therefore, if Republic, Youngstown Sheet and Tube, Inland and the rest show resistance it won't last long. We'll be out of work a few days at the most."

Virtually everybody knows now that certain miscalculation entered such reasoning. But that things did not work out as expected, as expeditiously as expected, did not help Mr. Lewis a great deal.

We talked about it to quite a number of the strikers in Johnstown, Youngstown, Warren, Niles and so on. We saw them after three gloomy weeks of it—each succeeding hour of which added stupid hatreds and confusion to the dismal business. And it was better than interesting to hear them speculate upon whom and what they were fighting for—"John Lewis or us." The average worker is no social or economic philosopher. He *votes from his pocket, not his mind.* The spokesman of one chilling group in Johnstown said: "If the company gives in, Lewis wins; if they don't, we lose." And he got considerable rueful applause. The C. I. O. was having a nasty time of it in Johnstown anyway; the agitators had to resort to dynamite to keep the strike awake. Moreover, it didn't help the Lewis prestige a bit when Mr. Roosevelt invoked "a plague on both your houses." Nor did it boost Mr. Roosevelt's—at strike headquarters.

At any rate such was the general pattern of the steel strike—the ambitious Lewis versus a group of stubborn industrialists, both sides almost lost in the clamor of stooge groups which were doing neither any good, and the government praying that all concerned become principals in fatal accidents. Politicians in office were holding their breath, hoping they might slither out of taking sides. Office-seekers were counting noses and braying in the direction of the greater number. Red baiters in groups and individually were selling exposés of American Communism, authored and authorized by themselves, and soliciting money with which to raise white armies. Communists, gleefully assuring one another that the time for raising the hammer and sickle had come, were scurrying hysterically in all directions—mostly the wrong ones—calling upon the workers to repudiate Mr. Lewis and follow them. And the bedeviled worker, wondering who was going to pay the rent and feed the kids, was asking what the hell and getting no answer. The most he was getting out of it were a few high-voltage speeches, occasional clouts in the nose, a dynamite show now and then and a lithograph of Mr. Lewis. He was privileged, of course, occasionally to look toward Washington where, he had understood, his real friends were; but a fellow can't keep that up without a bit of encouragement. For the worker it was all very exciting for a while, but not very nourishing.

Throughout the steel towns we looked for manifestations from the American Federation of Labor. Industrialists and their agents told us they "might have felt differently toward Mr. Green and his responsible, conservative organization." Here indeed was Mr. Green's opportunity. He might yet, they told us, step in and steal the show from Mr. Lewis. But we had heard so much non-



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DRY GIN

sense that we didn't mind listening to a little more. All the district needed to make it a slaughterhouse was an A. F. L. invasion.

In most of the steel towns the A. F. L. was anemic numerically and otherwise. Where it was represented by organized carpenters, plumbers and other crafts, its morale was woeful. Nobler tidings of A. F. L. men may have escaped us; we had to be content with what the C. I. O. bosses told us about members of the rival organization.

It was dawn when Shep drove us back to Youngstown. We were pretty tired. Also Shep was mad. Somebody had smashed the rear window of his car. He said he didn't mind the window; it was the principle of the thing. That kind of thing wasn't making friends for the C. I. O. We had parked the car several blocks from the mob scene.

### Count On Your Uncle Sam

The valley had surrendered its mystery to the rising sun. A few groups, and here and there dispirited individuals, still loitered along the road—tired, aimless, empty. It was just a dirty valley now with its poisoned trees looking like the rickety children of poverty, its ugly hillsides littered with twisted iron and refuse dumps, slashed by railroad mainways and interlacing spurs. A long, writhing gully choked with power—drab, hard, cheerless, remorseless. Plasters of tough, gassed weeds were nature's only remaining gestures of defiance. A swell place to hate in.

The men and women who had stuck it out until morning, hoping to the end of darkness for the mass rioting that didn't happen, looked forlorn, dispirited, hopelessly weary. Too weary to be disappointed. Even John Lewis in a golden chariot, with bands and pennants, couldn't have picked them up. We saw a striker and a deputy sheriff, the sheriff with a loaded automatic strapped to his hip, asleep on the same box. We saw the torn, wet remains of a wide banner lying in a ditch. It still demanded that Tom Mooney be freed. On the side of a paintless, battered shack placards exhorted us to fight for C. I. O., the Spanish loyalists and the Scottsboro boys.

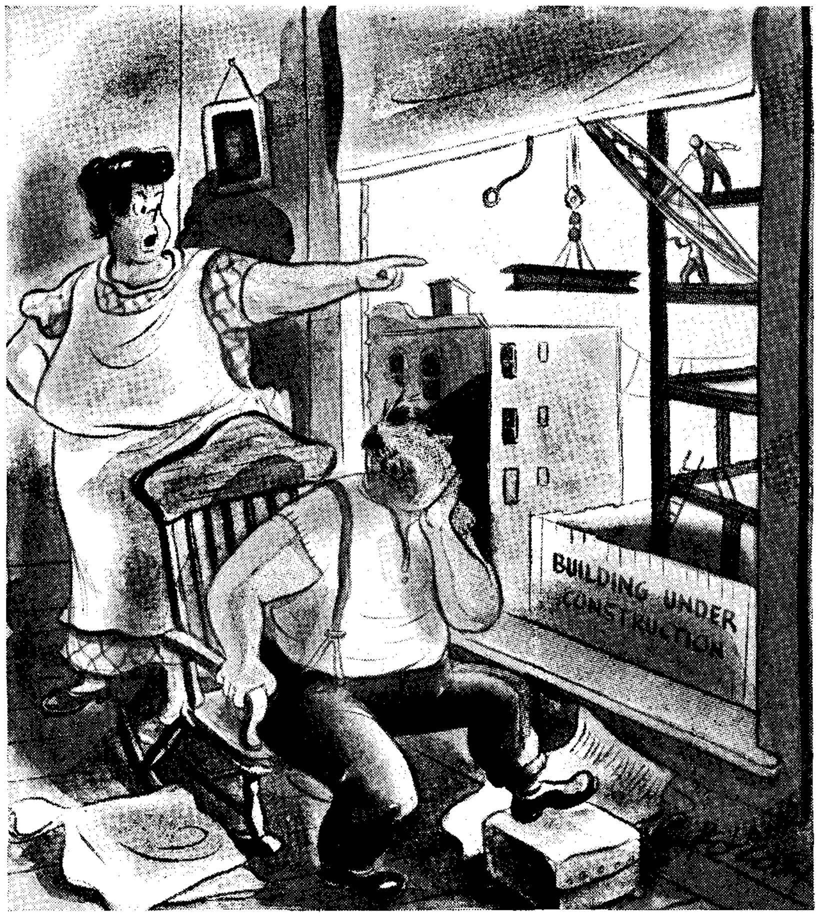
There was one group in which life still stirred. An angry, bald guy wearing dirty sports shoes, thin cotton trousers that had a rip in one knee, and a porous sports shirt, buttonless and short-sleeved, was telling several other guys where to get off. He wore a badge of some sort. Shep said he was a United Mine Workers organizer. He looked like a gentleman returning from a very vigorous Tammany picnic. Anyway, he looked a bit worn.

"When you been through as many strikes as I have you won't be thinking so much about your belly," he was saying. "I been through strikes on six meals a week, see? It's a cinch for you guys. The government's workin' for you. The government'll feed you. There wasn't no government relief in our strikes. If you're hungry go to the relief. The government ain't letting nobody starve or get thrown out of their house. Go to the relief and let 'em feed you and pay the rent. That way you can't lose."

Five Army trucks roared up from Youngstown, filled with young guardsmen. One of the armed boys threw a pack of cigarettes to a striker and got bawled out by his sergeant. Another guardsman fell out of a truck as it lurched. He wasn't hurt and got a laugh from both sides although several strikers ran to help him. A man and a woman, probably his wife from the looks and sound of it, were having a long quarrel, exchanging embarrassing personals.

"Are you going with me or are you going to walk back?" demanded Shep. "Listen, a guy just told me they're going to raise hell down in Campbell this morning. They're going to open the mills, this guy said. Twenty-five hundred more soldiers coming in."

So we drove back. We hung around the gates at Campbell for a little while. There was nothing doing. Also it had begun to rain. We went back to the hotel and to bed. When we got up at noon, they told us that there had been a sweet fight at Campbell while we slept.



"Are you going to sit there and let them cut off our sunlight?"

ROLAND COE

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

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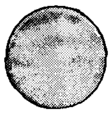
The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.

Soap Shampoo



2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by the Fitch Shampoo.

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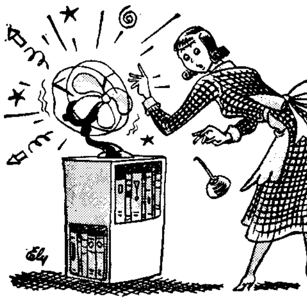
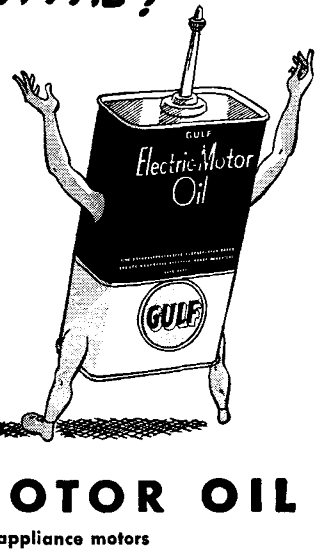


"THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT A PAL!"



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Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

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# Ghost Town

Continued from page 17

curve where Boothill Cemetery lay bare and grim in the burning light.

Dead, with their boots on; the specters who haunted this place at least had not been ghosts while they were alive. His eyes smoldered, in impatience at his own helplessness, dull anger at his inadequacy, and he tried to imagine one of the men buried here hitchhiking these long choking miles to sell his gun in order to buy bread.

What would *they* have done with a gun? Peddled it as a souvenir? His mouth was a tight, grim line as he limped on, and his shoulder ached and the sun seared his head, bored into his skull through the old hat.

A car with New York plates was coming slowly, and Milo waited, thumb extended. Plenty of room in the rear—he saw the woman beside the man at the wheel shake her head. "Sorry, buddy," the man's voice drifted back.

There were two men in the front seat of the next car, and it carried California plates. Milo stepped forward, and then stumbled back out of the way, his leg doubling agonizingly, as the driver swerved the car toward him and called, derisively, "Get a horse, cowboy!"

Milo's eyes flickered, and beneath the shadow of his hatbrim they continued to burn with a hard brightness. He set his teeth and plodded forward, not even turning his head when cars passed. Hitchhiker, shabby figure whose thumb was his symbol of failure and defeat! He knew that seventy miles was too far for even a strong man to walk, and then retrace, but pride and shame smoldered together within him, and he kept on, his forehead dripping with perspiration that came from pain as well as from the blistering heat.

His first reaction when, from the crest of a hill, he saw the California car stopped by the roadside was a grim satisfaction that they were in trouble. A man in shirt sleeves was taking off a wheel, while the other man watched. Too bad they hadn't broken their damned necks; in the old days, a Tombstone man would have drawn his gun and blasted them for their insolence. In the old days . . . His grandfather's gun moved against his thigh. In the old days a Tombstone man did not carry a gun as a souvenir—or take back talk from strangers when he was carrying one!

THE feel of the weapon against his hip was exciting, exhilarating, as he crossed swiftly to the left of the highway. The fierce burning of the Southwestern sun, the taste and smell of the hot dust, were suddenly good. He knew what he was going to do, and he did not feel alone in his knowledge. It was as though understanding and approval were swept down on the scorching wind from beyond the hill, as though the Boothill men, themselves, silent and watchful, stood behind him.

The land rolled and built up to the east toward the mountains where many men who craved solitude had hidden out, and Milo, crouched low in the sagebrush, waited and watched, smiling to himself, until the wheel had been replaced and the man in shirt sleeves had turned to pick up the wheel with the punctured tire.

"Stick 'em up!"

The man in the coat wheeled about, cursing, and began and gave up a movement toward the car door; the man in shirt sleeves, his eyes hard, lifted his hands slowly. There was a peculiar expression on both their faces, not fear, not defiance, but something secret and furtive and unfathomable.

"You can drop what you got in your pockets right here," said Milo, scratching a cross on the caked earth with a pointed boot, and there was an instant of silence before the man in shirt sleeves began to laugh, and the man in the coat looked at Milo with a strange intentness.

"Oke," he agreed softly. "You got us cold, Jesse James." His eyes darted to the face of his companion, and a light flickered like a candle flame in the wind.

They did not seem afraid, yet neither of them made any attempt at resistance. They dropped the contents of their pockets to the ground, and green-backed bills lay still on the packed earth beyond the surface of the highway.

"Something to tell our grandchildren about," the man in the coat murmured. "Held up by an honest-to-God Western road agent in boots and a big hat!" He smiled, without humor. "Can we be excused now, Teacher?"

MILO looked at him curiously. From the south, the sound of an approaching car was buzzing in the heavy air, a mounting rumble, and the faces of the two men were expressionless. "I'll drive up the road with you a way," Milo decided, and raked the money toward him with his boot. Still covering them, he stepped backward toward the rear door of their sedan and opened it with his left hand. "I'll ride in back—" His voice stopped abruptly, as his eye swept the interior of the car.

"Keep the cash and let the credit go, cowboy," advised the man in the coat, in a level voice, and now Milo knew that neither of these men had been afraid—and that they were both armed.

The sound of the oncoming car was louder; Milo smiled and shook his head slowly and the man in the coat reached the gun in his arm holster and fired a split second after Milo's shot; the man in shirt sleeves reconsidered and reached again for the sky before his hand reached its destination.

"Keep 'em there," Milo told him, and a car drew up beside the sedan and Bronson and another state trooper stepped out.

"I've got him covered, Milo—get his gun," Bronson ordered.

"They've got a whole armory in the back," Milo murmured. "Machine guns—" The sheriff's car screamed to a stop behind the troopers' and the sheriff climbed out.

Bronson bent over the man lying on the road. "It's Harvey, all right. Milo got him through the shoulder, Sheriff. We—" He stopped short, and Milo saw that his gaze was riveted on the scattered bills, green against the brown dust.

"This guy didn't know who we were," the shirt-sleeved one began. "He—"

The state troopers were looking at Milo oddly, but the sheriff's voice, soft, yet surprisingly resonant for the voice of an old man, rang out.

"Shut up!" said the sheriff. "And keep shut!" From beneath his wide hatbrim, his old eyes regarded Milo judicially, dropped to the gun in Milo's thin hand. "Totin' your grandpa's gun, were you?" he murmured. "Too good for Claude Harvey, if you ask me." He smiled faintly. "Bronson, put those bills back in Harvey's pants—he must've dropped them. Milo, there's a five-thousand-dollar reward for that coyote. dead or alive. Give me a hand and we'll take him to town—you was goin' to Tucson anyway, wasn't you?"

"Yes, Sheriff," said Milo, and his fingers caressed the pearl handle as he slipped the gun back into his pocket. "I was goin' to Tucson, anyway."

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WHEN the International Correspondence Schools came into existence 46 years ago, the institution was founded on an ideal of service.

This ideal today, after more than two score years of demonstration, is equally sincere and its influence has become world-wide.

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7TH SUCCESSFUL YEAR

# Hazards of Life

LIGHTNING is the most terrifying of all forces of nature. The thunderbolt was the weapon assigned by primitive men to an angry God. Death by lightning was taken by the superstitious to be an act of the Deity.

Actually lightning kills relatively few—just 362 people out of 99,967 who lost their lives by accident in 1935 in this country.

We live dangerously in the United States. Last year 111,000 Americans were killed by accident. Nearly eleven millions were accidentally injured. The money cost of accidents to the American people is estimated at $3,700,000,000—a sum far larger than that collected in federal income taxes. By the use of intelligence we could save a large part of this money expended because of accidents, as well as lives and human suffering.

First, however, we must understand the circumstances which result in accidents.

What occupation would you imagine to be the most productive of accidents? You will find the answer on the farm and not in any large manufacturing establishment. What place contributes the largest number of accidents? Not the highways, as most of us would suspect, but the home.

We are a careless people. Out of every 100,000 Americans 78.4 were killed in accidents in 1935. Our rate was higher than that of any of the 23 foreign countries whose records were available. Hungary had a low rate of 25.4, less than a third of ours. Twelve foreign countries had rates below forty. It was twice as dangerous to be an American.

During 1936, 38,500 people were killed in home accidents, according to the estimates of the National Safety Council. Motor vehicles killed 37,800—700 fewer. Occupational accidents accounted for 18,000 deaths.

Among children under 15 years, burns and scalds accounted for the larger number of fatal accidents in the home. Among older people falls were the most important cause of death.

A special study of accidents made in Chicago during the past two years showed that disorder in the home was one of the important contributing causes to casualties. Improper equipment and improper use of it in the home explained a fifth of the accidents. Poor personal judgment accounted for about a quarter of the mishaps investigated. Firearms, gases and other poisons added their quotas.

Falls caused 24,520 deaths in 1935. This is the largest single cause of death after motor-vehicle accidents. Some accidents are obviously hard to prevent. Safety records show, however, that to a very considerable degree we can avoid the huge waste and loss attributable to accidents.

For example, 50 large cities with a total population of 24,000,000 report all accidental deaths to the National Safety Council. The rate of these cities was 27 per cent less than the national average last year. Cleveland had the lowest rate for cities over a half million in population. Rochester, N. Y., was lowest in the next group of cities.

States varied very widely. Arizona had the highest rate—165.5 deaths per 100,000 population. Arkansas was low with only 56.3 deaths. Densely populated states such as New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island have reduced their accident rates during the past five years.

Some of the large industrial corporations which have made persistent efforts to prevent injuries have achieved remarkable records. The Du Pont rayon plant at Old Hickory, Tennessee, for example, worked 11,361,846 man-hours without a single disabling injury. The General Time Instruments Corporation at La Salle, Illinois, has a record almost as remarkable.

Amazing records have also been made by corporations which operate busses, trucks and passenger cars. The Southeastern Greyhound Lines of Alabama led the bus operators with a record of 1,249,143 miles without an accident resulting in death, injury or property damage.

These records were not easily made. Self-control and group discipline are the essential prices which must be paid for achievements of this order. The corporation is obviously better able than the individual to enforce group discipline. This undoubtedly is one of the explanations of the high frequency of accidents in the home and on the farm.

Last year 4,500 people were accidentally killed on American farms. This is one fourth of the human loss attributable to all industry. Manufacturing plants killed only 2,300.

Most farmers are their own bosses. Consequently the farmer is free to take a chance even though the penalty of guessing wrongly may be personal injury. The factory worker is not quite so free to mix it up with a buzz saw if he happens to be feeling careless.

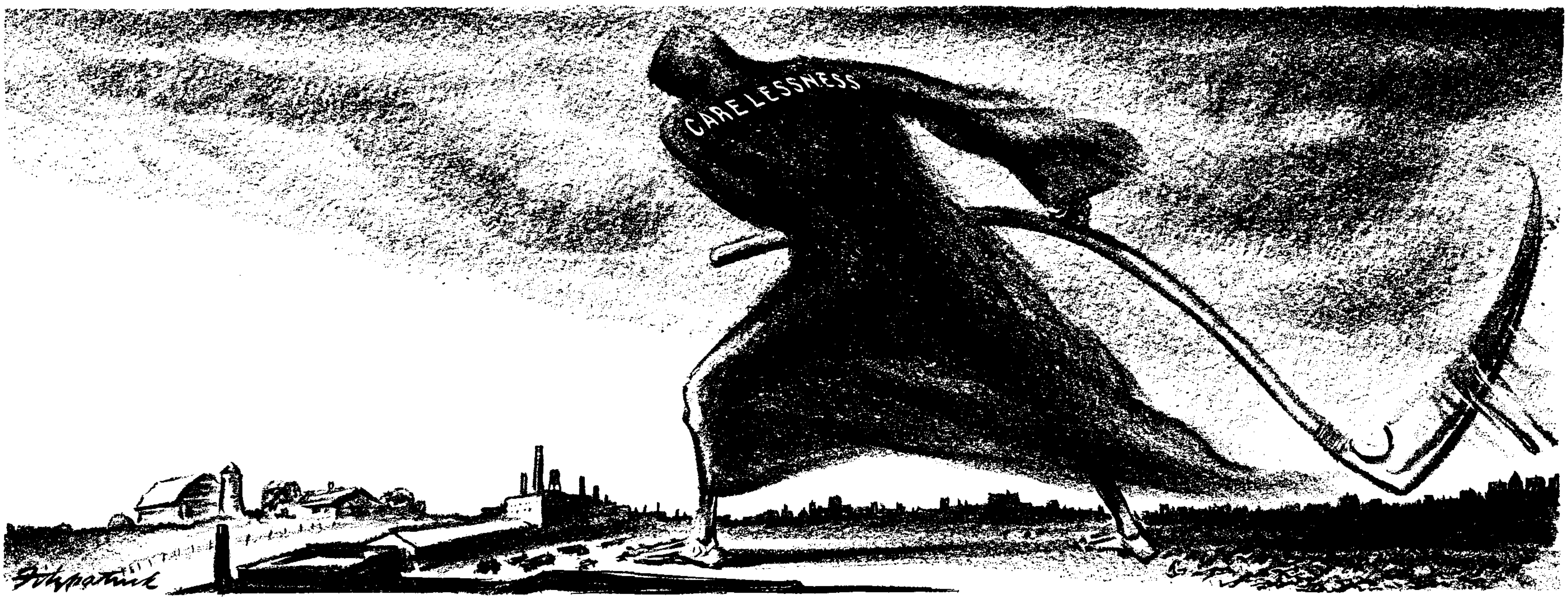
Compensation for work accidents put on the pressure which has driven forward the industrial safety movement. If a man or woman is hurt by accident in a factory, compensation must be paid. Dangerous establishments pay high insurance rates for this protection. Safe establishments pay low rates.

Except on the very large farms, which are classed as industrial establishments, there is no comparable financial pressure to avoid accidents. Nobody likes to get hurt but most people don't expect to get hurt when they take chances. So farm safety depends largely upon the prudence and luck of the person involved.

School children, like industrial workers, are subject to discipline. They can be taught the value of safety. They are apt learners. Last year the accident rate for children from five to fourteen years old was the lowest on record. Since 1922, accidents to children of this school group have decreased 15 per cent. In contrast the rate for young people beyond the school age went up during the same period.

All of this tends to show that accidents are not beyond reasonable control. We have many dangerous jobs and we enjoy many hazardous sports. We don't have to give up the sports or abandon the job to escape accidental injury. We do have to make definite and thoughtful efforts to be safe.

Last year we had one injury every three seconds and one accidental death every five minutes. We can afford to reduce this toll.



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# So cool...so cooling

"The north wind doth blow and we shall have snow"—next winter. Meanwhile, when it's awfully, awfully hot, just pick up a frosty bottle of ice-cold Coca-Cola and you've got the weather situation well in hand—for this is *the pause that refreshes . . . and cools.*

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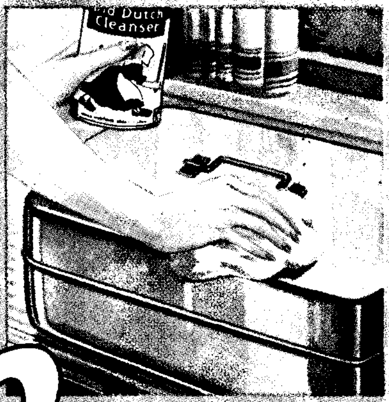

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